PICTORIAL REVIEW

In This Issue

Stories and Features by

IDA CLYDE CLARKE
CORRA HARRIS
ELSIE SINGMASTER
GIOVANNI PAPINI
DAVID GRAY
GENEVIEVE LARSSON
ARNOLD BENNETT
KATHLEEN NORRIS
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
ELAINE STERNE
and
Many Pages of Advance Fashions
Illustrated in Colors

JANUARY 1923

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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Is It Only Morning in the Peace Movement?

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

THE dawn of a new year is breaking. Is it to bring peace—that universal and lasting peace we have talked so bravely about—or is it to bring war, more hideous, more cruel, than that we have just struggled through?

Dark suggestions still lurk in the news stories from the other side of the world; the awful sense of living upon a slumbering volcano brings to peace-loving nations its cruel strain. Every mother whose boy is nearing manhood scans the morning headlines with a sinking heart. Churchmen and others in high places are talking about "standing by" their fellow Christians in the Near East. They are telling us that if Greeks and Armenians are being killed because they are Christians, other Christians should get busy.

A Thunderous Declaration

IN GOD'S name, men, can not the great nations of the earth and the millions of Christians in our churches throughout the world "stand by" each other in a thunderous declaration that there can not be, there must not be, another war?

Turkey has scarcely one-third the population of the United States. In Greece there are less than three million people. Are the giant nations of the earth going to be stupid enough and blind enough and weak enough to be dragged into another world carnage because of the disagreements between two minor nations? Why didn't they get together and stop the row in the first place instead of taking sides one against the other?

Who would have believed a year ago that such questions as these would be raised again in our generation? Then we were comfortably anesthetized by hypnotic oratory of the picked statesmen of the world gathered together at Washington for the purpose of making future wars impossible.

Women everywhere were weeping for their lost ones, pleading for peace, and promising with united voices to stand now and forever against war.

The churches were making Christlike pronouncements for peace, while doing their best to bind up the cruel wounds of war.

During the past year we have had so many international conferences and councils as to *how* the thing already decided upon was to be accomplished, that their deliberations have lost their hectic wartime news value, and front-page space is allotted to them grudgingly.

Most of us have long since lost interest in the *how* of the thing. We've trusted to diplomatic technicians to work out the details. We have rested secure in the belief that somehow or other disarmament was to become a reality and world peace a certainty. We believed that the intelligence, the spiritual force, the technic power that had been so marvelously mobilized to plan and carry through to success the most gigantic war of all time would be mobilized for the constructive work of peace.

While we are talking of "standing by," why not "stand by" our own agreements with each other? What have all the conferences and interallied councils amounted to? Is there really any hope of an early and universal peace, *or is it only morning in the peace movement?* Are we women still raising cannon-fodder instead of men? Oh, have we got to live through it all again?

At best, no matter how affairs may be adjusted in the Near East within the next few months, we know that the peace of the world is not secure. We have seen, within a year of the Washington Conference, the sorry spectacle of Turkey, ignominiously defeated in the last war, dictating terms to stalwart England! A Rip Van Winkle, asleep only since November, 1918, would rub his eyes in dazed amazement to find Ismet Pasha talking to England at Mudania about "enforcing Turkey's determination to have Thrace immediately!"

The particular case in point is not the issue. That will long since have been settled when these words are printed. But the incident is significant. What may it portend for the future? It shows that Western civilization is still a prey to the jealousies and rivalries of an old order of statecraft which it was believed had been forever abolished on November 11, 1918.

We have a right to wonder whether or not the statesmen and diplomats put something over on us. They have promised us peace; are they going to give us war? These are questions every sane man and woman may well ask in the dawn of the new year.

We have said all this before. Long before the Washington Conference was called to talk about disarmament this magazine was pleading for common sense among the nations. Time and again these pages have been given over to voice the universal cry for peace, and time and again we have reminded the average people of America to stay on the job until the task is finished.

The great powers of the world have lived under a system of armed peace based upon the acceptance of two propositions; first, that the surest way to maintain peace is to be always well prepared for war; second, in order to be well prepared for war a nation must constantly increase its armaments, in order to equal or surpass the corresponding force of any or all neighbors who might become aggressive.

Last year all the fallacies and foolishness of these so-called "principles" were laid bare, and we began to realize how very foolish we had been all these years. Everybody now knows that the surest way to maintain peace is to prepare deliberately for peace; and that the permanence of peace will be insured by discarding the apparatus of war, and by providing other ways of settling controversies.

The High Cost of Killing

IN TWO years this country spent more than *a million dollars an hour for killing and being killed.* Our expenditures in the last war were sufficient to have carried on the Revolutionary war continuously for more than one thousand years.

And have we forgotten that other cost—the cruel cost in human lives and human suffering? The total number of battle deaths of all nations in that war of four years' duration was greater than all the deaths of all nations in the previous one hundred years.

Are we actually going to sit by and see the whole horrible thing repeated on an even larger scale?

Europe had just begun to find ways to mend the tattered garment of her financial system. The French peasants have invested since the War 100,000,000,000 francs in their own Government securities, reminding us that France was able to pay Germany her indemnity of 1871 and to rise from the exhaustion of war to a foremost place in world finance when a respite from war allowed her time to recuperate. In this country trade is "picking up" and business conditions are beginning to improve.

A war-prostrated world is slowly rising to its feet. Shall it again be struck down by the burning breath of war? It is for you and for me and for all of the plain people of the earth to say, for if we say it loud enough and with determination enough our will must be done.

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WHAT MARRIAGE WAS AND WHAT IT IS NOT

The Author of "The Eyes of Love," "The Co-Citizens," Etc., Believes in a Uniform Divorce Law. But—

BY CORRA HARRIS

THE first thing that happened between the first man and woman, before they fell, or found out that the vicissitudes of knowledge were preferable to the innocuous desuetude of innocence, was marriage. It legitimated human life to come, and established one ideal which became the foundation upon which we achieved virtue and built civilization. It was the one union, trust, and contract upon which we could depend, tho all other relations dissolved and passed away.

We changed our religious creeds, we damned each other, and burned one another at the stake, but we never became the apostates of our marriage vows. We believed in them even if we did not keep them. We beheaded kings, set up free states, and made new laws more advantageous to the pursuit of happiness, but we passed no law against marriage, or the hardships it involved.

Nobody expected such deliverance from what had been, and must be, in this relation. We passed back and forth through the sickness and health of mankind, through wars, pestilence, and famines, like ten thousand thousand human pendulums blown by the wind of destiny, but there was always one state which could not be dissolved by these vicissitudes—marriage, that union made according to the oldest Scriptures and still controlled by them.

It was a fearful bond, tending toward poverty rather than wealth, toward sorrow, pain, every hardship. It limited liberty and censored happiness. But it insured a certain safety. It lasted. Inside there were always two against one, whatever happened. The world on one side, the man and his wife on the other. Inside this fortress which nobody desired to tear down they had that advantage. They might not survive their misfortunes, but they went down together. Nothing could separate them from this mutual support. Therefore they prevailed.

For ages and ages this little union of one man and one woman, subject to all weathers and every adversity, outlasted everything else. Whatever was lost by the revolving furies of the world's affairs, we could always go back and start over from the door-step of a home made and sanctified by marriage.

This is what marriage was. Now this is what marriage is not. From being a permanent relationship it has become a doubtful experiment. We risk it because we believe in divorce, and because divorce has become one of the by-laws of this civilization.

But the fact that we believe in divorce does not mean that we no longer believe in marriage at all. We do, serially speaking. It is a queer thing, but a dissolved marriage leads more and more frequently to another marriage, probably of both parties, so that one divorce becomes the least common multiple of two more marriages. You may say that divorce is really the progressive euchre of matrimony. You change partners and go on with the game. We still refer to divorce as an "evil," but we practise it as a deliverance.

Never was there such a disastrous perversion of sentimentality in the name of justice. That is to say, crimes committed within the marriage bonds by either husband or wife are not punished like other crimes, but they are sanctioned by divorce. We send a youth to the penitentiary for twenty years if he kills somebody in a fight. But if a wife is convicted of unfaithfulness to her husband he divorces her, which is a relief, and the only punishment she gets is to be further relieved from the burden of bringing up her own children. In short, every provision is made by law for her to pursue the most criminal of all criminal professions. If a husband deserts his wife and children the wife may advertise that on such and such a date she will ask for a divorce from this husband, much as other parties to a contract advertise the dissolving of their partnership in business. And at the appointed time she gets a divorce.

This is all she gets, except the obligation of supporting her children. This defaulting husband has done worse than robbing a bank; he has degraded and enslaved the helpless and the innocent for a lifetime. Yet the State which will pursue a defaulting cashier relentlessly for ten years, finally takes him, convicts him, and sentences him to hard labor, makes no effort to apprehend this husband. It is none of the State's business. His wife has divorced him. That settles the case. This encourages such men to abandon their families.

We have Federal prisons in this country. We should also have Federal farms and factories and industries for this class of criminals. If every unfaithful wife, however fashionable, rich, and delicate, could be sentenced to a good, spanking term of years in a Federal factory this would go far toward tightening up the marital morals of polite society and impolite society. If every delinquent husband should be sentenced to hard labor in the sun and Winter weather on a Federal farm the proceeds of his labor would probably provide for his family better and more steadily than intermittent alimony does now. It would also greatly increase the durability of husbands and cut down the percentage of divorces.

WHY should not the drunken husband who squanders his money, abuses or humiliates his wife receive as long a sentence for this breach of his marital vows as the bootlegger does who sold him the liquor? We have an army of Federal officers to trail and apprehend the bootleggers, but not one to arrest such a husband. If he beats his wife let her swear out a warrant, then he will be fined so much and costs. This is her business. If she can stand it, it is no business of the State or the national Government to meddle. And yet that degeneracy of morals which leads to divorce is far more dangerous to this civilization than the bootleggers' business.

The trend of public opinion makes laws in a free country. In this country it sanctions divorce. The idea is to deliver the offender against marriage, not to punish him or her; that is to say, not harshly. We seem to have arrived at the conclusion that marriage itself is a sort of punishment, and we are developing a passionate sympathy for the victims caught in its toils by a transient low trick of nature. The best we can do under those circumstances is to get a uniform divorce law.

The variation in our marriage and divorce laws is manifestly unfair, and frequently expensive. Only rich people can afford to pay extravagantly for the right to marry again. What we want is a just law which will place divorce within the reach of people of moderate means and even of the very poor.

FEWER children are being born since divorce is the recognized sequence of so many marriages. It is natural to sidestep the responsibility of becoming parents when both the husband and the wife are married with the mental reservation that they will escape from this union if it proves too expensive, too confining, or unhappy. Still, children are born, "hair hung and breeze shaken," so to speak, above this windy pit for defunct marriages. Therefore it is important to devise some means for liquidating these pathetic living assets of bankrupt matrimonial adventures. Some provision must be made to insure the surname and property rights of children born to the father in subsequent marriages. At the present time the legitimacy of such offspring is not recognized in all the States.

There is a movement on foot in some of the churches to strike that clause from the marriage ceremony which goes something like this—"With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Very few wives take this wedding gift of property any more seriously than they do their promise to "obey." Some of them manage to spend it without reminding him of this promise to endow them with it; but the one sure way to get a legal hold on it is to divorce him and sue for alimony. A uniform divorce law should regulate the paying of alimony with reference to the divorced husband's right to marry again, which, of course, such a law will grant. We must keep down expenses. How can a man go on paying alimony to his first, possibly his second, wife and meet the current expenses of his next marriage? This is too much like keeping a long-distance harem after he has lost control over the inmates.

Since we are determined to have a uniform divorce law let us make it as stringent as possible, for every divorce not only weakens the social morals of this nation, but it leads more and more to intolerance in the married life, and more and more to avarice and extravagance out of it.

Women are now citizens. They have equal rights. Why should they not bear equal responsibilities? If a husband has grounds under this uniform law to divorce his wife, why should he not also sue for alimony? Especially if she has the property to pay it? So far the alimony tide runs strong in the other direction. I say nothing of those defeated women who obtain barely enough through the courts to support themselves and their children. But something should be done to check that class of women who marry for alimony only, and get it!

If every woman who has not borne a child and cuts out with a good round sum from her divorced husband should be compelled by law to adopt an orphan, very few orphans would be adopted, because very few of them would risk the obligation. In any case a child is a sobering influence in the life of a woman, gives her something besides herself to live for, and frequently makes her a worthy and thrifty person.

Whatever else we do, let us make this uniform divorce law stern enough to make marriage preferable, and strong enough to punish the guilty. We are all incompatible. But we ought not to disrupt society, break down the oldest and strongest human relationship, endanger the standard of morals for our children in order to preserve our own rights by sailing into the divorce courts upon even the gravest provocation. We ought to stand by and tough it out if it is possible.

My own conviction is that the only grounds a woman can offer for divorce are the life, health, and safety of her children if the condition or conduct of her husband endanger these. If she has no children I doubt if she has the right to save her own life by getting a divorce. A mean husband can be a rather interesting diversion if you learn to regard him simply as

CORRA HARRIS (STANDING) AND MRS. FELTON OF GEORGIA, THE LATTER RECENTLY APPOINTED TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE—THE FIRST WOMAN TO ATTAIN THIS DISTINCTION. MRS. FELTON WAS THE ORIGINAL OF SUSAN WALTON, IN MRS. HARRIS'S NOVEL, "THE CO-CITIZENS"

IN THE February Pictorial Review, according to present plans, will be printed the tentative bill for a Uniform Divorce Law, drawn by Mrs. Edward Franklin White, the Deputy Attorney-General of the State of Indiana, and chairman of the legislative department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

In this critical step in Pictorial Review's movement for Better Marriage Laws every reader should share by studying this bill and offering his or her judgment upon it.

The importance of the February Pictorial Review for study and reference scarcely need be emphasized.

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When Homes are "on Inspection"

When signs of lax housekeeping in neighbors' homes reveal *themselves*, even the most charitable eyes can't help noticing: curtains dingy, painted woodwork soot-grimed, dishes and glassware streaked, bedspreads yellowed.

You make allowances for the holiday activities, yet if P and G The White Naphtha Soap had been used in those homes, probably the results themselves would have bespoken fine housekeeping.

Possibly you have not quite realized the remarkable versatility of P and G. It is surprising.

P and G is a fine laundry soap, of course.

It keeps clothes, table linen and bed linen gleaming *white* by washing them *clean*. Many users don't even boil (but boil if you prefer).

P and G saves the time and labor of the laundress, as well as your clothes, because it requires *less hard rubbing*.

It will not yellow the clothes nor leave a laundry odor, because it *rinses out thoroughly*.

It does not fade colors, because it acts on the *dirt*—not on the dyes.

But—

The same quick and safe combination of naphtha soap and white soap that makes P and G so efficient for the *laundry*, gives it unique cleansing properties for *woodwork, table-ware, tile, enamel, linoleum*—without injury to the finest surface.

Because it is a *complete* soap, and a *unique* soap, P and G is the *largest selling laundry and household soap in America*. Your laundress will be glad to use it.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Maids' aprons and caps must be white and fresh. By washing them with P and G, keep them from becoming gray and old-looking. P and G washes them *clean-white* and quickly removes most stains.

Gritty powders or soaps that require hard rubbing soon wear the surface coat off beautiful painted furniture—especially on the edges. P and G has no grit, requires only light rubbing, and saves the surface. Acts *quickly*, too.

Bed linen and towels, soaped and soaked with P and G in lukewarm water, come out snow-white. P and G removes all traces of face-cream, oil from hair, and soot, without hard rubbing or boiling. Saves the fabrics.

Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined

NAPHTHA SOAP + WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP =

Speed *and* Safety

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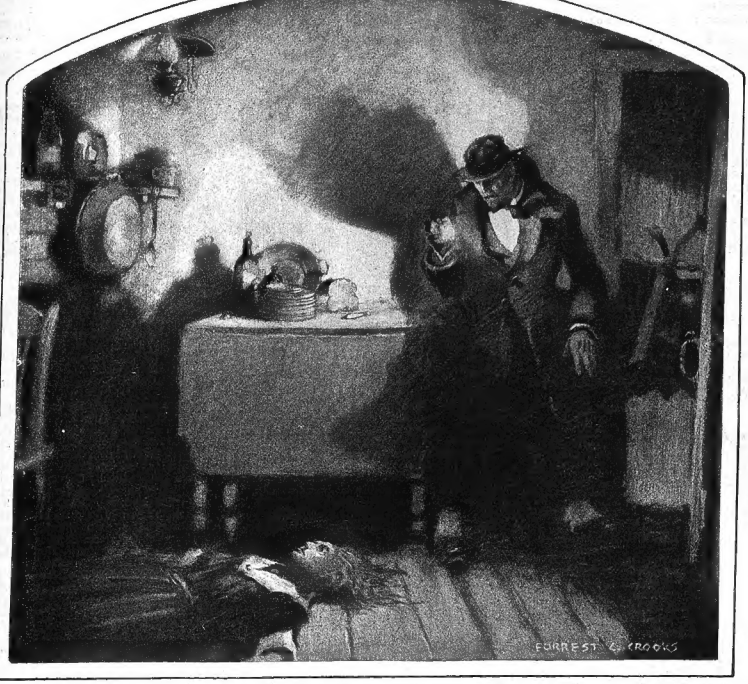

"TAKING A MATCH FROM HIS POCKET, HE STRUCK IT AND LOOKED DOWN. IT WAS MYRA WITHOUT QUESTION"

CHANCE

What Happened, in a Few Frenzied Days, to the Steady-going Professor of English

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FORREST G. CROOKS

PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS, the head of the English department of Abingdon College, walked across the campus to the office of President Cather, who was absent on account of a prolonged illness and for whom he was serving as substitute. It was a quarter past nine on the morning of Tuesday, the twenty-third of January. Flawlessly clear weather had followed a snow-storm, and in the bright sunshine the snow gleamed and glittered. The broad walk, a mile long, leading from the entrance-gate past the gymnasium and the library and half a dozen other buildings to the administration building, had been cleared before eight o'clock, but the shovels of the laborers could still be heard from distant sections of the campus.

Adams walked slowly, greeting the few students whom he met with the quiet smile which illuminated his grave, scholarly face. He was slender and of medium height, with the faintest indication of a stoop. He looked worn beyond his forty years as tho he studied too hard or did not have sufficient diversion or was perhaps depressed by some secret anxiety. He had already put in two hours of work on the last chapter of his "History of English Literature in the Nineteenth Century," and he smiled at certain remembered felicities of expression. Routine business would occupy the rest of the morning—the dictating of answers to the president's official mail, the giving of a lecture in the only course of which he had not been relieved for this semester, and finally the welcoming of a distinguished visiting chemist at the train at one o'clock. After the visitor had been entertained by the faculty at lunch, he would escort him through the buildings and take him to call upon President Cather. The evening he would have to himself.

At a turn in the walk he paused and looked down toward the beautiful lake which was Abingdon's glory. It was narrow in proportion to its length, and it wound out of sight between the hills, reflecting in a richer tone, here and there deepened into purple, the azure of the sky. The lake was, however, only a background for the direct object of his vision, the gabled roofs of the house of Mrs. Ayer. Mrs. Ayer was the widow of a professor to whose large fortune she had added one of her own. She was greatly admired and sought after, not on account of her wealth, but on account of her loveliness of face and beauty of character. She had lost both her children, one before the death of her husband, and another, a ten-year-old daughter, within the last few years. For six months she had been in Europe, and Adams thought her still there. He was happier when she was in Europe. But he saw now that the smoke rising into the clear air was that from many fireplaces. Mrs. Ayer was here or she was about to arrive. For an instant his shoulders appeared a little more bent, then he lifted them and went on.

The president's office was a large, sunny, handsomely furnished room with windows on three sides, two looking over the campus; two, with a fireplace between them, toward the vine-covered library; two down across the woodland and the top of Mrs. Ayer's house to the lake. Adams had often admired the pointed gables of Mrs. Ayer's house rising among the trees in contrast with the flat roofs of other larger and handsomer dwellings on the hillside. He made this reflection when she was away—with Mrs. Ayer within he did not think of her house.

He walked directly to the president's desk, and Miss Mallory, the president's secretary, entered from her adjoining room. Miss Mallory had been a pupil of Adams's and liked to work under his direction. She admired his scholarly mind and his grave, quiet manner, and she thought him very handsome in his rare moments of enthusiasm. His business ability had surprized her, and she had a secret and ardent conviction that the board could do no better than elect him to be the next president of the college. She believed that this idea was hers alone, and fantastic schemes for proposing him entered her usually sensible mind. She thought at times even of an anonymous letter to the chairman. She now said, "Good morning," and laid on the desk Adams's personal mail and the president's mail, which she had opened and assorted.

ADAMS glanced at the uppermost of his letters and flushed like a boy. The postmark was Abingdon, the date yesterday, the writing that of Mrs. Ayer. It seemed to him for an instant that his hand obeyed the impulse of his heart and reached out and seized the square white envelop. But his hand remained quietly upon the desk.

Dictation and several callers occupied his time until half past eleven. Then Miss Mallory took her tablets to her room and closed the door, and he opened his letter. It read:

DEAR DR. ADAMS:

I am home again and happy to be here. I hope that you will come to supper on Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

Very sincerely yours,
EDITH AYER.

The red tide rushed again over Adams's face. The words were simple and such as every one in the university

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might read, but they had an important significance. Mrs. Ayer was old-fashioned and did not like the Sunday round of entertainments—he had never heard of her asking any one but himself to come in on Sunday. She had asked him often and he had gone often—far too often.

The note required no answer, but he should have liked to write pages, or to send the finest flowers in Abingdon, or to cut through the woods at once to Mrs. Ayer's house. None of these acts was possible, however, to a man of honor, and their impossibility made him desperately unhappy. He rose from his chair and walked up and down, his arms folded as tho he were somehow conserving his fortitude.

Returning to his desk, he took up the second letter, and as he did so he caught sight of the third. At once all the color left his face. The envelop was cheap, addressed in an illiterate hand, and soiled in a fashion which showed that it had been soiled before it was mailed. He had letters of this kind several times a year, but they came enclosed in envelops on which was the name of a lawyer in New York. This—and herein lay the source of his terror—was addressed to him in Abingdon. He opened it at once. It said:

R. F. D. No. 3,
Claymore, N. J.

JOHN:

I'm down and out and I want to get away from here quick. I want to hear from you and I don't want to hear from anybody but you. If you can't answer directly, I can come to see you. I have enough money and wit to do that.

MYRA. (MRS. M. FANNING.)

The past misery recalled by this communication, the dangers revealed, and the future terrors threatened united to create in Adams's mind a simple blank. He took up the remaining letter and, still standing by his desk, read it through.

The Gates Building,
New York,
January 22, 1920.

DEAR PROFESSOR ADAMS:

It is the intention of Dr. Cather to resign, and a large proportion of the board of directors desire to support you for the presidency at their annual meeting in April. We believe that you combine the tastes of the scholar with business ability and with the ability to judge and select men. Your administration of the college during this semester has convinced us that we can find no better man for the place.

It will be my pleasant duty to nominate you, and I should like to have a sketch of your life at your convenience.

Very truly yours,
HENDERSON PAYNE, *Chairman.*

Into Adams's mind had once entered this possibility, but he had dismissed it as the wildest of dreams. Now even tho the presidency had been offered it was still a wild dream. His brain, recovering a part of its usual animation, composed a sketch of his life; he seemed to hear himself dictating it to Miss Mallory, seemed to see it typewritten on the handsome stationery of the office.

DEAR MR. PAYNE:

I am amazed and overwhelmed by the honor which you and your associates have paid me. The history of my life is as follows:

I was a foundling, and the date of my birth as I have given it is a guess. I was a ward of the Children's Aid Society of New York City until I was fifteen. They gave me my name. At about that time I left working on the wharves and in barrooms. I legally married a depraved woman much older than myself. Trying to save her from arrest, I was seized by the police and imprisoned. When, after some months I was released for lack of evidence, she had disappeared. The effort to lift myself from the mire roused in me ambitions and aptitudes inconsistent with my origin. By unceasing diligence I worked my way through Columbia University and was given a position as instructor. I won a doctor's degree. I continued to teach in Columbia until I was called to a full professorship at Abingdon. For ten happy years my whereabouts were unknown to my wife. For the last ten years she has been able to reach me indirectly. Now she knows where I am. She is likely to appear at any time unless [illegible]. A strange humor suddenly choked him—unless I shoot her.

Very truly yours,
JOHN ADAMS.

Coming fully to himself, he looked bewildered about the quiet room and out at the bright snow and the vine-covered library and the blue lake. He heard the chimes ring the quarter-hour. In ten minutes he must be in the classroom, in an hour and a half he must be making a speech introducing Sir Allan MacDonald. He lifted the three letters and thrust them into his pocket and put on his coat and hat and went out.

THE night express for New York left Abingdon at ten o'clock. At a quarter to ten Adams entered the railroad station. His rooms and his affairs were in their usual perfect order—not, however, that he did not expect to return. His manuscript, which was practically ready for publication, lay in a locked drawer in his desk. In another locked drawer was his will, leaving the manuscript and his modest savings to the college.

He received very few private letters and kept none. The letter from his wife had been torn into fragments; Mrs. Ayer's letter had been consumed by clean flames. The letter of Mr. Payne was in a locked drawer in the president's office. He had telephoned to the registrar, to one of his colleagues who substituted for him in his class, and to Miss Mallory, that he was going to New York and should be gone for several days. He carried with him a rather shabby bag containing only a change of linen and a few necessities for the night.

He had determined to relieve himself at any cost of further responsibility for and obligation to the woman who had enticed him and deceived him and who would joyfully ruin him. He would move as quietly as possible, but he would not be diverted from his purpose by the necessity for large expenditures or the danger of

"PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS, HEAD OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT"

publicity. It was a step which he should have taken years ago. But immediately after Myra had left him he had had no money, and when he had begun to earn he believed her dead. When she reappeared, he bought her off. He was established in a good position, and he had acquired a few friends far above him in station. These were studious men whom he met in the university, and their companionship constituted his chief happiness. As he walked and talked with them, or sat in their handsomely furnished rooms or enviously watched them buying books and pictures, he speculated, sometimes bitterly and sometimes with gratitude, about the ancestor near or far who had handed down to him his incongruous fondness for books.

LYING in his berth, with his hands clasped above his head, he watched the gray landscape move by his window. The country was sparsely settled; there were no large towns, and only here and there a sleeping village. He was grateful for this opportunity to set his thoughts in order and to make his plans. He could not guess how Myra had discovered his address. It was not possible that the lawyer to whom he had entrusted his affairs had betrayed him. College catalogs did not come Myra's way, nor did his name appear in newspapers. Suddenly a chill passed over him. If he were made president of Abingdon his name would appear for a day at least in all the Eastern papers—suppose he had consented and Myra had taken the hour of his elevation to appear! He had once thought her beautiful; he knew now that in the bright hair and black brows and blue eyes there were only hardness and sensuality and evil cunning.

The presidency of Abingdon and the hand of Mrs. Ayer were forever denied him. Tho he should secure a divorce secretly and easily, tho Myra should bind herself to disappear, tho the money should be paid to her only in return for her continued absence, he could not be president of Abingdon or the husband or even the friend of Mrs. Ayer while Myra lived and moved upon the earth. He gave no serious consideration to her statement that she was "down and out." She had always some method of extricating herself from difficulties, however serious. He believed that there was no nefarious or illegal business in which she had not taken a hand. He had often fancied her arrested for some flagrant offense against the law and had seen her name and his in flaming head-lines. She had no compassion; she would leap at the chance to humiliate him. Her present alias was not assumed out of

"AT NINETEEN, ON THE WHARVES AND IN THE BARROOMS"

regard for him, but to cover her own past. At any time in the future, divorced or not divorced, her wickedness yielding her reward larger than his alimony or her hatred growing stronger than her greediness, she might disgrace him. It would be monstrous to put into her power to disgrace Abingdon College or a good woman with him.

He thought of the presidency with a sick regret. He had helped to shape the policies of Abingdon and it was an institution exactly to his taste, its main purpose being education in the old sense. It had no technical schools and wished for none; it turned out by preference teachers and writers and prepared students to continue at higher schools the study of law and medicine and theology. A tragic and fatal accident of a first and only intercollegiate football season when his unsophisticated team had met the trained and brutal athletes of a larger school ended forever all intercollegiate games. Abingdon had been laughed at, denounced, its ruin prophesied, but it had gone on quietly in its chosen way, and now admiring articles were being written about it, the presidents of other institutions were coming to inspect it, and it had a waiting-list of applicants for entrance.

Adams thought of Mrs. Ayer with bitter eartache, remembering how in moments of weakness he had let his imagination create the happiness of life with her. Even her continued friendship could not, he felt, be rightly his. It might, he thought sadly, be necessary for him to leave both Abingdon and Mrs. Ayer.

He fixed his mind presently upon his almost completed book, compelling himself to review it chapter by chapter. That Myra could not take from him. Long planned, carefully executed, it stood in a class by itself. It would be the book of a generation in his department of study.

He was amazed when the porter roused him, warning him that he had scant time to dress before the train arrived in New York. Checking his bag, he breakfasted, and then went out into the street. The lawyer's office was a dozen squares away and he set out on foot.

Yesterday's brilliant sky was thickly clouded and the air was damp and cold. The morning crowds, hurrying to work, looked distressed as tho they were not sufficiently clad or sufficiently fed. He thought with homesickness of distant Abingdon, of its peace and beauty. He remembered his pleasant rooms with their open fires and their mullioned windows. He thought of the president's house with its luxurious comforts. He thought of lovely Mrs. Ayer. He abhorred his errand.

He found that altho it was not quite nine a light was already burning in the dark office of Sloane & Allison. He opened the door and entered, meaning to make his way directly to the office of the senior partner, Mr. Sloane, a benevolent, sympathetic old man with whom his business had hitherto been transacted. In Allison, a much younger man with a look of cunning in his eyes and smile, he had no confidence.

HE WAS surprized and annoyed when he saw Allison himself sitting at Mr. Sloane's desk with a mass of old papers piled before him. He had the appearance of a man harassed and irritated beyond endurance. He looked up as tho Adams had stolen upon him, and said sharply, "What do you want?"

"When can I see Mr. Sloane?" asked Adams. With this man he would have nothing to do.

The inquiry seemed to infuriate Sloane's partner.

"He's dead," he said sharply.

"How long ago?"

"Last week. He was buried yesterday. Did you have business with him?"

"I have had," said Adams. Was his wretched story already known to this man? "Are you carrying on his cases?"

"In a sense I am, and in a sense I'm not," snarled Allison. "He practically destroyed his business. For weeks he had been acting strangely, and last week he was knocked down by a car. He not only left no directions of any sort, but he has destroyed all memoranda and all documents for the last twenty years. I'm in a fearful mess." He mopped his brow. "I hope I may continue to serve you."

Adams's relief and his profound distrust moved him automatically toward the door.

"My business with him was concluded," he said. "And my account settled."

Forgetting the elevator and descending the six flights of stairs, Adams stood still in the lower hall. He could make, he saw, a fresh start, could find a more trustworthy agent. It was clear that Allison knew nothing about Myra. It was doubtless in a period of abstraction that Sloane had given her his address. His thoughts dwelt for a few absent-minded seconds upon the old man; perhaps the law with its injustices and crimes had crazed him, or perhaps he had taken revenge upon a partner who had often taken advantage of him. However that might be, there was now only one person, Myra, who knew his secret, whereas there had been two. His spirits brightened a little as he went toward the outer door.

Suddenly he halted. From a mirror beside the door a man stared at him intently. He was startled and frightened, then he realized that the man was himself. His overcoat was one which he had discarded except for wear on stormy days; his hair, which he had in his abstraction pulled low upon his forehead, was also old. But the greatest change in his appearance was brought about by his beard. It was essential that it be removed every day, and he shaved usually before his evening dinner. He had forgotten this d[illegible]

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had failed to repair his neglect this morning. The heavy growth changed his aspect to an unbelievable degree.

Having stood motionless until the inconsiderate shoulder of a passer-by brushed him rudely, he made a sudden and foolish resolve. Before taking any one into his confidence he would investigate for himself. If Claymore were in the northern part of New Jersey and easily accessible from New York, he would go there and secretly gather information about Myra. The changes of twenty years in his appearance would prevent her from recognizing him if he encountered her face to face, and his beard and his shabbiness would disguise him more if he met an acquaintance, which was outside the bounds of probability. Calling a cab, he returned to the station, where he learned that a train left almost immediately, and that he might have five hours in Claymore, returning at ten o'clock at night. Moving with a dreamlike swiftness, he provided himself with a package of sandwiches and stepped into the train. The removal of Sloane gave him a feeling of hopefulness as tho luck were with him.

He rode for an hour in a train which ran on a comparatively fast schedule; then after waiting an hour at a junction he changed to a way train which was to arrive at Claymore at two. In the evening he would leave at seven and reach New York at ten, the connection being prompt. He looked increasingly shabby. His eyes were anxious and his shoulders sank into a deeper stoop. The second train was insufficiently heated and the dampness of the outer air crept in. He ate his sandwiches, then he sat with his hands in his overcoat pockets and his head bent.

OUTSIDE there was nothing to catch his eye, no delicate tracery of branches, no variegated carpet of marsh-grass, no reflection of the sky in a blue stream. Here and there a creek showed black against the snow, or a thicket of scrub-pines broke but did not enliven the monotony of white. There were a few dreary towns, a few scattered farmhouses, another dreary town.

Claymore was the dreariest of all. There were a hundred unpainted houses, two unpainted churches, a railroad station, and a little row of stores. Adams stepped down and looked about him, and the train pulled away. His errand had begun to seem insane.

The largest of the stores was also the post-office, and toward it he made his way through several inches of trampled snow. His precipitancy astonished him; he realized that it would be reckless to the point of madness to inquire for Myra in this little place. But as he approached the rickety building his eyes brightened. Before it stood four vehicles in various stages of dilapidation attached to four old horses with drooping heads. The best of the lot was a narrow enclosed cart, on the side of which was painted by the hand of an amateur, "Claymore, R. F. D. No. 3." He believed that it was customary to have the names of householders on mail-boxes. He would follow this man and at least see where Myra lived.

In the store chance helped him still farther. The postmaster, passing the mail to the rural carrier, spoke of "that woman on your route," and the carrier said in answer, "Mrs. Fanning, you mean?" The two held a whispered colloquy, which ended with a laugh. Adams was again disturbed, but his purpose was not weakened. He thought vaguely and longingly of some knowledge which should put Myra into his power and make her consent to divorce easy to secure.

Marking the direction which the carrier took, he bought a package of tobacco and went out. The storekeeper followed him with a curious glance, but soon lifted his feet to the counter and opened the morning paper.

Adams proceeded at a leisurely pace down the snowy street. He observed that the road taken by the carrier ran parallel to the railroad. If it continued in this direction he would walk to Luray, the station before Claymore, and take the train there instead of retracing his steps. Seeing a little shoemaker-shop, he opened the door and went in to make inquiry.

Unlike the storekeeper, the shoemaker was both uncommunicative and suspicious. He answered Adams's question with a gruff "Yes" and went on with his pounding. When Adams had gone he put on his hat and walked across the yard to the parsonage of the near-by church, and together he and the minister watched the diminishing figure against the snow.

Adams had no difficulty in following the narrow track of the little cart. The horse traveled with a stiff-kneed trot which covered the ground slowly and often the rig was in sight. In the first mile the carrier stopped at only two of the four houses. Adams read the names of the owners, plainly painted on bright boxes—there was no Fanning here.

After the first mile was no house for a distance which he reckoned to be a mile. He looked at his watch. It was difficult to believe that it was only three o'clock—the sky was so dark. The air grew more raw and damp, and suddenly a few flakes of snow drifted down. Their touch on his cheek was that of cold, admonishing fingers. He grew frightened. From the depths of his recollections there rose his old knowledge of the ways of evil men. He saw himself, Professor Adams of the department of English at Abingdon College, plodding along on a dismal New Jersey road to spy upon a dissipated and degenerate woman. It seemed an impossibility; he believed that he would awake presently, as he had often waked from nightmares in which Myra figured, and find himself in his own bed in far-away Abingdon.

The mist, blowing like smoke, deepened his sense of illusion. The cold crept through his overshoes and his shoes; it was creeping through his heavy coat. He tramped on, his mind set only upon escape. His lawyer would find Myra and watch her and intimidate her—this was beneath him and dangerous besides. He remembered the suspicious attitude of the disagreeable shoemaker, and saw with alarm that the direction of the road had turned away from the railroad toward the east.

Presently he heard the sound of wheels, and in a few moments he met an old man driving a lame horse, and of him he inquired the way to Luray.

"You follow this road till you come to a cross-road,"

"HE LOOKED BACK. THE OLD MAN HAD NOT STIRRED. HIS SENSE OF DISCOMFORT STRENGTHENED"

was the answer. "There's woods there and an old house, but you can't see the house. There you turn down to your left and before long you get back to the railroad, and soon you come to the station. It's quite a walk."

"How far?"

"A matter of three miles."

"And how far is the cross-road?"

"About a mile. You can't miss it."

"Thank you," said Adams. When he had walked many yards he looked back. The old man had not stirred and his sense of discomfort strengthened.

The snow began to fall in smaller, more abundant flakes. If it continued the road might be obliterated, and presently, in this flat, unfenced country, lost entirely. It was after four o'clock when Adams saw a signpost and realized that he had reached the cross-road. He stopped with a little gasp as tho he had been running. The track of the mail-cart had disappeared, but the cross-road was fenced—it would be easy to follow. Suddenly a breath of wind cleared the air of both mist and snow, and he could see dimly but certainly the village of Luray.

HE COULD see also a mail-box on which was the name "M. Fanning" in black letters. He looked about—a hundred yards away stood a thick grove, the side of which was like a solid wall. In another instant the mist closed in and the snow drifted down, and, as tho its habit were to arrive suddenly like the drop of a curtain, twilight fell.

Adams looked at his watch—it was half past four, and his train left at seven. He had two hours and a half in which to cover two miles. He was confident that he could not miss the road. He decided, forgetting his fright, that, protected by the darkness and the mist, he would walk up the road and look at Myra's house.

He walked slowly and steadily. Reason and the loathing of twenty years were for a moment in abeyance. He was filled—not with any emotion which resembled love, but with curiosity. He wished to look at her again, at her bright hair, at her steady, cold blue eyes, and her black brows, as one who looked upon himself in his youth.

When he came abreast of the woodland he stopped and stood still. An advance of a single pace and he would have left under his foot the irregularity of a deeply cut wheel-track; a few more and he would have come upon a heavy, closely curtained automobile. But, turning to one side, he entered the dark shadow of the pine-trees, walking gingerly until he found himself close to the house. So abruptly did it rise before him that he stumbled and put out his hand. The chill of the stone struck through his glove; it brought him to himself and bade him flee.

But as he turned it seemed to him suddenly that this was the chill of death. At this thought he stopped. The wind began to blow and the sky and the air brightened as tho daylight might for a moment return. He stepped back and looked up at the façade. There was no sign of human occupancy; no smoke came from the chimney. He looked in at the window and saw dimly, lying on the floor, the body of a woman. She lay on her back, with her arms stretched out. On the table were bottles and the remains of food on which rats were feeding.

Adams stood motionless. If this was Myra he was free forever. In death there was no scandal. She possessed no souvenirs of their life together, and death would make him safe. He stepped into the kitchen, and taking a match from his pocket, struck it and looked down. It was Myra without question. Her brilliant hair had faded, but her heavy brows were still black above her open, staring blue eyes. Beauty had long since fled, leaving her a Medusa. There was no evidence of murder; she had the relaxed position of drunkenness. There was no doubt that she was dead.

With the glowing match still in his fingers, Adams hastened toward the door. He would fly; no pace save running would be swift enough to carry him away. But his feet were weighted; he seemed to feel hands which endeavored to throttle him, arms which stayed his course. He took a single step, grasping at tho he were a swimmer rising from too long a stay under deep water. Then suddenly he stood still. There were noises all about him. He heard a door open in the front of the house and footsteps in the hall. He took another halting step toward the door by which he had entered and found his way barred by two men.

FOR an unmeasured space of time there was neither sound nor motion. He was unaware of the burning ash on his fingers. Then he felt rough hands upon his arms and shoulders. A voice said, "Make a light there!" A light flashed, and the room seemed to fill with uniformed men. Two still held him; three entered by the opposite door. Their eyes were upon him; his eyes fixed themselves upon the voracious rats which boldly took their fill. Between them on the floor lay the dead woman. He felt chilling iron bands snapped on his wrists; he was back again on a slippery New York street, struggling, fighting.

"I was only passing by!" he cried.

One man answered, and he with only a laugh.

Adams found the frame of the door with his shoulder and leaned against it. The officer who had laughed, a short, burly man of disproportionate breadth, but without excessive weight, who was addressed as Twombly, remained close beside him; the others bent over the body or examined the room. The object of their search became quickly clear—Myra was suspected of having been an agent through whom were distributed large quantities of liquor stolen from warehouses. In a State where public opinion was tardily taking note of the continued disregard of law a criminal who was dead and in all possibility friendless would be a valuable scapegoat. To prove her guilt no stone would be left unturned, no means of publicity neglected. What additional dramatic effect would be furnished by a mysterious visitor! Probably the shoemaker had suspected and reported him, and these men, having approached by another road, had watched him from the distance plodding slowly to his doom.

The officers lit the lanterns they had brought with

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"HE ENTERED INTO ONE OF THE SHIPS, WHICH WAS SIMON'S, AND HE SAT DOWN, AND TAUGHT THE PEOPLE"

The Story of Christ

Part Two — The Beginning of His Ministry

By Giovanni Papini

Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Illustrations from Paintings by J. J. Tissot

To Appear in Five Parts

JESUS taught His Galileans on the thresholds of their shabby little white houses, on the small shady, open places of their cities, or the shores of the lake, leaning against a beached boat, His feet on the stones, toward evening when the sun sank red in the west, summoning men to rest.

Many listened to Him and followed Him because, says Luke, "His word was with authority." The words were not unknown to all His listeners, but the Man was new, and new was the warmth of His voice, and the good done by that voice, overflowing from His heart and going straight to the hearts of others. The accent of those words was new, and new the sense that they took in that mouth, lighted by that expression.

Here was no prophet of the mountains shouting in waste places, far from men, solitary, distant, forcing others to come to him if they wished to hear him. Here was a prophet living like a man among other men, a friend of all, friendly to the unfriended, an easy-going and companionable comrade, searching out His brothers where they work in the houses, in the busy streets, eating their bread and drinking wine at their tables, lending a hand with the fisherman's nets, with a good word for every man, for the sad, for the sick, for the beggar.

The simple-hearted, like animals and children, know instinctively who loves them; they believe him, are happy when he comes (their very faces suddenly transfigured) and are sad when he goes. Sometimes they can not bring themselves to leave him, and follow him to death.

Jesus spent His time with them, walking from one region to another, or talking, seated among His friends. Always dear to Him was the sunny shore of His lake, along the curve of quiet, clear water scarcely ruffled by the wind from the desert, dotted with a few boats silently tacking back and forth. The western coast of the lake was His real kingdom; there He found His first listeners, His first converts, His first disciples.

If He returned to Nazareth He stayed there but a short time. He was to go back later accompanied by the Twelve and preceded by the renown of His miracles, and they treat Him as all the cities of the world, even the most renowned for amenity, Athens and Florence, have treated those of their citizens who made them great above others. After having ridiculed Him (they had seen Him as a child; it is out of the question that He can have become a great prophet) they try to cast Him down from the precipice.

In no city did He make a long stay. Jesus was a wanderer, such a man as is called a vagabond by the pot-bellied and sedentary citizen rooted to his threshold. His life is an eternal journey. Before that other Jew who was condemned to immortality by one condemned to death; He is the true Wandering Jew. He was born on a journey. Still a baby at the breast, He was carried along the sun-parched road to Egypt; from Egypt He came back to the waters and greenness of Galilee. From Nazareth He often went to Jerusalem for the Passover. The voice of John called Him to the Jordan; an inner voice drove Him out into the desert; and after the forty days of hunger and the Temptation, He began His restless, vagabond life from city to city, from village to village, from mountain to mountain, across Palestine.

HE IS the traveler without rest, the wanderer with no home, the wayfarer for love's sake, the voluntary exile in His own country. He says Himself that He has not a stone on which to lay His head, and it is true that He has no bed where He may lie down at night, nor a room that He can call His own. His real home is the road which takes Him along with His first friends in search of new friends. His bed is the furrow in a field, the bench of a boat, the shadow of an olive-tree. Sometimes He sleeps in the houses of those who love Him, but only for short periods.

In the early days we find Him most often at Capernaum. His journeys began there and ended there. Matthew calls it "His city." Situated on the caravan route which from Damascus crosses Iturea and goes toward the sea, Capernaum had become little by little a commercial center of some importance. Artisans, bargainers, brokers, and shopkeepers had come there to stay. Men of finance—as flies swarm on rotten pears—had come there: publicans, excisemen, and other fiscal tools.

THE little settlement, half rustic, half a fishing village, had become a mixed and composite city where the society of the times—even to soldiers and prostitutes—was fully represented. But Capernaum, lying along the lake, freshened by the air from the near-by hills and by the breeze from the water, was not a prey to stagnation and decay like the Syrian cities and Jerusalem. There were still peasants who went out to their fields every day, and fishermen who every day went forth to their boats. Good, poor, simple, warm-hearted people who talked of other matters than money and gear. Among them a man could draw his breath freely.

On the Sabbath Jesus went to the synagog. Everybody had the right to enter there, to read aloud and also to expound what had been read. It was a plain house, a bare room where people went with their friends and brothers to reason together and dream of God.

Jesus stood up, had some one give Him one of the scrolls of the Scriptures (more often then the Prophets than the Law), and recited in a tranquil voice two, three, four, or more verses. Then He commenced to speak with a bold and forceful eloquence which put the Pharisees to confusion, touched sinners, won the poor, and enchanted women.

Suddenly the old text was transfigured, became transparent, belonged to their own times; it seemed truth, a discovery they had made

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the first time; the words withered by antiquity, dried up by repetition, took on life and color; a new sun gilded them one by one, syllable by syllable; fresh words, coined at that moment, shining before their eyes like an unexpected revelation.

Nobody in Capernaum could remember having heard such a rabbi. The Sabbaths when Jesus spoke the synagog was full, the crowd overflowed out on the street, everybody who could come, came. The gardener who for that day had left his spade, and no longer turned his water-wheel to irrigate the green rows of his garden, and the smith, the good country smith, black with smoke and dust every day, but on the Sabbath washed, neatly dressed, his face still a little dusky, altho scrubbed and rinsed in many waters like his hands, his beard combed and anointed with cheap ointment—but still perfumed like a rich man's beard—the smith, all whose days are spent before the fire, sweaty and dirty, except this day which is the Sabbath, when he comes to the synagog to hear the ancient word of the Ancient of Days, the God of his fathers. He comes devoutly, but he comes, too, because his family, his friends, his neighbors come there, and he finds them all together; and he comes also because the day is long—all that long holiday without any work, without any hammer in his hand, without the pincers—and in Capernaum there are no other amusements than this.

THE mason comes, he who has worked on this little house of the synagog and made it small because the elders, good, God-fearing people, but inclined to be stingy, did not wish to spend too much. The mason still feels his arms a little numb and lame from his six days' labor, no longer keeps track of the stones which he has laid in courses and the trowels full of mortar which he has thrown between the stones during the week. The mason puts on his new clothes to-day and sits down on the ground, he who on all other days stands upright, active, watchful so that the work may go well, and the employer be satisfied; the good mason too has come to the house which seems to him partly his own.

The fishermen have come too, the young and the old, both of them with faces tanned by the sun and with eyes half shut from the constant glare of sunlight reflected by the water. The old man is handsomer because of the contrast of his white hair and white beard with his weather-beaten and wrinkled face. The fishermen have turned over their boats on the sand, have left them tied to a stake, put the nets on the roof, and have come to the synagog, altho they are not used to being within walls, and perhaps continue to hear a confused murmur of water lapping about the bow.

The peasants of the neighboring countryside are here too, prosperous farmers who have put on a tunic as good as anybody's, who are satisfied with the harvest almost ready for the scythe. They do not mean to forget God, who brings the grain to a head and makes the grape-vine to blossom. There are shepherds come in to town that morning, shepherds and goatherds with the smell of their flocks still on them, shepherds who live all the week in the mountain pastures without seeing a soul, without exchanging a word, alone with their quiet animals peacefully grazing on the new grass.

The smaller property-owners, the small business men, the gentry of Capernaum, all have come. They are men of weight and piety. They stand in the first row, serious, their eyes cast down, satisfied with the business of the last few days and satisfied with their conscience because they have observed the law without failing, and are not contaminated. The line of their well-clad backs can be seen, bowed backs but broad and masterful, employers' backs, backs full of authority and of religion. There are also transient foreigners, merchants going toward Syria or returning to Tiberias. They have come from condescension or from habit, perhaps to try to pick up acquaintances, and they stare into everybody's face with the arrogance which money gives to poverty-stricken souls.

At the back of the room—for the synagog is only a long, whitewashed room a little larger than a school, than an inn, than a kitchen—the poor of the countryside are huddled together like dogs near a door, like those who always stand in fear of being sent away. The poorest of all, those who live by odd jobs, by ungracious charity, and also—oh, poverty!—by some discreet theft, the ragged, the vermin-ridden, the timid, the wretched; old widows whose children are far away, young orphans not yet able to earn a living, humpbacked old men with no acquaintances, strengthless invalids, those who are incurably sick, those whose wits no longer rightly serve them, who have no understanding, who can not work.

THE weak in mind, the weak in body, the bankrupt, the rejected, the abandoned, those who one day eat and the next day do not, who never have enough to satisfy their hunger, those who pick up what others throw away, the pieces of dry bread, fish-heads, fruit-cores, and skins, and sleep now here and now there, and suffer from the Winter cold and every year wait for Summer, paradise of the poor, for then there are fruits to be plucked along the roads. They too, the beggars, the wretched, the ragamuffins, the sickly, and the weaklings, when the Sabbath comes, go to the synagog to hear the stories of the Bible. They can not be sent away. they have as much right to be there as any one; they are sons of the same Father and servants of the same Lord. On that day they feel a little comforted in their poverty because they can hear the same words heard by the rich and the strong. Here they are not served with another sort of food, poorer and coarser, as happens in the houses where the owner eats the best and the beggar on the threshold must content himself with scraps. Here the fare is the same for the man of possessions and for him who has nothing.

The words of Moses are the same, everlastingly the same, for him who owns the fattest flock and for him who has not even a quarter of lamb on Passover day. But the words of the Prophets are sweeter to them than those of Moses, harder on the great ones, but kinder for the humble. The poverty-stricken throng at the back of the synagog waits every Sabbath for somebody to read a chapter from Amos or from Isaiah because the Prophets take the part of the poor, and announce the punishment and the new world. "And he who was clothed with purple shall be made to handle dung."

AND behold on that Sabbath there was One who came expressly for them, who talked for them, who had come back from the desert to announce good tidings for the poor and the sick. No one had ever spoken of them as He did, no one had showed so much love for them. Like the old Prophets, He had for them a special affection which offended more fortunate men, but which filled their hearts with comfort and hope.

When Jesus had finished speaking they observed that the elders, the bourgeois, the masters, lords, Pharisees, men who knew how to read and make money, shook their heads forebodingly, and got up, making wry faces and nodding among themselves, half contemptuous, half scandalized, and as soon as they were outside muttered prudent disapprobation through their great black and silver beards. But no one laughed.

The merchants followed them, erect, already thinking of the next day; there remained behind the working men, the poor, the shepherds, the peasants, the gardeners, the smiths, the fishermen, and all the herd of beggars, orphans without inheritance, old men without health, homeless outcasts, friendless unfortunates, penniless men, the diseased, the maimed, the worn-out, the rejected. They could not take their eyes from Jesus; they would have liked Him to go on speaking, to reveal the day of the New Kingdom when they too would have their return for all this misery, and see with their own eyes the day of reckoning.

The words of Jesus had made their bruised and weary hearts beat faster. A gleam of light, a glimpse of the sky and of glory, the hallucination of prosperity, of banquets, of repose and abundance, sprang up from those great

"THE LORD APPOINTED OTHER SEVENTY ALSO AND SENT THEM TWO BY TWO BEFORE HIS FACE INTO EVERY CITY AND PLACE WHITHER HE HIMSELF WOULD COME"

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"WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THIS WATER SHALL THIRST AGAIN: BUT WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THE WATER THAT I SHALL GIVE HIM SHALL NEVER THIRST"

words in the rich souls of the poor. Perhaps they scarcely understood what the Master meant to say, and the Kingdom glimpsed by them had some resemblance to a materialistic Land of Cockaigne. But no one loved Him as they did. No one will ever love Him like the poor of Galilee, hungering after peace and truth. Even those who were less destitute, the day-laborers, the fishermen, the working men, the less hungry for bread, loved Him for the love of those poor.

And all those when He came out from the synagog stood waiting in the street to see Him again. They followed Him timidly as if in a dream. When He entered into the house of a friend to eat they were almost jealous, and some waited outside the door until He reappeared, then, grown more bold, they accosted Him and went along together beside the shores of the lake. Others joined them on the way, and now one and now another—they were braver under the open sky and outside the synagog—began asking questions, and Jesus halted and answered this obscure crowd with words never to be forgotten.

The Prodigal Son

A MAN had two sons. His wife was dead, but he still had these two sons, only two. But two are always better than one. If the first is away from home the second is still there; if the younger falls ill the older works for two; if one should die—even children die, even the young die, and sometimes before the old—and if one of the two should die there is one at least left who thinks of the poor father.

This man loved his sons, not only because they were of his blood, but because he had a loving heart. He loved them both, the older and the younger; perhaps the younger a little more than the older, but so little that he did not realize it himself.

Fathers and mothers often have a weakness for the youngest because he is the smallest, he is the loveliest, he is the last baby, and after his birth there was never another one, so that his boyhood, still so recent, so prolonged, stretches out to the sill of his young manhood, like a lingering halo of tenderness. It seems only yesterday that he was a baby at the breast, that he took his first stumbling steps, that he sprang up astride his father's shoulders.

But this man was not partial. He loved his sons like his two eyes and his two hands, equally dear, one at the left, one at the right, and he saw to it that both were happy. Nothing lacked for either one.

And yet, even in the case of sons of one father, it almost never happens that two brothers have the same tastes or even similar tastes. The older was a serious-minded young man, studious, settled, who seemed already grown up and mature, a husband, the head of a family. He respected his father, but more as master than as father, without any impulsive show of affection. He worked faithfully, but he was hard and captious with the servants; he went through all the religious forms, but the poor never came about him. Altho the house was full of all possible good things, yet for them there was never anything. He pretended to love his brother, but his heart was full of the poison of envy.

THE second son seemed of another race. He was younger and was not ashamed to be young. He made merry in his youth as in a warm lake. He had all the desires, the graces, and the defects of his age. He was fitful with his father. One day he hurt him, the next put him into the seventh heaven; he was capable of not saying a word for weeks together, and then suddenly throwing himself on his father's neck in the highest spirits. Good times with his friends were more to his taste than work. He refused no invitations to drink, stared at women, and dressed better than other people. But warm-hearted, he paid the debts of the needy, did good turns to his brother secretly, never sent away any one disconsolate.

He was seldom seen at the synagog, and for this and for other reasons the middle-class people of the neighborhood, timid, spotless people, religious and self-seeking, did not think well of him and advised their sons to have nothing to do with him. So much the more because the young man wanted to spend more than his father's resources allowed him—a good man, they said, but weak and blinded—and because he talked recklessly and said things which were not fitting for the son of a good family brought up as he ought to be. The little life of that little country hole was repugnant to him; he said it was better to look for adventure in rich countries, populous, far away, beyond the mountain and the sea, where the big, luxurious cities are, with marble buildings and the best wines and shops full of silk and silver, and women dressed in fine clothes like queens, fresh from aromatic baths, who lightly give themselves for a piece of gold.

There in the country you had to obey orders and work hard, and there was no outlet for gipsy-like and nomadic tastes. His father, altho he was rich, altho he was good, measured out the drachmæ as if they were talents. His brother was vexed if he bought a new tunic or came home a little tipsy; in the family all they knew was the field, the furrow, the pasture, the stock; a life that was not a life, but one long effort.

And one day (he had thought of it many times before, but had never had the courage to say it) he hardened his heart and his face and said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me, and I will ask nothing more of thee."

When the old man heard this he was deeply hurt, but he made no answer, and went away into his room that his tears should not be seen; and for a while neither of them spoke any more of this matter. But the son suffered, was sullen, and lost all his ardor and dash even to the fresh color of his face. And the father seeing his son suffer, suffered himself, and suffered more at the thought of losing him.

BUT finally paternal love conquered self-love. The estimations and valuations of the property were gone through with, and the father gave to both his sons their rightful part and kept the rest for himself. The young man lost no time; he sold what he could not carry away, gathered together a goodly sum, and one evening, without saying anything to any one, mounted his fine horse and went away. The older brother was rather pleased by this departure; the younger would never have the courage to come back, so now he was the only son, first in command, and no one would take away the rest of his inheritance from him.

But the father secretly wept many tears, all the tears of his old wrinkled eyelids. Every line of his old face was washed with tears; all his old face was soaked with his sorrow. From that day on, his son was gone and he needed all the love of the remaining son to make up for the affliction of the separation.

But something told him that perhaps he had not lost his son forever, his second-born, that before his death he would have the happiness to kiss him again, and this idea helped him to endure the loneliness.

In the meantime the young man drew rapidly near to the rich and high-spirited city where he meant to live. At every turning of the road he felt of the money-bags which hung at either side of his saddle.

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He soon arrived at the city of his desire and began his high living. It seemed to him that those thousands of coins would last forever. He rented a fine house, bought five or six slaves, dressed like a prince, and soon had men and women friends who were guests at his table and who drank his wine till their stomachs could hold no more. He did not economize with women, and chose the most beautiful the city contained, those who knew how to dance and sing and dress with magnificence, and undress with grace. No presents ever seemed too fine or too rich to please those bodies which abandoned themselves with such voluptuous softness, and which gave him the wildest, most torturing pleasure. The little provincial lord from the dull country, repressed in the most sensual period of his life, now vented his voluptuousness, his love of luxury, in this life dangerous as a bridge without a railing.

The money-bags of the prodigal son were not bottomless —no money-bags are—and there came a day when there was no longer either gold or silver and not even copper, but only empty bags of canvas and leather, which lay limp and flabby on the brick floor of the room. His friends disappeared; the women disappeared; slaves, beds, and dining-tables were sold. With the proceeds he had enough to eat, but only for a short time. To complete his misfortune a famine came on the country, and the prodigal son found himself hungering in the midst of a famine-stricken people. The women had gone off to other cities where the situation was better; the friends of his drunken night-revels had hard work to look out for themselves.

The unfortunate man, stripped and destitute, left the city, traveling with a lord who was going to the country where he had a fine estate. He begged him for work till the lord hired him as swineherd because he was young and strong, and hardly any one was willing to be a swineherd. For a Jew nothing could be a greater affliction than this. Even in Egypt, altho animals were adored there, the only people forbidden to enter the temples were swineherds. No father would have given his daughter to wife to a swineherd, and no man for all the gold in the world would have married the daughter of a swineherd.

BUT the prodigal son had no choice and had to lead the herd of swine out to the pasture. He was given no pay and very little to eat, because there was only a little for any one; but it was no famine for the hogs, because they could eat anything. There were plenty of locust-beans, and they gorged themselves on these. Their hungry attendant enviously watched the pink and black animals rooting in the earth, chewing beans and roots, and longed to fill his stomach with the same stuff and wept, remembering the abundance of his own home and his festivals in the great city. Sometimes overcome with hunger, he took one of the black bean-husks from under the grunting snout of one of the pigs, tempering the bitterness of his suffering with that insipid and woody food. And woe to him if his employer had seen him!

His dress was a dirty slave's smock which smelled of manure; his foot-gear a pair of worn-out sandals, scarcely held together with rushes; on his head a faded hood. His fair young face, tanned by the sun of the hills, was thin and long, and had taken a sickly color between gray and brown.

Who was looking now the spotless homespun clothes which he had left in his brother's chests? Where now were the fair silken tunics, dyed purple, which he had sold for so little? His father's hired servants were better dressed than he, and they fared better than he.

Returned to his senses, he said to himself, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare and I perish with hunger!" Until now he had brushed away the idea of going home as soon as it had appeared. How could he bear to go back in this condition after having despised his home, after having made his father weep, after having got the better of his brother—to return without a garment, unshod, without a penny, without the ring—the sign of liberty—disfigured, uncomely by this famished slavery, stinking and contaminated by this abominable trade, to show that the wise old neighbors were right, and his serious brother was right, to bow himself at the knee of the old man whom he had left without a greeting, to return with opprobrium as a ragged fellow to the spot from which he had departed as a king into a house which contained nothing of his!

NO, THERE was something of his always there, his father! If he belonged to his father, his father belonged also to him. He was his descendant, the creation of his flesh, issued from his seed in a moment of love. Tho hurt, his father would never drive away his own flesh and blood. If he would not take him back as a son, at least he would take him back as a hired servant, as he would any stranger, like a man born of another father. "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

And the young man gave back the hogs to his master, and went toward his own land. He begged a piece of bread from the country people, and this bread of pity and charity was wet with salt tears in the shadow of the sycamores. His sore and blistered feet could scarcely carry him. He was barefoot now, but his faith in forgiveness carried him homeward step by step.

And finally one day at noon he arrived in sight of his father's house, but he did not dare to knock or to ask or to go in. He hung around outside to see if any one would come out. And his father appeared on the threshold. His son was no longer the same, was changed, but the eyes of a father even dimmed by weeping could not fail to recognise him. He ran toward him and caught him to his breast, and kissed him and kissed him again and could not stop from pressing his pale old lips on that ravaged face, on those eyes whose expression was altered but still beautiful, on that hair, dusty but still waving and soft, on that flesh that was his.

The son covered with confusion and deeply moved, did not know how to respond to these kisses, and as soon as he could free himself from his father's arms he threw himself on the ground and repeated tremulously the speech he had prepared. "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But if the young man had come to the point of refusing the name of son, the old man never felt himself more father than at this moment; he seemed to become father for a second time, and without even answering, with his eyes still clouded and soft, but with the ringing voice of his best days, he called to the servants:

"Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet."

The son of the master should not return home wretchedly dressed like a beggar. The finest garment was his right, new shoes, a ring on his finger, and the servants must wait on him because he too is a master.

"And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

And the servants obeyed him, and the calf was killed, skinned, cut up, and put to cook. The oldest wine was taken from the wine-cellar, and the finest room was prepared for the dinner of the reunion. Servants went to call his father's friends, and others went to summon musicians that there should be music. And when everything was ready, when the son had been bathed, and his father had kissed him many times more—almost as if to assure himself with his lips that his true son was there with him and it was not the vision of a dream—they commenced the banquet; the wines were mixed, and the musicians accompanied the songs of joy.

THE older son was in the field, working, and in the evening when he came back and was near to the house he heard shouts and stampings and clapping of hands, and the footsteps of dancers. And he could not understand. "Whatever can have happened? Perhaps my father has gone crazy or perhaps a wedding procession has arrived unexpectedly at our house."

Disliking noise and new faces, he would not enter and see for himself what it was. But he called a boy coming out of the house,

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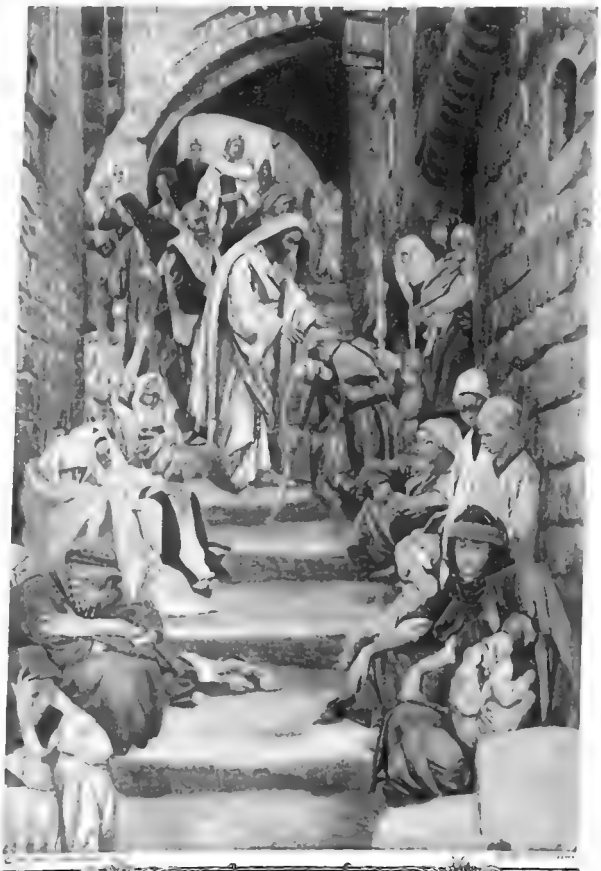

"JESUS WENT ABOUT ALL GALILEE, HEALING ALL MANNER OF SICKNESS AND ALL MANNER OF DISEASE AMONG THE PEOPLE"

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"'HAS EVERY GIRL WHO HAS THOUSANDS OF MEN MAD ABOUT HER GOT TO MARRY A THICK-NECKED MAN WHO DRINKS?'"

MRS. DEY'S FOURTH HUSBAND

BY DAVID GRAY

Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd

BEFORE the reader's eyes—the inmost workings of her mind and heart exposed—Mrs. Dey picks her fourth husband. A tense story, holding the interest to the last line. Trust David Gray, the distinguished author of "Gallops" and "The Boomerang," for a true and fascinating delineation of a dashing woman of the world.

NO ONE of them suspected that the moment was in any way fateful. They were sitting in the Spring sun on Alice Whiteley's terrace killing time, waiting for lunch to be announced. Holmwood was talking nonsense, expounding his theory as to why Menelaus must have been a thick-necked, possessive individual who drank.

Mrs. Whiteley got up and, descending into the sunken garden, began snipping off dead tulip-heads. She had heard it before.

"But how do you know he was that kind of man?" the Courtney girl demanded.

Holmwood flicked the ashes from his cigaret. "Universal law," he said gravely. "Helen couldn't have married any other kind of man."

"Rubbish," she retorted. "Has every girl who has thousands of men mad about her got to marry a thick-necked man who drinks?"

"You can't name one who doesn't."

Pryne laughed. "Offhand I can't; but where does Paris come in?"

"Paris was a poet. But that's another part of the thing." Holmwood's manner had the effect of waving Pryne aside. He was an Anglican celibate, a priest. His interest in the subject at most was academic.

"Well," he went on to the girl, "can you name one who didn't?"

"I really don't know any, except those who aren't married."

"But you've heard of Ida Kent of Baltimore and Tillie Channing—" Holmwood named a half-dozen of the famous beauties of twenty years before.

"I've heard father talk of Tillie Channing."

"Then there's Isabella Dey. You know her yourself, I believe."

She nodded. "Isn't Mr. Franklin Dey her third husband?"

"Yes. She's had three, all thick-necked and thirsty. She's the perfect example."

A frown gathered on Pyrne's fine brows.

"I think it's horrible," said the girl.

"Perhaps," Holmwood admitted, "but interesting. You see it's the saving provision of a beneficent nature. A woman like Helen of Troy or Isabella is a public danger. Something has to be done to make the world safe for bachelors. So Mother Nature steps in and provides a jailer."

Alice had come up from the garden. "I think I heard Prescott drive in," she said. "We'll ring for lunch. Nita," she added to the girl, "don't pay any attention to George's nonsense; you'll be corrupted."

The girl chuckled. She was a clean, athletic-looking girl who was absorbed in jumping horses, but, like most of her generation, she knew her way about.

A moment later Whiteley came out of the house with the noon editions in his hand. "Have you heard the news?" he asked. "Isabella has divorced Frank Dey."

Holmwood started up and took one of the papers.

"Isn't that funny?" said the girl. "We were just talking about her."

Pryne sat silent.

"Did you know she was getting a divorce?" Whiteley asked his wife.

She answered, "What do you suppose she's been doing in Paris the past two years?"

The butler announced lunch. Holmwood tossed the paper on a chair and they went in.

TEN days passed. It was the last Saturday in May. Holmwood had gone through the mail and was preparing to leave his office. It was just past ten. He looked in at the drafting-room; returning, he locked his desk and turned toward the door into the public corridor. Stopping, he studied the placing of a Ming vase he had recently purchased. He thought it would be better upon the long Flemish table. He tried it there and was pleased. Then he went out and caught a descending elevator.

As he turned into Fifth Avenue Spring and sunshine met him. The usual fair-weather spectacle was going on in the avenue—surging tides of men and vehicles. A remark he had heard at dinner came back to him. A student of cities had observed, "New York has jazz but no gaiety." As he made his way north through the crowds he decided that the man was right. These well-dressed women were wearing themselves out hunting pleasure. There was measureless energy but no joy. New York was still too self-conscious for gaiety. Presently his mind went back to his Ming porcelain. He had another idea as to its arrangement, and then, arriving at his club, he turned in.

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The impressive morning stillness of the place met him as he went up to the main floor, his tread noiseless on the deep stair-carpet. He looked into the smoking-room, noted old Mr. Wall with the morning paper, and went on through the big, empty living-room to the Fifth Avenue windows. Here he dropped into a chair. He consulted his watch and gazed idly out across the park. He had half an hour to wait.

Perhaps ten minutes passed and there came a footfall on the heavy rug. The leather chair to his left was moved. A voice said "Good morning."

Holmwood half turned and saw Franklin Dey.

"Good morning," he answered.

"Racing?" Dey asked.

"No! Playing golf with Hathaway."

The conversation ended.

Ten minutes went by. The two men sat side by side, silent, gazing vacantly through the window.

For more than twenty years Holmwood had known Franklin Dey, and he had never had a conversation with him more important than the one just ended. Yet they had both loved the same woman and Dey had married her.

It was an opposition of temperaments, as Holmwood explained it to himself. His own interests were the interests of the mind. The Beaux Arts and six years of Paris had shaped him. This world of ideas seemed not to exist for Dey. As a mentality he was contemptible, yet no one held him in contempt.

Long before his marriage to Isabella, Holmwood had recognized something formidable in him. His silences were formidable even tho they sprang from dullness. He was a survival of that group of dandies, sportsmen, men about town who in the eighties set the fashion. In the grand manner they shot, fished, hunted, drove four-horse teams, raced and gambled, drank and drabbed, dined out in Winter, showed themselves at Newport in Summer. When the thing was at its height Dey had been a precocious boy who instead of going to college had become a man of fashion. At twenty-three he had race-horses, a private hansom, and the studied manner of his cult with its fellow notes of insolence and courtesy.

Alcohol and food had done for his older companions. At fifty-five Dey was pointed out as the last of the dandies, the one conspicuous survivor of the era of "good form." Mornings when he was in town he came into the club dressed as men dress now only for weddings and sat in the window with his top-hat on his head as the members still do in the House of Commons.

"What had all Dey's magnificence of manner profited him?" Holmwood was thinking. "What was the worth of that mask of urbane self-sufficiency?" Life in the person of Isabella had found him out and defeated him. Behind the mask either there was nothing or the consciousness of defeat.

Holmwood consulted his watch again and found that it was ten minutes past eleven. Hathaway was late. He glanced down the avenue for the long blue runabout that should be rolling up. A limousine was approaching from the south. He noticed a woman in it who, bending forward, gazed at the club windows; and then he recognized Isabella. The same instant she recognized him. There was the flash of her smile, the wave of a white-gloved hand, and she was gone.

HOLMWOOD turned and found himself face to face with Dey. He saw the color deepen under Dey's weather-beaten skin.

"I didn't know she was back," he said. "Did you?" The words had slipped out, compelled by some emotion that Holmwood could only guess at.

"No," he answered, "I didn't."

Then silence again. Holmwood gazed blankly at the window before him, a press of thoughts and emotions surging through his consciousness. So Isabella was back! What an amazing woman! Three husbands, two divorces, thirty-eight years of ardent living, and still radiant, still reckless! Instinct in her was what the throng in the avenue lacked—gaiety, the true, the divine gaiety of the Olympians, the love of life for the joy of living! Who but her could have looked unblushingly into club windows and waved to an old friend, an old lover, and all unconsciously, without a thought? He felt his pulses throb; he recognized that the moment was charged with fate.

That wave of her gloved hand was more than a salutation. It was a summons. His impulse was to rush out and follow her, yet he did not move. There was his appointment with Hathaway, and it was the habit of his life to keep appointments. Besides there was no reason for a mad haste. In the car with her had been her aunt, Mrs. Bronson Lenox. He would find her at the Lenox house around in Sixty-fifth Street.

Suddenly Dey spoke. "Some time when you're lunching here you ought to try the curry. That new cook does it very well. Cooking's much improved, don't you think?"

"I shall," Holmwood answered. "Yes, the cooking is much improved."

What was going on in the man's mind? At a moment like the present, was he really interested in cookery, or was it only the habit of mask-wearing? A dangerous habit, Holmwood thought. Self-repression could be carried to the point where there was nothing to repress. But in any case how much better was the vivid, human, expressive Gallic type, alive to the dramatic possibilities of such a situation! A French swell might have turned to him with a smile and said, "Your turn now, my boy; a most charming woman; certain little complexities of temperament, but that is the adventure. *Bonne chance!*"

Well, anyway, it was his turn now. Something told him that it was for this that no one of the succession of women that had come into his life had married him. His impatience with Hathaway and the idea of golfing in any way was fifteen minutes late. He waited another minute, then rose, and, passing through the empty living-room, entered a telephone-closet.

"Yes, Mrs. Dey has arrived." It was one of the Lenox servants speaking.

"Ask her if she'll speak to Mr. Holmwood."

An interminable wait, then a silvery voice with an under-current of intensity. "Ah, how dear of you, George! I didn't think you knew me when I passed."

"That's what they call 'a line' nowadays."

"A what?"

"Never mind. When am I going to see you?"

"I can't very well ask you to lunch; you know Aunt Carrie, a little bit proprietary at first. But this afternoon?"

"Suppose I came around about three in a runabout?"

"Are you safe to drive with?"

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Well, come at three then; perhaps you'd better make it half past."

"Half past," he echoed, and she said "Good-by" with a dropping of her voice and a little tremulous, throaty note.

He hurried out of the booth and went down to the doorman. "Has Mr. Hathaway come in?"

"No, sir."

"When he does, tell him I couldn't wait any longer."

"Yes, sir. Shall I tell him you will meet him at the golf-course?"

"No. Tell him that it's impossible for me to wait any longer. That's all."

HE PUSHED out into the cross-street and turned hurriedly toward Madison Avenue. As he reached the corner he looked back and saw the blue car stopping before the club. Anticipating pursuit, he boarded a north-bound trolley, got off at Eightieth Street, and sought asylum in the Museum. A sign told him he might lunch there, which he did, and lay hidden till his car came for him.

It was quarter to four when Isabella came down. Holmwood was standing, watching her as she came across the light. She was paler, a little thin, which was becoming to her in her black gown, elaborately simple. For the rest time seemed to have passed her by. She came on with her frank, eager smile. "What charm!" he thought. She held out both hands, and he took them.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she asked.

He kissed her, first on one cheek, then on the other.

"It's the first time, isn't it?" she said, as if speaking what was in his mind.

"GEORGE, YOU KNOW IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE. YOU DON'T LOVE ME"

He nodded. He was more stirred than he cared to show.

"You were always such an old-fashioned little gentleman," she went on bantering, "so correct."

"I was a fool," he muttered.

"My dear," she said, "is there anybody who isn't? Let me look at you; you're looking very well. Growing handsomer. Yes, that's a fact."

"If it is, it's unimportant," he retorted. "But you, Isabella, how do you do it?"

"We're not going to talk about me," she answered. "I'm an old woman; finished—done for. A little garden to dig in. That's all I want now."

"I understand," he said, smiling.

"But it's the truth. I'm counting on you to find me one with a little old farmhouse attached, way down the Island, miles from everybody."

"I know just the place."

"And you'll do it over for me?"

"Naturally."

"You're a dear, George," and she let her hand rest a moment on his arm. "But there's some horrible news for you," she went on. "Aunt Carrie and Uncle Bronson are off to the country, and I escaped by saying that you had promised to motor me down."

"Capital! I was going to the Watsons', and now I'll go."

"Were you going to chuck?"

"Yes—I was, if you were going to be in town."

"I'm all in a flutter," she said, "not being used to such devotion. Before I forget it, Aunt Carrie wants you for lunch to-morrow, one-thirty."

"I'll come. Have you got a bag or anything?"

She shook her head. "Banks has taken everything down by train. I'll be ready in a minute." She turned and stood a moment as if thinking. The light from the window was on her face, and Holmwood saw that somehow she had grown suddenly older. There was a dull hunger, a weariness in her eyes, a suggestion of repressed loneliness and misery. Then in a flash it was gone again as her face lighted with a smile.

"I was wondering if that woman had left me out some gloves and, if so, where. I'll investigate. In two minutes," she said, and glided out of the room.

In rather more than ten she reappeared, and they drove off.

"Do you mind if I don't talk?" she asked. "I want to enjoy just being here."

They crossed the bridge and straightened out on the Flushing road. Suddenly she began:

"How are things, George? I hear you've turned into a serious and eminent architect."

"If one keeps plugging," he answered, "things begin to come. I've got more to do than most offices. But I'm getting old, Isabella. I don't like to dance any more. I don't like to sit up and play cards. I don't like to dine out. I want to settle down. I've got all the marks of middle age."

"I suppose you think you ought to get married," she said without enthusiasm.

He nodded.

"Well, then, why don't you?"

"You know why," he answered.

"I know seven women who have refused you in the last seven years."

"You know why they refused me?"

"They were unwise virgins."

"Not at all. The wise male puts the responsibility for selection on the woman. He goes through life presenting himself like a handkerchief he's picked up at a tea-party to likely owners. If you happen to belong to one of these ladies she takes you. She knows her own property."

"You're an impetuous lover," said Isabella.

"I'm wise. A woman's instinct is much truer than a man's."

"Then why have I made a mess of it three times?"

"You haven't," he answered.

"It would seem so."

"No, he said quietly, "you don't understand yourself, Isabella. You haven't been hunting for a husband; you've been looking for your soul."

She looked at him questioningly.

"It's the fact. The ordinary woman finds it in the course of ordinary life, but with you—you have special handicaps, special difficulties. It needs special measures to free it and let it come to the surface."

"Then there's something queer about me?"

"Rather. Listen," he went on. "Personally I've known just four beautiful women, Ida, Tillie, Rose, and you. You know what I mean. It isn't a question of features. It's the thing that makes a roomful of men sit up. Excess of sex, I suppose. Well, all four of you have made what the world calls a mess of your marriages."

"We're all nuts."

"No, you're not. Something devilish wise has been at work in you; something you don't understand, something

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"BLACK ERIC RAPPED, FEEBLY AT FIRST, HIS HANDS TREMBLING LIKE ASPEN-LEAVES. GETTING NO RESPONSE BUT AN EMPTY ECHO FROM WITHIN, HE STRUCK HIS FIST HEAVILY AGAINST THE DOOR. 'OPEN THE DOOR, WITCH!' HE CRIED"

Witch Mary

Through This Grim and Powerful Tale of the Northland Shines a Mother's Fierce Love

BY GENEVIEVE LARSSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIE ABRAMS

"HAS any one of you seen Witch Mary of late?" Wise Olaf, keeper of the country store, asked the question of the farmers gathered in a group on the "grocery side." A curious, vivid silence followed. They had been rejoicing over their fields of grain, which stood, as one man had exultantly proclaimed, high as a man's arms, and were heavy with promise. Some made as if to speak, shifted uneasily, sucked back the half-formed words.

"Well?" questioned Wise Olaf.

Through the Summer stillness a wind swept up from the river, came sighing in through the open door, and rattled the loose papers about. There was something eery, electric, about it, as tho it carried with it an unseen presence.

"Hush! The women will hear you!" cautioned one, glancing across the room.

"Not seen a sign of her all Summer; but that's a good sign," nervously ventured a gnarled, bent, old man, stooping over the counter to pick up a stray coffee-bean. He rubbed it between his horny palms, and then fell to munching it, his long chin nearly meeting his nose in the process. Assuming an attitude of cheerfulness, he glanced around carelessly, and then slumped back into a chair.

The women across the room were busy examining the rolls of blue and brown denim that Wise Olaf's Kaisa displayed upon the counter, and had been chattering together fussily. The Summer was a good one, and they could buy extra yards. Underlying their Northern speech, in which were represented various provincial dialects of Sweden, was an undercurrent of wistful melancholy, as tho they feared to be too joyous, lest some unforeseen disaster come upon them in the midst of their plenty. Now, quick to note a change of feeling in the men's talk, they stopped, broken sentences suspended in the air, reluctantly left the goods upon the counter, and crossed to the other side.

"But what is it?" asked Kaisa, looking around at the guilty faces.

"We were just talking about Witch Mary," answered Wise Olaf.

"We agreed, long ago, not to talk of her." Kaisa's voice was high-pitched, nervous. Her keen, rather hard-featured face lit up with a curious, avid expression. "As long's you've started, *has* any one seen her?"

"Not one time during the whole Summer," answered Olga, a fair, comely matron. "Tho from my place I can see the top of the hill. Sometimes I run out, when the sun is high, thinking to catch a glimpse of her. The trees must have grown up about the hut. Every day, I remember, the year of the drought, I could see her standing there, waving her cane with one hand, and the other held to her brow, looking out over the valley."

"The river, you mean," put in Wise Olaf, carefully tying a package with his knotted hands.

A tremor passed over the crowd.

"I doubt not it was the river," said Olga, rebuked. The men, some standing, others seated on chairs placed conveniently about, puffed more heavily at their long corn-cob pipes.

"Sometimes," Olga continued shamefacedly, "she looked so lonely standing there. Just as if she were turned to a statue of grief. I wanted to run up and comfort her. But I never dared. Besides, Sven would not permit me. And there is no road, only this path, leading down to the river."

"A GOOD thing for you that you didn't go," said the gnarled old man, trying to speak lightly. "Silent Sven would have been left a widower." The men laughed relievedly, and the shy young giant standing beside the counter flushed to the roots of his yellow hair.

"Oh, I don't know," finished Olga, weakly. "I—I am sorry for her, poor old soul!"

"Some say she was seen the day Black Eric left," Kaisa's shrill voice broke in. "She stepped in front of him on the road, and the horses stopped dead. She cursed him as usual. 'So you are going away,' she screamed; 'but I will follow you—I will follow you!' He struck at her with his whip, but she avoided him. 'I hope you die!' he shouted at her, and she screamed back, 'Aye, tho I were dead a thousand years, my hate for you would bring me back!'"

"*Ja, kära Gud!*" sighed a wrinkled old crone. "Let us stop talking of this and finish our buying." She turned to cross the store; nobody heeded her, and, as tho reluctant to miss anything, she stayed.

"Perhaps Black Eric took her with him"—the man who spoke laughed hollowly—"for not once since, as near as I can figure, has she been seen."

"That's likely!" retorted Wise Olaf. "She's the only thing he was ever afraid of."

"I DIDN'T think he'd stay away this long," said the old man. "He loved his power over us too much. And now he's gone since last November."

"Oh, he'll be back soon enough," answered Wise Olaf. "I saw Young Eric the other day. He's expecting him any time."

"I was having a good time," grumbled the old crone, puffing away at her pipe, "and you've made me ill with your talk!"

"Always in the Winters before," continued Kaisa, "I have seen her coming down the path on her skis. At night, thinking no one would see her. There she'd come, swiftly, her skirts flying behind her, and straight down she would go, over the bank, and out to the spot where her daughter was drowned. You should have heard her moaning, and wringing her hands! And she would cry something terrible. Many times I've asked Olaf to build us a house elsewhere, and not live here in the store like heathen folk, where we had to see such a sight and listen to such things. 'Tis not good for the children."

"I've heard," said Olga, her voice soft and pitying, "that she was just like other people before she lost the girl. That they were very happy, even tho they were so poor, with their little garden and their hut. Perhaps she is like others still, only we are afraid of her, and that makes her queer. Perhaps we should go up and see if anything has happened to her?" She looked around questioningly, her blue eyes pleading.

"I've often said so to Kaisa," answered Wise Olaf. "It's you women, I said, should go——"

"How can you expect us to go," asked Kaisa angrily,

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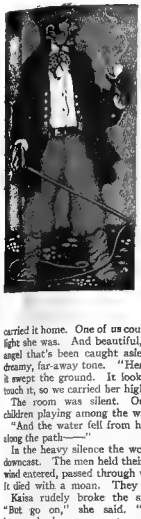

"when you men are afraid?"

"And with good reason," cackled the old man, his toothless gums still busy with the coffee-bean. "I'm old here, and I know. I was with those that went up, shortly after we'd found the daughter, and Witch Mary had had her brought up there, and buried beside the hut——"

"Beside the hut—think of that! That was no Christian thing to do. You must have known then there was something wrong."

"Why, no. We thought that natural enough, crazed with grief as she was. Never shall I forget when we found the body and carried it home. One of us could have carried her easily so light she was. And beautiful, even when dead. Like an angel that's been caught asleep." His voice took on a dreamy, far-away tone. "Her hair was loose, and so long it swept the ground. It looked *alive*, and we dared not touch it, so we carried her high——"

The room was silent. Outside rang the voices of children playing among the willows.

"And the water fell from her hair, like great tears, all along the path——"

In the heavy silence the women stood motionless, eyes downcast. The men held their bodies rigidly. A burst of wind entered, passed through with a long, drawn-out sigh. It died with a moan. They started up apprehensively.

Kaisa rudely broke the silence. "But go on," she said. "What happened when you went up afterward? After the girl was buried? We've never heard the real truth about that."

"A week later, all in a friendly spirit, we went to her, thinking to buy her trees. The rest of us were cleaning out our timber. And she had the best trees of all, standing on the level stretch behind the hut, where they could easily be rolled right down to the river and taken to the mill. It would have relieved her poverty, and we thought that would help. We didn't look for her to take on so, seeing we came for that——"

"Well?" questioned Kaisa, her black eyes snapping with curiosity.

"Black Eric was with us," the old man went on. "That was a mistake, I suppose, seeing she blamed it all on him. Tho I don't know that he was guilty. He said she jumped right out of the boat, and that he couldn't save her——"

"There are those," said Olga, darkly, "that think he *wouldn't*! That he'd coaxed her into the boat against her will, and that she had no choice. It was death—or something worse. *That* was like him!" Her breast heaved with excitement.

"What use to dig it up?" asked the old man gently. "No one really knows. Anyway, Black Eric went along, tho he acted queer. One of the men had told him he daren't. That's how he came to go. Too much of a blusterer to take a dare. Everything was quiet when we got there. We rapped at the door, and no one answered. Then we went on to where the girl was buried, near the hut between two large oaks. There lay Mary, with the cloth tied around her head, and her red shawl around her shoulders, just as we've seen her dressed ever since. Lying flat down on the grave. I thought at first she was dead. So must the rest have thought, and Black Eric shrieked out, 'O God, she's dead!' Then we heard a dreadful weeping, and she got up—so, I did not see her get up, but there she stood.

"In a few days she'd grown into an old woman, tho she wasn't young, even when the girl was born. But such a face as she turned to us! Like an old parchment containing saga lore. Wrinkled and mad with grief, but with a *power!* Almost as if she could have swept us away with one hand. Her eyes bored through us—they were like burnt-out cinders, dead, but yet terribly alive. When she saw Black Eric she went wild. She shrieked and whirled before us until I was dizzy. Some of the men were so afraid they didn't even *see* her; she blinded them. She hurled her curses. Never, never have I seen such a sight!"

"Oh, poor thing, poor thing!" choked Olga, thinking, no doubt, of her own mother, lonely and bent with work in far-away Vermland.

"She drove us down the hill. Frightened as we all were, no one of us was shaken with terror as Black Eric was. Never has any one ventured near her since, tho God knows how she lives. It's not often we let a neighbor go without food. That's not our way. But what could we do? There was a little clearing where she had her garden, and she and her girl used to work in the old days, but she's old now, and even if she were able——"

"SHE has never so much as bought a pound of coffee here," hastened Kaisa. "Half starved she must be, and frozen in the Winter."

"I hope he never comes back!" cried Olga passionately.

"He? Who?" questioned Kaisa.

"Black Eric. He's evil—he's——"

"Oh, as for that," said the old man, "no one knew if he was guilty or not. There was no proof. And I've heard said he's coming—soon. But one should not blame him too much. He was young when this happened, and he loved the girl——"

"Love? You call that love?" Olga's tones were hot with wrath. She looked at her husband, Silent Sven, and her face changed and softened. Her little girl came running in through the open door, clasping a bunch of purplish-blue flowers in her hand. She pushed through the crowd and burrowed her golden head in her mother's skirts.

"I am afraid, Mama; I am afraid," she panted, trembling violently.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, *lilla vännen*," comforted her mother, trying to steady her own voice. "We are right here where we can see you through the windows."

"Where did you get those flowers?" Kaisa's tones were sharper than usual. "Not on the river-bank, surely."

"Gerda and I—we went up—up the path a little ways—just a little ways," said the girl, "to pick them."

"That's blue vervain!" screamed Kaisa, raising her arms in horror. "Throw it away, child; it's cursed!"

The little girl dropped the flowers.

"Pick it up and throw it out!" she ordered.

"Hush!" said Olga, stooping for the flowers. "Do not frighten the little one. That's but an old foolish superstition."

She crossed to the door and flung the blossoms far. Coming back, she asked Silent Sven if he had some candy for the children. He pulled a bulky bag from his pocket.

"Do not go up the path again," cautioned Olga. "Stay on the river-bank. Now run and play with the others. Mind you give some candy to the rest!"

The girl reached eagerly for the bag and started for the door, drying her eyes with one hand. She ran off the board platform, darted between the wagons hitched in front of the store, and on down to the river-bank where the children were swinging on the young willows.

"I do believe some one else is coming," cried Olga, going to the window and peering out. She uttered a dismayed cry, and the rest crowded behind her.

Black Eric dashed up in a smart new buggy, to which were hitched two slim, shining horses. A moment later, whip in hand, he entered the store. He looked around, smiling at the group, and began shaking hands, greeting each one jovially.

"And here's Olga, too," he cried, his black eyes snapping with delight as he stepped up to her. The young woman's face flushed hotly. Silent Sven edged nearer.

"My name is Mrs. Nillson," she said coldly, refusing to take his hand.

"Ven can I come for coffee and some of your good *äppelkaka?*" he smirked, laughing at her dismay.

"Talk Swede so I can understand," croaked the old woman, puffing viciously at her pipe, "and leave Olga alone. You needn't put on airs, for all you've been to the city."

"WELL, old sourface!" he answered good-naturedly. "Anything to please such a beauty as you! *Ta' mej fan*, but I'm glad to be back!" He looked around from face to face, but saw no gleam of welcome. "What's the matter?" he asked abruptly. They shrank away, as if fearing the ring of command in his voice.

Olga touched her husband's arm. "Let's go, dear," she coaxed. "Let's go at once."

"We'll stay yet awhile," answered Sven, flashing her a reassuring smile. "He'll get them all in his power," she whispered, "just as he had them before. Every one of us. I can feel it in his voice." She tugged at his sleeve.

"I'm not in his power, and I said we'd stay awhile," he answered quietly.

"What brought you back, Eric?" asked Wise Olaf. "Love for Young Eric, I suppose?" The crowd responded with a smothered laugh.

Black Eric chose not to take offense. "Why, as for that," he said, "perhaps I did want to see Young Eric. It's natural enough for a father to want to see his son, isn't it? But that wasn't the real reason. I came because I couldn't sleep. Night after night I lay awake, and always I heard a curious sound, like a tapping, tapping, tapping. I thought if I came back here I could rest again——"

"A tapping!" cried Olga. "Then you did take Witch Mary with you!"

Black Eric's face, pale before, lost the last vestige of color. He wheeled upon her. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"The tapping of her cane!" she answered. "She's not been seen since you left."

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"ONE OF US COULD HAVE CARRIED HER EASILY SO LIGHT SHE WAS. AND THE WATER FELL FROM HER HAIR, LIKE GREAT TEARS"

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SPOIL THE CHILD—IN MODERATION

Eighth Article in Our Series, "How to Make the Best of Life"

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ACCORDING TO BENNETT:

"THE insight of children into the psychology of parents is uncanny—in all probability superior to the insight of parents into the psychology of children."

"Parenthood is commonly rather a rough job."

"I would give a child half a day a month for the free expression of his individuality."

AN UNDERSTANDING of the psychology of the child is a very important thing in the equipment of parents. Most mothers pick it up quickly enough, and many of them could give lessons to professors who write books about it. An understanding of the principles of education is another very important thing in the same equipment. Very few parents ever pick it up, and consequently they educate their children, or cause them to be educated, quite badly, even absurdly, pathetically, criminally; and no nation in the world to-day has a system of education which is not largely ridiculous.

The fundamental matter, however, in the affair of rearing the next generation is neither a knowledge of child psychology nor a knowledge of the principles of education. It is a just appreciation in the parental mind of the basis of right relations between parent and child. All other matters, be they as important as they may, are secondary to this, and must derive from it. If the appreciation of the true basis of relations is wrong, nearly everything else is likely to be wrong.

Now, in producing a child the parents are acting in accord with the promptings of nature; they are workers in the illimitable field of evolution; they are helping to carry out the vast designs of destiny. But this fact does not consciously influence their proceedings. They do not talk to each other about evolution, mother-nature, or the designs of destiny, and then add: "Therefore we must bring a child into the world."

They introduce the child to a planet of rather doubtful felicity, simply because they think it will be nice, proper, agreeable, interesting, thrilling for them to have a child in the house. They think of themselves primarily. They will even go so far as to say: "Old age without children would be awful." They do not regard the enterprise primarily from the point of view of the child. Many of them do not regard it from the point of view of the child at all. Their own satisfactions are always the first consideration, and often the sole consideration.

And yet before the child is seven years old the parents will in all probability be remarking to the child:

"Look at all we are doing for you; we give you pretty clothes and nice food and think about your welfare day and night. You ought really to be very grateful to us. Instead of that you are naughty; you are a thankless child. The least you could do would be to show your gratitude to us by behaving well."

This attitude, I regret to have to assert, is hypocritical nonsense, and the child, if not a fool, feels that it is hypocritical nonsense and resents it as such. The child resents and despises nothing more keenly than hypocrisy, and hypocrisy is the cardinal sin of parents. Children, with all their fancy and make-believe, are ruthless and terrible realists in matters which seem important to them. Unfortunate, but not to be seriously disputed!

The baby owes nothing at all to his parents. He has no responsibilities, no duties. The parents owe everything to the baby. Their responsibility to him is complete, their duties are endless. They are most solemnly bound to use every effort to keep him in good health and happy, to build up his constitution, to fit him for the world, and to launch him upon the world. In time their responsibility lessens, but it never disappears. Whatever happens, it can not end. If the child, grown into a man, gets ten years' imprisonment for a vile crime, they are bound to meet him at the prison gates on his release. They made him. He is theirs, the product of their largely selfish desire to live fully. Unless they knew themselves to be unfitted to be parents they were quite right to have the child, but the price due for the privilege of parenthood is exceedingly high, and if they do not realize how high it is that was their own fault; they can not decently avoid payment.

To return to the baby. After a short period of no responsibility and no duties, he begins to learn that he has a duty—the duty of obedience, and this is followed by the perception of other duties not only to the parents but to himself and to society. He feels the weight of the duties long before he can grasp the reasons of them. He is a fatalist. The one thing that he does deeply understand is that he is helpless under the sway of autocrats with almost unlimited power. To talk to the victim of autocracy about gratitude to the autocrats must surely be rather exasperating. Such revoltingly insincere chatter ought never to be indulged in. It can do harm and . . nothing but harm.

Further, it is equally pernicious in family relations to blame the child for his wicked propensities. Reason with him about his wicked propensities; point them out to him; show him how to get the better of them; sympathize with him on being afflicted with them. But for Heaven's sake do not blame him for them. He did not choose them; he had absolutely no voice in the selection of them; he certainly did not desire them; he would much prefer to be without them. (He did not even ask to be brought into the world.) His wicked propensities have been derived from his parents, and through them, and they might just as well reproach him for being tuberculous or dyspeptic as for being a liar or greedy. The child so treated is justified in exclaiming, and doubtless does exclaim in the privacy of the subconscious to which no parent has the entrée:

"These tyrannical giants are horribly unfair. They expect me to thank them because I'm alive, and, not content with that, they condemn me for all sorts of things I can't help. I don't like it, and this world of theirs is an odiously unjust world."

IN UNFAVORABLE circumstances this mood of resentment may occur at intervals for twenty or thirty years; it may occur indefinitely; it is a very bad one for everybody concerned, and the parents are primarily responsible for it. Of course as he ripens in experience and sense the offspring dimly and then more clearly sees that, tho the parents are immediately responsible for his existence, they were in fact no more and no less free agents than he is himself, and that all the generations are linked together in the net of nature, evolution, and destiny, and must make the best of the predicament together; also that the best of the predicament may be a pretty fine thing. He comprehends that it was not by mere wanton caprice that his parents produced him, but in obedience to the greatest force on earth and in pursuance of an ultimate end that neither he nor they can understand. And this comprehension is the beginning of his realization of his responsibilities to his parents, which responsibilities may well increase while the parents' responsibilities to himself may decrease. Not that the responsibilities of the offspring can ever be as serious and as binding as the original responsibilities of the parents!

To grasp the reality of the situation which I have outlined, to see it impartially, to get rid of all prejudice and all egotism in dealing with it, is the very foundation of wise parenthood.

There is something marvelous and exquisite in the spectacle of a growing child, something which produces transport in the hearts of the parents, who are amazed at the beauty, the interest, the eternal wonder of what they have achieved. The miracle develops daily, and the development is ten thousand times more baffling and absorbing than the magic of any magician.

"AN UNHAPPY OR A TEDIOUS CHILDHOOD AFFECTS THE WHOLE OF LIFE"

The relations of the three are characterized by a unique tenderness, unlike any other kind of tenderness in the experience of the parents, superior perhaps in vital satisfactions to any other kind. The parents give, both from conscience and by instinct. They give magnificently, without end. The child also gives, but by instinct alone. It gives all it has. Its trust, its confidence, its conviction of safety, its generosity in affection, its bewildering variety of self-expression, its leaps from step to step of the ladder of intelligence—all these ravish and enchant the parents. And the omnipotent protective love of the parents, its ingenuity and resourcefulness and inexhaustibleness, ravish and enchant the child.

The domestic scene is pervaded by an atmosphere of soft ecstasy and devotion from which all calculation has apparently been abolished. Can anything be finer? Nothing can.

Then why do I seek to administer logic to the affair, balance the pros and cons of individual interests, and bring down to earth that which is celestial?

Well, the trouble is that the domestic scene with a child in it is not always, nor nearly always, as I have just described it. Too often it is the very contrary. Its contrariness may be devastating, may approach the tragic. The child knows better than the other two what is wrong; but the child can not efficiently tell what is wrong, nor can it set the wrong right. The parents alone can set the wrong right. They can not set it right without finding out what is wrong. They can not find out what is wrong without discovering what the child's point of view is. They can not discover what the child's point of view is without putting themselves in the place of the child and viewing the situation from precisely that spot. They can not get there without employing logic and without a cold, hard examination of the universal motives and sentiments which are as strong in the child as in themselves.

The parents exist to teach the child, but also they must learn what the child has to teach

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"CHILDREN HAVE TO MAKE A NOISE, AND THEY HAVE TO MOVE VIOLENTLY ABOUT. THEY HAVE AN EXCESS OF ENERGY WHICH MUST FIND A VENT"

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"HIS HANDSOME FACE PALE AND SET, AND HIS WORDS GRITTED THROUGH SET TEETH. 'I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF MY WIFE'S VISIT HERE AT THIS HOUR, KRONSKI,' HE SAID"

Butterfly

A Stirring Romance of Youth, Its Temptations and Triumphs

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

Complete in Four Instalments—Part Three

"BUTTERFLY"—Dora Collier's nickname is well chosen. In spite of her successful marriage to Craig Spaulding—with whom Hilary, her older sister, had once been in love—Butterfly is discontented. She trifles with her life. She gives her fashionable friends fine food for gossip by her flirtation with an insipid Englishman. She ignores her husband. She annoys Hilary, her self-sacrificing sister, who is secretary to a successful manufacturer. She neglects her musical inheritance, altho Konrad Kronski, the great musician, has promised her a future. On the surface Butterfly is all shellac, but underneath Hilary suspects there are smoldering fires. Is Butterfly about to singe her wings a second time? Craig seems not to read the signs, but Hilary, coming back from a six weeks' rush through Europe with the elder Mrs. Spaulding, sees her sister with impartial eyes.

AND now what?" Hilary Collier asked herself when a hot, damp, breathless, and sunless morning succeeded the night, and she found herself still oddly happy in the memory of that amazing hour with Kronski. For the mysterious emotion lasted, and deepened, and strengthened, going with her like an invisible aura throughout her day.

She dressed with a certain electric interest; there was something new in life. She found herself consciously enjoying the touch of silk stockings, the brushing of her masses of hair, and the frail stiffness of her dark Swiss office dress. She dreamed smilingly over her breakfast, and as she went through the garden, in her wide, shady hat, planned a great, heavy-headed rose against her grown.

The day steamed with sickening heat, and the workers in the packing-plant panted and grew pale in the heavy, sweet odors of cooking peaches and tomatoes. Great vans of tomatoes were alined in the shady street, the ranged boxes giving a brilliant note of color between the white fences and under the drooping trees. Hilary, from her office window, could look down and see the packers coming out for occasional whiffs of the cooler or, rather, the less stifling air.

Craig, cool in brown linen, was in high spirits. His stewardship of the Mount Holly offices had been remarkably successful, and now that his uncle was beginning to come down to regular hours again, he felt that he had earned a vacation.

"I've got a great plan, Hilary," he said boyishly. "I'm going to take Butterfly to Hawaii in October; we've been sweltering here for four months, and it'll do us both good. Now, why don't you make arrangements to be transferred to the city office? Miss Rosenkrantz is going to be married; I was just asking Uncle John if I mightn't have you, now that we've moved so much of the office work to town. You live with Dora and me; she works like a tiger with Kronski—if he teaches, you and she keep up your music as you always have——"

Hilary, who had heard the first of his speech with a slow shaking of her head, was arrested by Kronski's name. Again she felt last night's odd little pleasant prick at her heart. In a sense he did belong to her; her mother had been his mother's friend. And he was such a boy—he would get into all sorts of troubles in the strange city. Butterfly, too. What could be more wholesome for Butterfly than to have Hilary there, gradually weaning her of her dream, the actual flesh-and-blood Kronski, was infinitely less satisfying—or at least had been so last night—than the Summer's wonderful thoughts of him! Last night he had seemed so far away, so much the peasant, so healthily interested in them all——

That was it. Dora could not forgive him for not singling her out, for not meeting her in the reverent mood of devotion and tenderness in which they had parted. That parting—! How it had thrilled her for days after his ship had sailed! She had gone down to the vessel without telling Craig of her intention, a demure little figure in white linen, with roses wreathing her brown hat, and while the reporters and the moving-picture men and all the casual crowd of his friends—his manager, his professional associates—had taken their turns at saying farewell, Dora had been near him, smiling that wise, cryptic smile.

The painters had been there, and Cy and Violet, and the

to care less for the artist and more for the art? What music—what glorious floods and oceans of music they would have!

"Craig—if you're sure you want me?"

It was as simple as that. By night, the hot, sticky night that closed the smothering day, everybody in the office knew that Miss Collier might be going to the city office soon, to be nearer her sister. Hilary felt as if it were all predestined; and Dora, drifting idly into the plant at half past four, showed only an apathetic interest.

"It's the only sensible thing for her to do. Honolulu! I don't believe there's any really cool place in the world!" fretted Dora, who looked listless and pale. The evening that had so exhilarated Hilary had left Dora vaguely depressed; the reality

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Wests, and Katrina and Jim Clarke. All these had laughed, and said the usual things, and—eying Dora a little surprizedly, or jealously, or suspiciously, as the case might be—had gone their way. And then she and Kronski had made a little tour of inspection together, had looked into the writing-room, "where I shall write the Butterfly letters," he had said, and into the card-room, "where they will take away all my money!"

Dora had felt no fear of betrayal then; she had felt bold, confident, defiant. Let Violet, or any one else, tell Craig if she pleased, it made no particle of difference! She had stayed with Kronski until the last bugle, and then had drawn herself close to him with a little shudder. He had seen that he might kiss her—their second kiss—and he had kissed her, but in a hurried and casual way, fearful that she might really be too late in attempting to go ashore.

BUT by that kiss she felt she had committed herself. Let the world howl now, the die was cast! Let Craig discover everything, let the inevitable unpleasantness begin, she could not stop it now!

It had been a little disconcerting to realize, as the placid weeks of Summer went their way, and as Craig and Hilary plunged into the Mount Holly problem, that there was to be no tragic dénouement, for a time at least. Violet did indeed find an opportunity of informing Craig that his wife had seen Kronski and Von Mandescheid off on the steamer, but Craig received the news only with a regret that he had not been there too.

Dora had been conscious of something like an impatient discontent with his very amiability.

But she had comforted herself with memories; she had kept warm and sweet in her heart all the hours—they were not many—that she and Kronski had had together. First, those three marvelous lessons, beginning the very day that Hilary had sailed for France.

Depressed, discontented, envying Hilary her strange power to be happy, Dora had languidly pushed open the studio door. She liked to remember the hour that followed. Old Von Mandescheid had been there, at the piano; Kronski idling before the fire.

Did it begin that day, the caressing voice, the eloquent glance of his eyes, the occasional touch of his long, nervous hand? No, that day they were only master and pupil; it was at the next lesson that suddenly the personal bond leaped into being between them.

To stand at the window with Kronski, looking down at the shy approach of Spring in the park below; to walk down the blazing avenue in the April sweetness, to linger over chocolate in some shop, to tear open the occasional notes in violet ink, this had made a new world for Dora, and all Summer long she remembered it, and hungered for it.

She had been to two symphony concerts in that wonderful time. He played for all the world, this lean, slender, black-haired man with the big, nervous hands; but he looked at her while he bowed, and while he tossed back his heavy mane, and after the concert it was with Dora that he laughed and discussed the whole matter.

They had been alone only once in the studio; and that day he had kissed her. Von Mandescheid had left the room for a few moments, and Dora, holding her violin, had been almost in the curve of Kronski's arm, looking up at him as he guided her fingers into a certain position. She had smiled, shakily, wistfully, and immediately, with a little laugh, the black head had stooped, and she had felt the quick touch of his lips.

That was all. Von Mandescheid had come back, and Kronski had sailed the next day. Dora had wondered a hundred times what that kiss would have been had she not had the Amati on her shoulder, had the old concert-master not returned?

What did she want? She did not know; she never attempted to analyze the affair beyond the emotions of the moment. She wanted more stolen, delicious hours of music and friendship; she wanted more of Kronski's masterful, strangely thrilling society; she wanted again the delicious sensation of watching him on the concert platform, watched and admired by thousands, but thinking of her! There was a constant hunger in her heart and soul for a renewal of those wonderful Spring weeks. If she thought of Craig at all it was with a sort of impatience; it was too bad to hurt Craig, but he did not count, after all!

And when she said to herself, as once or twice she did say, "What am I thinking of? I am a married woman. Nice women don't do these things!" the words seemed to have no meaning. It would have been disgusting for any other woman, twenty-one years old, and with a husband as fine as Craig, to indulge in these affairs; but somehow it was different in Dora's case. She was not like other women. How many girls of her age had been marked from their birth, from before their birth, by this strange gift of music?

Leaving Craig, divorce, desertion; Dora never thought even of the words. The topic was confined to herself and Kronski; her own little person, as she visualized it, swaying with the Amati on its slender shoulder, and Kronski's figure, dominant, masterful.

To-day she felt cross, defrauded, and disappointed. She had not had one moment's solitude with Konrad, and now he had gone off into the North with his manager. There had been nothing, last night, to refresh these memories, grown faint with the long weeks. Dora, headachy and dull, remembered to-day that Kronski had not sent her those promised letters during this time. He had sent postal cards, ridiculous pictures in rich color of porched and peak-roofed hotels, and of stone warriors holding in prancing steeds against the staid old trees of parks. He had even sent Hilary these!

Hilary's serenity, as contrasted to her own deep restlessness and ill-humor, annoyed Dora. She was vaguely displeased even by the thought of Hilary's coming to the city. Dora had already planned exactly the frock, the mood, and the hour in which she would see Kronski again. She would wear the new white gown with the dull pink, silver embroidery, and the pink-and-black hat. She would drift into the studio at about twilight. There would be tea; other women might be there then, but they would go away, one by one, and Dora would stay on, talking, with her arms dropped between her knees, and her head drooping, and her eyes raised only now and then to meet the ardent eyes so near her. The white and pink, or, if it was evening, the marvelous black and silver.

This prospect seemed menaced, with Hilary in the city. Hilary was sharp-eyed, she was uncompromising. She certainly would bitterly disapprove of this deliberate campaign——

Well, so would Dora disapprove of it, ordinarily. But this was not an ordinary case. If only, she thought impatiently, Hilary and Craig weren't always *watching* her——!

MEANWHILE Konrad was many miles away, and much water was destined to run under Dora's little bridges before she saw him again.

Firstly, there was Rodney Spaulding's sudden and desperate illness, in Paris. Craig rushed to his mother's side, only in time to see his father once again, in life. Dora and Hilary meanwhile moved into the city house; uncertain as to what future plans might be. Hilary began what promised to be a long vacation. The white and pink and the exquisite silver and black gowns were refitted, by the obliging Madame Emelie, to Hilary's taller figure. Dora must wear black for a few months at least. And Dora must refuse all social excitement for a while.

In mid-September Craig returned, with his handsome, square, black-veiled mother, and Mrs. Spaulding immediately discovered a roomy, old-fashioned apartment in Fifty-eighth Street, put her two French servants therein, and began to furnish it upon the pleasant principle of abstracting what she wished from her old home, and giving Dora a free rein with the replacing.

Dora was amused with the responsibility of buying furniture; she consulted decorators and designers. Hilary spent much of her time with the senior Mrs. Spaulding. Indeed she was presently invited to make her home permanently with Craig's mother.

"I'm always out mornings, committees and nonsense," said Mrs. Spaulding; "you can practise then, or go to see Dora, or do what you like. And then we'll go over my letters, after lunch, while I'm lying down. I'm not nearly as unpleasant as most old women!"

"My trouble is," Hilary said, accepting gratefully, "that there are too many pleasant things open to me all the time!"

Dora, hearing her, looked sharply at her sister, and sighed. But the older woman was more in sympathy.

"You—twenty-five—is it? Twenty-six, then," she said scornfully. "Wait until you're sixty-three, and want to live more than ever!"

One morning, while Dora was deep in consultation with an artist who was persuading her to let him plaster the dining-room walls with varicolored paints, and smear it into a semblance of old Italian distempering of soft grays, faintly streaked with orange and pale blue, and when Mrs. Spaulding was attending a board meeting of the Wayside Shelter, Hilary walked up to the apartment to see if the barrels of china from Quimper had arrived.

They had not. She comforted Germaine and Antoine with a few moments' chatter in their own tongue.

Quelle miracle—that mademoiselle should speak the beautiful French here in *Amérique!* She left them murmuring busily, and went out into the Autumn haziness on Fifty-eighth Street.

It was the last week of the month. Konrad would be due in a few days now. Hilary walked around the corner to the studio to see if there were news of him. He was to give his first concert on the third of the coming month.

Von Mandescheid greeted her delightedly; did she not know it? The boy was home, altho out at this moment. He had arrived yesterday morning, but he was so busy! Brown, yes, and rested, yes, but the telephone and his friends gave him no peace!

"And he is so cross!" further confided Von Mandescheid. "See here—and here—and here!"

Hilary went with him to the doorway of the little room behind the studio; a room furnished only by an immense desk and two chairs, and used by Konrad as a sort of study.

THE desk, the floor, the chair, were all littered to-day with bills, circulars, letters; and upon the desk were two or three packages of unopened mail, for which he had had neither time nor patience. Hilary picked up a bill with a smile.

"He will let no one enter—he will let no one help him," said the old man in French, alarmed even by her touching one bill. "His manager sent a fine young man, no, that would not do! He says that he must look into his own affairs, that he is being cheated and deceived!"

"But this can't go on," Hilary said decidedly. "I am going to fix this, and he can quarrel with me if he likes!"

"His own letters, from one or two dear ones, these follow him wherever we go," said Von Mandescheid, answering an unspoken question in her heart. She had been wondering—but it could not be possible that Dora would be mad enough to write him!

Filled with enthusiasm and energy, Hilary plunged into the task. Duplicates, circulars, invitations to invest, she unhesitatingly destroyed; invitations, long outdated, she clipped together neatly to be answered. A few envelops, one in Violet Vanderwort's hand, she respected. Bills she studied; caterer, jeweler, shirt-maker, tailor. The amount of money he made, and spent, took her breath away.

This was great fun, in the pleasant morning hours, with old Von Mandescheid snoring gently in a chair in the adjoining room, and the bustle of the park and the avenue coming in at the wide-opened, enormous windows, with the fresh Autumn air. She hummed as she worked.

Presently her heart jumped. Kronski had come in, and had evidently thrown himself into a chair, or upon the davenport, of the adjoining room. Von Mandescheid did not waken, and there was not a sound.

"Kostia!" Kronski presently shouted ill-temperedly, "we do not desire to hear your beautiful voice!"

Kostia was his valet. Hilary was instantly silent; she began to fear that she had done a terrible thing.

How was she to let him know that it was not Kostia in here? How would he feel when he saw her going through his personal effects?

Her heart hammering, she boldly slipped a piece of paper into the typewriter. Instantly, with a rush of feet, Kronski stood in the doorway. His brow was a thunder-cloud.

"How do you do? I hope you are well?" he said, annoyed and nervous, giving her his hand as she stood up to greet him, his anxious and angry eyes hardly meeting her own, but traveling about the details of the desk. "Did Kostia put you in here? But he should not do so. I do not—I can not allow—I have been working here with my papers——"

"I've taken the liberty—" Hilary began, with hot cheeks.

"Oh, liberty, not at all!" he said perfunctorily. "But I am a bad business man——"

"You are very bad, indeed, Konrad," she said maternally. "But you can not be everything. We will forgive you, because you are a genius. Now, sit down here——"

"I really can not trouble you—" he was beginning haughtily, but she interrupted him pleasantly.

"Sit down here——"

"It is all madness—I can not understand it! They say to themselves that they can cheat me, because I am a Russ!" he burst out despairingly, dropping into a convenient chair.

"They don't anything of the kind, you poor, impatient boy!" Hilary assured him soothingly.

"Look, look for yourself!" he cried, hunting for a particular bill. "Here—I tell this donkey of a man I will not have these shoes; I send them back! Behold them here, and this time in red ink——"

"Konrad," Hilary said mildly, "if you would just look. This red means a credit; they are giving you credit. Do you see, down here?"

His face smoothed.

"The good little mother, she called me the impatient, poor boy!" he said, gently and contentedly. "And now she comes with the busy, kind hands and makes all

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beautiful for me. These, shall I write to them? Katharine Barrison—I do not know you, Madame Barrison, but you would like me to play for your club? I will not play for your club, Madame——"

"That bunch are all old," Hilary said, taking it out of his hands. "You need do nothing about those. I will simply write saying that Konrad Kronski has been in Canada for a month, and regrets——"

"Rejoices—" he amended, in high spirits.

"Regrets—that is too late," she proceeded, smiling. "These I didn't open. And these are all formal invitations, dinners and things. You'll have to decide about those."

She was secretly amused at his casual glances at the letters; he tossed them aside carelessly.

"I don't know these people, and they don't like me," he said, in sudden gloom. "But they like to say that I have been at their houses!"

The telephone rang, and with a shout of rage he snatched it. But Hilary interposed; took it away from him and received the message serenely.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Konrad," said she, "I'm going to come in, every two or three days, and keep all this sort of thing straightened out for you. It's ridiculous for you to do it all, and it would be almost impossible for you to get a secretary for only three months or so."

Upon this beatific arrangement they parted, and Hilary walked home to lunch in high spirits. The air seemed full of delicious tang to-day, and the shifting of the brilliant Autumn crowds about her filled her with sheer joy in living. Poor Konrad, she thought maternally, he was certainly not fitted for the material problems of existence.

"DO YOU know, I like him, quite peculiarly," she confessed frankly, a few days later when she and Dora had gone into the studio, in the late afternoon, to find a dozen other persons there. Festou, the Winter's favorite portrait-painter, an enormously fat, blond young man, was on the hearth; Violet Vanderwort was eclipsed in a big chair, her slim hands emerging with her teacup; Etelka Alexandrofska, a big Russian woman who had been a concert-singer, and her pale, little, nervous husband were there; the vigorous Etelka at the piano with Kronski, apparently quarreling. One or two other persons were on the divan, among them, with his high laugh and confident chatter, Cy Dwyer.

Hilary had taken her tea from Kostia with a nod of greeting, and seated herself on a sort of bench beside Von Mandescheid.

"I really and truly like him," she said dreamily, when they had all laughed at the latest royal at the piano, and had contributed various anecdotes of Konrad's impetuosity. "He is so simple; he is not in the least spoiled. And that very thing makes him seem odd! But I do like him!"

"Now, don't you go to telling us about Santa Claus next—Miss Collier!" Violet Vanderwort drawled. The young man beside her, a pale, excitable writer of *vers libre*, laughed out with sudden relish.

"I'm a good woman, Audrey, I swear it!" shouted Cy Dwyer suddenly from the hearth.

"Santa Claus?" Hilary echoed literally, a little at a loss.

"She means that we are *all* in love with Konrad, Sis," Butterfly sluiced, serenely.

"Speak for yourself, Butterfly," Violet suggested sweetly, and the company laughed again. "Butterfly had it all her own way last Spring, Miss Collier," Violet continued lastily, "but now we are all in the field!"

"I'm not!" Hilary protested, smiling, and a little bit affronted at what she inwardly characterized as Violet's "commonness."

"What field are we all in, and what do you not?" Konrad himself asked, joining the group, lighting a cigaret, and looking expectantly about. "Do you know what this good friend does?" he asked them, glancing at Hilary. "She is my secretary—my banker and my stepmother! She comes to my desk, and she plays upon my typewriter as she plays upon the piano!"

"That's nothing to do!" Hilary laughed deprecatingly as he stopped to puff at his cigaret. "I found his papers in the most horrible confusion."

"Why, how—how nice!" Violet commented slowly, looking from one to the other.

"Nice, except that I am afraid of my stepmother!" Konrad said gaily. When he used this tone Hilary was always certain he was happy, she did not know why. She thoroughly enjoyed her rôle of guardian, even tho there were moments when it gave her twinges.

There were a great many women deeply interested in the violinist's life. She saw their letters, realized that almost every one of his free evenings was spent in one beautiful home or another, where every accessory of beauty and charm was rallied to win from him some special sign of friendship or intimacy. His was no ordinary life; there seemed to be a chasm between him and plain and simple humanity.

Dora had showed no uneasiness or resentment at the sudden transition of Hilary's mere acquaintance with him into something like an intimacy. Inscrutable, cryptic as always, the Butterfly played her own game. Hilary, she knew, was preeminently practical; to Hilary's balanced mind the confusion in his correspondence would be a real anxiety.

But there were other difficulties in Dora's path just now. Her mother-in-law was at home, and her sister was with her at one time or another nearly every day. Unwholesome, commonplace, "everlastingly bread-and-butter attitude," as Dora characterized it, somehow made him seem less wonderful.

But Dora would have given a great deal to be able to imitate Hilary's careless simplicity. But then Hilary did not know what love was—! And whenever Dora sat in a box with Craig and her sister, and saw the waiting faces below, and the lighted proscenium; when the door in the scenery opened, and the applause began like a ripple, and broke like a great enveloping wave; when with his mane tossed back, and his keen, thin face, half smiling, and his bow and his violin held in his dropped right hand, Kronski came quickly and simply to the center of the stage, and made his awkward yet unembarrassed bows to right and to left, then Dora told herself that, alas, she knew what love was, and that she would die for him!

"'IT IS ALL MADNESS—I CAN NOT UNDERSTAND IT! THEY SAY TO THEMSELVES THAT THEY CAN CHEAT ME, BECAUSE I AM A RUSS!'"

"Hilary, I really don't think you ought to do it!" she said impulsively, one day.

"Do what?" asked Hilary, over her tooth-brush.

"Well, you act exactly as if you were his sister!" Dora hinted delicately.

"Poor boy! I'd like to know where he would be if I didn't!" Hilary said, laughing. "He has the weirdest ideas! The other day I found him writing Mrs. Dwyer that he would come to her house, but that he could not eat her dinners, as they were too rich for him——"

"Well, he could get away with that!" Dora said.

"Of course he could! But the point is that he shouldn't," her sister answered vigorously. "If you could know the way women run after him, you'd realize that he could do anything, now," she said. "But it's bad for him to let them spoil him!"

"I suppose Vi's after him?" Dora hazarded listlessly.

"I imagine Vi's after any one who could give her a little excitement," Hilary conceded. "But don't fool yourself, Butterfly. She's never forgiven you for walking off with Craig!"

Dora, who was perched on the foot of her sister's bed, watching the performance of her toilet, looked amused. It was late in a November afternoon. Hilary had come in, glowing and thrilled, from a symphony, and was dressing for an early dinner in the somewhat Bohemian ménage of the Alexandrofskas.

"Vi and Craig!" Butterfly smiled; "she'd lead him a nice life! It isn't his money, either," she added, "for Billy Mann is pushing her now, and he's got scads, and, besides, her father'll leave her lots! She must like Craig!" she ended naively.

"Well, she could do that, and keep out of Matteawan!" Hilary countered.

Dora was still thoughtful, looking amused and interested.

"I can see what would fascinate her in Craig," she said suddenly. Hilary looked at her with sudden gravity.

"Butterfly, that's a remarkable thing for a man's wife to say!" she observed, reproachfully.

"Oh, I know it is!" Dora answered childishly, with her eyes watering. "But I—I can't help it!"

"My darling, you must help it—and I think you can!" Hilary answered positively, making herself look suddenly foreign, with the fastening of old-fashioned enamel and fringe earrings in her ears.

"WELL, you've never been in love, and you've never been married," Dora reminded her, warmly.

"No, I suppose I haven't. And from the way you all act, I don't feel any particular call!" Hilary retorted cheerfully. "Why on earth you can't be happy, and satisfied, and go on thinking about Craig as you did when you married him, I can't see! Any other man would be just the same, when the novelty had worn off, as far as that goes! And Craig is such a darling, so decent, and considerate——"

"Oh, decent and considerate!" Dora echoed impatiently.

"Well, he is. And when some vamp like Violet really makes an impression on him you may wake up!" Hilary warned her, now breathless in an effort that twisted her like a contortionist, as she fastened the silver-embroidered black velvet.

"Sis, you really are gorgeous in that thing!" Dora said, struck. "No, but when you argue that way, you practically make no allowance for—love!" she resumed.

"Love! Passion, curiosity, novelty!" Hilary summarized briskly.

"That's nonsense!" Dora said, her face growing red.

"Love, my dear," Hilary began. "Oh, you too damnably beautiful siren!" she apostrophized herself in the mirror.

"Well, you are," said Dora, rebuking her levity. "Exactly that!"

"My zinn is zis," breathed Hilary, wringing her hands, "zat I haf lof too mush!"

"All right," Dora said, watching her half enviously. "But you'll have yours, some day. Some one'll come explained intervals were not so simply managed as they had been last Spring. Hilary had a maddening fashion of accompanying her sister to the studio, and even old Von Mandescheid, hitherto the most discreet of companions, was always underfoot.

When Dora looked at herself in the mirror, confidence returned. Never was twenty-one more blooming, more exquisitely soft and demure and winning. But there were other times when she felt that she was not gaining ground; indeed that she was losing it.

In wonderful April and May, only four or five months ago, she and Konrad had found endless things to say to each other, all of themselves, and of love.

There had been no admission of feeling between them, to be sure. But they had indulged in those long, abstract arguments that are so sure a sign of awakening passion; the question of affinity, of whether a man loves as a woman does, of whether love in itself is not its own sufficient excuse, had engrossed them.

But there was little of this sort of thing now. The town was full of people; Konrad was getting better known every day; the danger of being recognized was far greater than it had been, and then there was Hilary. Dora, never dreaming of anything so crude as jealousy, nevertheless began to resent Hilary.

HILARY had an odd manner with Konrad; odd perhaps in being utterly and absolutely natural. She seemed, in some curious way, to take possession of him. Dora could not define it, but she saw it, and she thought that others did. Hilary talked with him frankly, laughed at him, rebuked him and criticized him, and would enter into long discussions with him that had nothing to do with personalities at all. About Russia, for example. Dora was sick of Russia; she had another annoying habit, too, that of babying him. To Dora he was a great figure; she wanted to keep him on his pedestal. Hilary, with her

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along, handsome, rich—and it'll be your turn! And then we'll hear less of love being all passion and curiosity and novelty!"

"When I think of love," said Hilary, "I think of poverty, Dora, of a young man and woman and their baby, of her cooking and planning for him, of his toiling for her. I think of mothers saving up for school-shoes, remembering that Mary doesn't like gravy, and that to-day is trial-balance day, and father will come home tired! That's love, Butterfly. I don't call love what Violet does," Hilary finished, with bitter feeling, "a few weeks of presents and excitement, and then boredom, and hate——"

She fastened the rich, soft, flexible furs about her.

"But you don't know what you're talking about, Sis!" Dora said mildly, against her farewell kiss. "Will Konrad be at Etelka's?" she asked.

"I think so—late. He's to dine somewhere first, poor boy! And to-morrow the Dwyers carry him off for a day or two—they've been scheming it for weeks, and then his Montreal concert. The Dwyers are going up into the Adirondacks, skiing, you know, and plenty of liquid refreshment, and fires——"

"Yes, I know. Vi asked us!" Dora said. "We may motor up Sunday, if the road's open, and stay Sunday night. "Craig isn't very keen—so soon. He says it hurts his mother's feelings. But I would, and take the violin, if I thought Konrad would really stay."

"He goes to Canada Sunday. He doesn't get much out of it—I look *too* grand!" said Hilary, tossing open her coat with a regal gesture, and haughtily stretching her neck. "But Etelka loves one to dress, and we are to have music—there'll be a queer mob there, I imagine. Why don't you and Craig come in for a while? And bring your violin, Butterfly."

"OH, there's not much fun in those crazy crowds," Dora complained languidly, lifting her little form, in its pale pink and blue ruffles, from the bed. "I'll see how Craig feels."

Hilary stopped in the drawing-room for her music, passed Craig in the hall with an artless pause for admiration, and went joyfully on her way.

It was delicious, after percolating through the enormous, bare, odorous halls of what had once been a schoolhouse, and climbing the cold, iron stairs, to open the door of the Alexandrofskas' studio, and find herself in a tableau of rich color, warmth, and fragrance.

Madame Alexandrofska, swimming forward magnificently to embrace Hilary, wore over her old black satin a wrap of the same splendor. Behind her Hilary saw a great fire blazing, with two or three forms silhouetted against it.

"And here is my beautiful musician!" exclaimed madame, "and the music. She knows she will be sent home and to bed, like the bad child, if she does not bring him!"

She introduced Hilary enthusiastically to several dark, serious-looking men, and one or two hungry-looking women.

Hilary liked the Alexandrofskas' mixed acquaintance; the talk was fiery, inspired, and free, if the costumes were slightly unconventional, and she always felt more than ordinarily like taking her share in it.

Etelka always began her dinners, however they might end, with a certain dignity, convention, and lavish display. The table was always most carefully laid, even tho a predominance of small dishes and sirupy condiments usually spoiled, for Hilary, the general effect.

But there was great confusion over the correct seating, with madame physically dragging husbands away from wives, and shouting protests when anybody sat down.

Vanni, Madame Alexandrofska's little, blond husband, watched and admired his wife meekly. She stirred him, thrilled him, inspired him now, in her homely, gray, clumsy fifties, as she had done forty years ago, when she danced in red boots at a Muscovite street fair. She had been a grandmother at forty-two; she had borne sons and daughters, and stood beside their graves, and given to the world brides, and young husbands, labor, service, love. And she had laughed, danced, raged, sung, and shouted, dug in the earth, hewed down great trees, cooked and sewed.

Hilary, watching her to-night, felt that Etelka Alexandrofska knew what love was, when all that lifeless, little, bloodless Violet could ever know was vanity and desire!

She was at the piano: a song was just over, and it was eleven o'clock, when Kronski came in. The room was well filled now; every divan had its murmuring and argumentative group.

Kronski looked somewhat rumpled, weary, and irritable. Hilary got no nod from him, and watched him curiously for a few minutes with speculative eyes. He was in a bad mood; something had tired him unusually; the prospect of music, she thought, was not bright. And he had not brought his violin, either.

The group before the fire closed round him; she could only see the tumbled black top of his head. He was being magnificent; always a bad sign. He was not hearing what people said, and asking them ceremonially to repeat.

She went on softly improvising; ventured Hunding's theme, from the "Ring," always magic in its appeal.

"Oh, let us not murder *that*, at least!" he responded to it harshly, striding across the room.

Hilary, her smiling eyes upon him, the silver-and-black magnificence of her gown sweeping about her, continued to press and weave slowly upon the inspired keys. He leaned upon the piano, angrily eying some sheet of music, and angrily tossing it aside.

"Was it so bad—your dinner?" she asked, mildly.

In answer his hard mood dropped, his face became that of a hurt and bewildered child, his eyes found hers hungrily.

"You shouldn't have come here, Konrad," she reproved him. "But now that you are here, get into a chair somewhere, say that you have a headache, and drink some tea!"

"OH, no, I like them—they are all sweet and good," he said, repentant and mollified, with a kinder glance at the company. "It is the others I don't like!"

"Well, have your tea anyway," she advised him; "meanwhile some one is to sing some revolutionary songs."

"Then come and sit next to me," he urged. "And we will both drink tea!"

"We will not," she answered laughingly, as she rose in all her glory and accompanied him across the big room. "Don't you suppose I want to sleep to-night?"

"I should suppose you might," he answered, with an odd look. "But what is all this—all this magnificence?" he asked.

For answer she leaned toward him with a little confidential widening of her beautiful eyes that included him

"THEY HAD BEEN ALONE ONLY ONCE IN THE STUDIO; AND THAT DAY HE HAD KISSED HER"

seemed quiet to-night. He drank one glass of tea, another, and became his simplest and most gracious self. Presently a man was sent down to the motor for his violin, and to give his chauffeur the heartening message that he need not wait; Kronski would be late to-night.

And then Hilary and Konrad went to the piano.

When they stopped, and the last of their music echoed through the room, Hilary's eyes were filled with tears.

Kronski was looking at her oddly, as she rose, and gathered the beautiful gown about her. The room was still applauding. "More presently!" Kronski said, not moving his eyes from Hilary. He bent over her solicitously, holding a silky wrap that had been left upon the piano. "Come, we will have a breath of air!" he said, in a voice she had never heard before.

She glanced at the room, with its talking, murmuring, and shifting groups, looked up into his face questioningly, and obediently stepped with him through a curtained door that gave upon a small, cluttered passage, leading in turn to an open balcony. This wide iron porch was not large, but Hilary and Konrad could stand there comfortably, breathing in the Winter air.

Hilary glanced over her bare shoulder at her companion; his face seemed extraordinarily close to her, and his eyes wore a look that gave her a moment's flutter of some odd uneasiness. She became uncomfortably conscious of her own youth, the warmth and smoothness of that skin that was so close to his face, conscious that her breath was behaving strangely, and that her breast was rising and falling in an unexpected fashion.

"Don't you—don't you like this sort of a party?" Hilary said. She felt as if there were a demand for some speech or action on her part, but she could not, in this disquiet of her senses, think what it should be.

"Oh, very much!" Konrad answered, and was again silent. The girl looked up at the stars. She had a sudden, panicky wish to go in, back to the company——

"HAVE you any idea of the time, Konrad? After all, I mustn't be too awfully late," she began in some confusion.

"I think we will not talk about the time now," Konrad said. Hilary's heart began to hammer in fright; she turned him a flash of blue eyes, a nervous laugh.

"This pretty pose of being always the mother, the woman of ice—Galatea! the busy, good sister who watches and guards her bad boy, that is charming," the man added presently, after a palpitating pause, and in a deep, almost stern voice. "But underneath she is like the others, is it not so? There is a woman here, flesh and blood, that cries out for life—that can live, and love, and suffer——"

"Konrad!" she whispered sharply. For his arm was about her now, and he had turned her with the strong pressure of his fingers on her soft arm, so that she was close against his breast; protestant, frightened, terrified eyes upon his oddly dark and passionate face. "Why, Konrad, dear—" she breathed, trying to push him away, and trying to laugh.

"Kiss me!" he said, in an undertone, his lips close to hers. And in an instant he had kissed her; was kissing her, rather, she thought, in an agonized confusion of body and soul, for it seemed to last for an eternity. Her heart beating against his own rapidly beating heart, the nearness of his face, the shaken lock of black hair that touched her forehead, here in the secret blackness of the night, all conspired to frighten her.

"Kiss me!" he said again, in the same tone, barely releasing her before she felt the fury of his embrace again.

And this time the fire in her own being, unsuspected, but waiting through all these dutiful, happy, busy years for its hour, sprang into sudden flame: she was in his arms, she was young, beautiful, trembling with love and life, and beloved! All the starved impulses of her life burned in her; she was carried away from all consciousness of time or place; she knew only his arms, the faint fragrance of his skin and hair, and the fire of his lips.

"Konrad!" she said presently; they were in the hallway now, and altho his hands still imprisoned both hers, they were not so close, and, bending like wheat in a breeze, she could gather her routed thoughts for a second, and hold him somewhat apart. "Konrad!" she gasped, fighting for mere breath now, "what are we doing?—we must be mad——"

"No, we are not mad!" he answered, in his low, trembling tone, entirely unconscious of what he said, and overwhelming her again. "My beautiful—my lovely girl—my dearest!" he murmured over and over. But Hilary was really frightened now.

Half dazed, and only anxious to escape, she stumbled down the little passage and went blindly back through the door into the big studio.

It was fortunate for Hilary that the company was not critical, and the lights dim. For a few minutes it was impossible for her to gather her thoughts together, or to control her breathing, and the trembling of her muscles,

in her delight in it.

"Isn't it too beautiful? Butterfly gave it to me when she had to go into mourning."

"But it's—it's superb," he stammered, as the beauty of velvet-swathed form, coppery braids, shining blue eyes, and white and beautiful hand impressed him suddenly. The lines of Hilary's white throat were unbroken by any jewel, her breast was moving quickly with excitement and pleasure, and from her hidden ears dangled the odd and ornate earrings of enamel and gold fringes.

"Too beautiful for a secretary-stepmother!" she said as they sat down together. Konrad made no answer; Original from

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that shook her from head to foot. Her mouth was dry, her face aflame, her hair was at least somewhat disordered, and her lips burned as if their secret were written on them for the world to read.

Not knowing what she did, she sat down; some one was singing—thank Heaven she could seem to be listening and need not speak! Slowly the storm subsided. Her car was announced, and soon she was in Etelka's bedroom, in her furs; old Alexandrofska himself pattered down the long stairway with her, and put her into the car. She fancied, as she left the apartment, that somebody opened the studio door and looked out—several persons perhaps; she did not turn.

It was with a great sense of safety that she gained the warm limousine, waved good night to her bareheaded, bowing old host upon the pavement, and knew herself to be at last alone.

Now she could think! she told herself breathlessly. But it was a long time before her thoughts would shape themselves into anything like order. They wheeled about her like wild birds; she laughed erratically, settled herself back against the cushions with shut eyes, opened them suddenly and leaned against the glass to watch the moving streets, thrust her hands deep into the pockets of her coat, changed her position, and repeated the whole process from beginning to end.

SHE exchanged a sociable good night with the chauffeur, fled up-stairs in the warm darkness, flashed into her room and shut the door behind her with both hands, whirling about to face the empty room, and laughing excitedly, as if a thousand eyes were upon her. In the mirror she exchanged another excited laugh with her brilliant counterpart. Going to bed was a dream-like, timeless process, now carried on with feverish swiftness, now arrested entirely, while Hilary sat transfixed, smiling into space, her eyes like sapphire stars.

Once in bed, she decided to think. But almost immediately, smiling, she was asleep; and, as happy people do, she slept all night like an infant, hardly stirring until the late Winter sunshine, and Alice with fire-wood, were both noiselessly entering the room.

What was pleasant—what was pleasant? thought the awakening Hilary, turning and smiling sleepily. Oh, yes—oh, yes, she remembered it all, and with the flood of recollection a flood of brilliant color suffused her.

She got up in that dreamy, mystic state known only to the woman in love. Her bath, her powders and perfumes were all a sort of happy rite this morning because a man had found her lovely.

The future concerned Hilary not at all; she knew that she would hear from Konrad this morning. Her whole existence was centered upon the moment when flowers, a note, or even the man himself should arrive.

She had been out so late that the kindly Alice brought her breakfast up-stairs at ten o'clock. Hilary looked sharply at the tray. Letters—but not *the* letter.

A film of doubt came over her radiant mood.

Could he—but it was not possible that he could have been disgusted—have been shocked at her last night?

Hilary pushed her breakfast aside; food choked her. She got to her feet, trailed slowly to the window in her thin silk wrapper, and stood looking vacantly down at the frosty, sunshiny street, her mind awhirl.

"Nothing—why should he? Kissing one woman—he probably kisses scores! So that's *that*. Except that I am silly enough to have taken it seriously—fool, fool, fool! He would laugh at me, glorying—glorying in that! It was the music, or the dress—

"No, it wasn't. It was Konrad. Konrad! Well, I have got it at last, Butterfly. There's no mistaking *this*. Oh, it can't be—it can't be that after all my talk about being his sister and his mother—I *can't* have fallen in love with him!"

She was silent, looking out, hugging the thin silk wrapper tightly about her.

"That's it. I love him!" she said clearly and softly, aloud. "I forced myself upon him. He didn't want me to come and take care of his papers. I insisted. I laughed at his objections—where were my decency and common sense and dignity? I forced myself in; and I laughed about it, boasted about it to every one—oh, what shall I do? I can't live and have him know—have everybody know that I was falling in love with him! They knew it—Violet knew it when she asked me not to tell them about Santa Claus!

"I'm just like all the rest; falling in love with him. He didn't make love to me last night," she remembered, with a wave of actual sickness. "All he said was that in spite of my motherly pose I was just like the others—"

And the full misery of remembering just what he had said, and of her own surrender to his masterful kisses, overwhelmed her.

Hilary, in a fever of humiliation and shame, walked the floor, hating her stupid brain, hating her blind soul, and above all hating the treacherous body that had seemed to her so beautiful last night!

If she went out she might miss him. He might be coming—but he usually slept until almost noon. She looked at the telephone; it required an actual physical effort to keep her hand from touching it, her voice from asking for his number.

The mere thought of his voice bathed her in waves of color. Only yesterday she had entered his studio as casually as any messenger boy, had rebuked him for his laziness—he had been eating his breakfast by the fire at high noon—had reviewed with him the whole program he was to play at the afternoon symphony concert.

That was yesterday.

To-day she could not see him, she could not think of him without an agitation that was as mysterious as it was unwelcome. What to do—

"AS SHE WENT THROUGH THE GARDEN, HILARY PINNED A GREAT, HEAVY-HEADED ROSE AGAINST HER GOWN"

where to go—how to go on placidly living? There was just one person in the world, and life stopped short until this nervous, restless, all-pervading hunger for his society was satisfied.

Dora drifted into her room at eleven o'clock, her shining hair, which had just been treated, hanging in a bright mane about her shoulders.

"Have a nice time last night, Hilary?" she yawned.

"Yes. It was really very nice!" Hilary looked at her own reflection, as she put on her small, feathered hat, and saw upon her face a carelessly bright smile.

"Konrad come in?"

"Quite late."

"Music?"

"Oh, yes. People sang, and Konrad and I played a lot of the Sarasate Spanish dances. Horribly difficult, but the most delightful things! I wished for you, Butterfly!"

"I KNEW that if Craig and I went we'd come home early," Butterfly said. "You never know, at that sort of a party, whether they'll all get fighting about single tax and waste the whole evening, or whether something really worth while will happen. Konrad sounded *dead* this morning——"

"Konrad?" Hilary exclaimed, suddenly cold.

"He telephoned."

"Oh! To you?"

"To say good-by, he said. He asked for you, and I said I thought you were asleep, and he said not to disturb you. He'll be back Wednesday night. He's going to have a man's dinner for Serge Levin on Friday."

"Good-by—!" He had gone. She would not see him, nor hear his voice, until Thursday! This biting, gnawing unrest must somehow be borne until then. It was eleven o'clock; past eleven. And Violet Dwyer was to call for him at eleven this morning. He was gone.

Hilary presently walked out into the sharp, shining air. She went up to the new apartment and lunched with Craig's mother; walked down-town and stopped at one or two shops, looked into beautiful windows, and finally came home weary at five o'clock, to find a charming little Madame le Noir calling. Hilary and she talked of Paris for an hour, and the young Denise told her husband later that Miss Collier's great charm was that she was so sympathetic, so absorbed in what one had to say.

But as a matter of fact, during this entire day, Hilary was actually conscious of nothing. She drank air, she ate straw and dust, shadowy shapes moved about her, and far-away voices spoke to her. She was wrapped in her own thoughts; able to appreciate at last what Dora had been experiencing all that long Summer. It was in just such a haze as this that poor Butterfly had moved; dreamy, absent-minded, sweetly kind and interested in other people's affairs, simply because that was the quickest way of disposing of them.

The days passed somehow, but there was no letter. He had telephoned on Saturday morning, to be sure, but not to her. And since then there had been no word. He would get in late on Wednesday night; at any time after that the telephone might ring——

Suppose it did not ring? What would—what could she do? Could she not telephone to ask how old Von Mandescheid had enjoyed the Winter trip? Surely——

But her face burned. She was maneuvering like any common little maid servant. She must simply wait, as women had been waiting since time began.

On Wednesday, at about ten o'clock, upon a gray, snowy morning, Alice came in with the mail. Hilary, who was dressing to go out with Mrs. Spaulding, took it with a sudden spasm of actual pain at her heart. Under the other letters was a big, limp, foreign envelop; she could see the violet ink.

She stood it on her dressing-table, her heart thumping in regular hammer-strokes that almost suffocated her. It was post-marked "Montreal"; he had written her on Monday, then, she calculated, looking at it comfortably and leisurely as it stood before her.

Her other mail was not important; Hilary opened it first.

Then she took up Konrad's letter; held it in her hand. There was a conscious delight in the slow opening of the flap. He had written her in French.

Hilary read the letter once; read it a second time. Her face crimsoned and grew pale. Slowly, with her breast heaving, and her eyes narrowed upon space, she crushed it in her left hand, and it dropped to the floor.

She stood up, went to the window, and stood there, in a blaze of shame and pain that shook her from head to foot. All life had stopped, the sky was darkened, there was nothing left. She began to walk to and fro; impossible to stand still.

"OH—oh—oh!" she said convulsedly. She dropped on her knees beside her bed, her whole body quivering with the storm of misery that possessed her.

After a while, still breathing fast and hard, she got up, and went to get the letter, and made herself smooth it out, with hands that longed to tear it to pieces, and read it again.

My dear [Konrad had written], I did not understand, and for that reason you must forgive me. I knew that some day the wonderful gift of that great heart of yours would be given to some man. How could I know that in your exquisite generosity it had already been given? I am sorry. My first thought was of Butterfly; not as you love, my dear, but she can love, too, and she can suffer. And will you believe that I am suffering, and that I hope, when the memory of Friday night is not so new, that you will come to be your poor boy's secretary and stepmother again, and forgive him a moment of madness? I know how brave, how good, how wise you are.—KONRAD.

That was all. Hilary read it a third, a fourth time, and then suddenly tore it to small pieces, to tinier pieces, to scraps, and sat smiling darkly at the little heap of white-and-violet-spotted bits for a long, long while. She felt weak, incapable of emotion, and as if she had just passed through a devastating illness. She could think no longer; she could suffer no longer; she was spent.

He loved Dora. Sickened with its tireless round of monotonous thoughts, yet her mind began again. He

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loved Dora. And she, stupidly, insistently, shamelessly, had forced him to admit it. He was temperamental; the fact that Dora was Craig's wife would not deter him. He might regret it, liking Craig, but that was all. And he had gently, kindly, generously put Hilary out of his life; he could like her, he could use her, but love—love was for Butterfly!

"Oh, why, why, why?" she brooded darkly. Must all men love Dora? Was her fair, babyish, confiding beauty absolutely irresistible to men? Dora—little, helpless Butterfly, who could not help him, who did not understand him, who was utterly incapable of entering into his life and his work—it was a few years of Dora's softness and sweetness and plaintiveness that he desired! And to gain that, Craig's life, his mother's life, her own, Hilary's life, must be sacrificed!

But worst of all, his own would be as inevitably wrecked as theirs. He was so much a boy; he so much needed understanding and kindness when his moments of rage and anger and despair came on.

But what would Dora give him? Why, only the impatient contempt that she gave Craig; Craig, the equable and sweet, the just and balanced husband whom she was already willing to cast aside. Dora's interest in Konrad's profession would always be secondary to absorption in her own position as the artist's wife: "That's his wife in the box," men would tell each other on concert nights, and Dora, hearing them, would straighten her little bare shoulders and toss back her furs.

That every concert was an ordeal for Konrad, that he returned from them exhausted and nervous and excitable, that he needed a great deal of simple, almost childish, domestic routine to balance the strain of his life, never had occurred, and never would occur, to Butterfly. She would demand of him exactly what she would demand of Craig, who was always amiable, and had never had a mood in his life.

Hilary, thinking of it, suffered for them all. She felt Craig's position keenly; she felt for her good friend, his mother. She was heart-sick at the thought of Butterfly serenely wrecking her own life; Butterfly would have a year or two of excitement and delight, it was true, but then what? Then there was Hilary's life. She had no world without Konrad; he was the beginning and end of everything.

AND the serious consideration was Konrad's self. If Dora proved mad enough to ask for her divorce, if all the hideousness of the open scandal were faced, and if Konrad loved her, then his life was wrecked, too. They were too much alike; they were both children. Dora's childhood had been surrounded by hardships, it was true, but Dora had never faced them. And Konrad had known want and struggle and cold and hunger many, many times. But his art was forever young, and in creating and recreating immortal melody he eternally renewed his own impetuous youth.

Following a weary line of thought, she had forgotten the letter. Now she carried the softened little handful of particles to which she had reduced it to the fire, and burned them. She had been engaged to lunch with some women at the Colony Club; she telephoned to her hostess presently, pleading a heavy cold and headache. Then she went walking in a world of pain.

Before dark she was at home again, taking off wet shoes, chilled and tired, and surprized to see Dora when she came into her room.

"Why weren't you at Élise's luncheon?" asked Dora, who was in street dress, and who flung aside her furs to sit down beside the fire, stretch, yawn, and light a cigaret.

"I felt perfectly horrid."

"Better?"

"Oh, all right, now. I walked, and I got some books down-town, and I had my hair washed."

Dora was silent, watching the fire, and smoking quietly. Hilary came in turn to stretch her feet to the blaze, her too-high color somewhat faded, and her eyes showing fatigue. She had put on her thin silk kimono; her hair was loosened on her shoulders.

"Any one coming in, Butterfly?"

Dora roused herself from deep study.

"I—no, not that I know of!"

"Could we have tea here?"

"Love it!"

When Alice had departed with directions the two still sat silently watching the fire. Dora sighed once or twice.

"I don't know why I should feel so utterly exhausted!" she remarked, as Alice deftly settled cups and spoons.

"Nor I. I feel simply dead."

Again they were silent. Dora drank her tea; Hilary hers. They refilled their cups, neither touching the toast.

"Sis—" Dora said then, in an odd voice. "I was thinking to-day what an angel you've always been to me!"

The chord she touched was sensitive to-night; Hilary was alarmed to feel tears pressing behind her eyelids.

"I don't think I realized it at the time; I know I didn't," Dora went on and stopped short. Suddenly she laid her hand upon Hilary's, with a look so sweet, so honest and young, in the brown eyes, that Hilary felt in her heart a sudden rush of her old passionate devotion. Their little rice-puddings, their walks for pussy-willows and Autumn leaves, the Christmas presents that cost so many sacrifices, and that seemed so small and shabby now, the cold mornings, when they took turns in getting out of bed first to light fires, their very familiarity with each other's clothes; the terms "your blue hat" and "my best gloves," all rose up like tender ghosts to rebuke her for this strange hour when any one's love could seem to her so important as Butterfly's.

"I'm going to talk to you honestly, Sis," Dora began again; "I have to. I don't know where I'm going, or what's going to happen. You've—you've got to help me!"

"'WHEN SOME VAMP LIKE VIOLET REALLY MAKES AN IMPRESSION ON HIM, YOU MAY WAKE UP!' HILARY WARNED HER"

"You know I will, Butterfly," Hilary answered, with a steady glance.

"This is the first thing," Dora began, after a silence. "I—it's all over between me and Craig, Hilary. I'm sorry, but it's *over*."

Hilary did not alter her grave, intent look. Once this statement would have filled her with consternation. Now she was only apprehensive, only anxious about what might follow it.

"Why, Dora?"

"Well, why?" Dora repeated, her troubled brown eyes on the fire, her white forehead slightly wrinkled. "It's hard to make any third person see it, Sis. But in the first place all the thrill, all the—I don't know—all the *sympathy*," she pursued, finding her words slowly, "has simply died out between us. We don't speak the same language any more. You know how much I've always talked, all my life. I can't talk with Craig now, at all. I'm just silent when we're alone together. I can't be natural. There's just some sense of—I don't know, *antagonism*, all the time. I feel that he doesn't approve of me——"

"HE NEVER scolds, Butterfly," Hilary said, as her sister paused.

"No, no, I know he doesn't. I know he doesn't!" Dora answered eagerly. "But it's just that I feel it—I feel that he is changed, that he's watching me, wishing that I was different! And I won't have my life that way," Dora went on, with sudden vigor; "I won't have Craig less to me than he was—when we first met each other!" Tears sprang to her eyes; she brushed them away. "Sis, a thousand divorces are better than that," she began again, suddenly. "To me it's infinitely more decent to face the unpleasantness rather than go on living with a man you have ceased to love! As friends, we would always love and respect each other. This way—but no," Dora finished, "this way's not possible! It's all wrong."

"How does Craig feel about it?" Hilary asked, after a heart-sick silence.

"Men are infinitely more conventional than women," Dora answered readily. "They hate publicity, they hate change. But if Craig is honest he'll have to admit that, after it's once over, this is the only way. Hilary, what would you do? Could you go on living with a man you had simply ceased to love? And can you help it if you do stop loving? We can't control love. Love is the sacred, the one wonderful thing—" Dora added dreamily, and stopped short.

"But there's more than that," she began again, as Hilary seemed to find nothing to say. "There's more than that. Sis, there's somebody else. I used to feel, years ago, that some day I would know what a great passion was. After I was married, and knew that—with all my affection for him, and respect for him, and *devotion* to Craig—knew that it—wasn't Craig, I used to pray that it would never come to me. Well. It's come."

Ice was gathering about Hilary's heart, and she felt that all her life, the years when she was forming her own character, and helping to form Dora's, were an empty waste.

"And you know who it is," said Dora, with a sudden, serious look.

"Konrad," Hilary answered, slowly.

"Konrad!" Dora echoed, on a soft, even breath. "There has never been anybody else in my life! Since last Spring, the very day you sailed—I've known it. It is the great love—the only love of my life! I can't help it, Hilary. It's just—come. It's here. You may scold me, Craig may say what he pleases, I can't help it! I belong to Konrad—it's destined so!"

"YOU mean you are going to divorce Craig?" Hilary asked, after a silence.

"I mean I shall have to, Sis. It's the only honest way!"

"Have you thought how?"

"I've thought this far! First I shall have a talk with Konrad; plan it all clearly. I hate to do that, Sis, but I must. I mean it seems a horrible thing to do, as Craig's wife, but then I'm not Craig's wife, inasmuch as our marriage is only a farce. I shall have a talk with Konrad, and then you and I will go to California, as Violet did. We can live quietly there, practise, and so on; I should think we'd love it! And then, next year, say a year from January, we can quietly go abroad. We will see Konrad here, if he's here, or in Norway, if he's there. And then we can plan. You see I'll be only twenty-three when it's all settled. The start is hard, of course. But half the women you meet have been divorced and remarried, and who cares? They don't even tell you about it any more."

"Butterfly, you know how I love you," Hilary said, trembling, when Dora was still. "But, dearest, think—*think* before you do this to Craig. He has always been so generous to you, dear——"

"But if I don't *love* him, Hilary?" Butterfly asked plaintively, widening her eyes.

"Dearest, couldn't you try again?"

Dora's lips set themselves stubbornly, and her eyes narrowed. "I have tried again—a hundred times!" she said. "It's no use. It's just *dead*. What can I do?"

"But, Dora, your duty is toward your husband!"

Dora flushed. "And none toward myself? None toward Konrad? He is one of the great people of the world, Sis. Conventions mean nothing to him——"

"On the contrary," Hilary interrupted, "I think Konrad is extremely conventional! I tell him he's a regular old German *haus-frau!*"

"Yes, my dear, because that's the way you treat all men," Dora responded. "You act exactly as if you were Konrad's big sister. You have about as much passion in you as my slipper! You—why, Craig's more than half-way in love with you; every one knows it; Vi thinks it's a perfect joke, and you act as if you never saw him! And if you and Craig—"

"Butterfly, don't talk that way!" Hilary interrupted sharply. "Let Vi, and Cissie, and all the rest of them do it if they like! But please have the decency to treat marriage in your conversation as your mother did, and as all respectable women do, as if it involved some obligation, and had some—some dignity! I don't think any one thing about your particular group maddens me so much," Hilary continued, warming, "as their breezy way of talking about each other's husbands and wives! It makes me furious! It's disgusting. I know they all do it, I know they don't always mean it, but I think it's disgusting, and I hate to hear my sister joining in!"

"Well!" Butterfly exclaimed, in airy resentment, as she paused. And for a while there was a troubled silence between them.

"I must live my own life," Dora said soberly, after a while. "Every human being has the right to do that!"

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WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE "MOVIES"?

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

With Side Remarks from Several Competent Critics

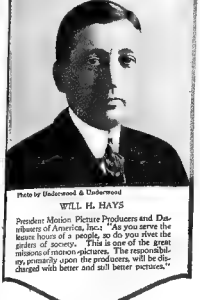
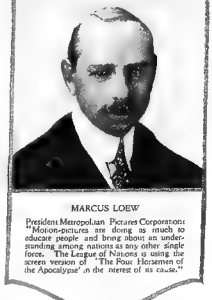


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

WILL H. HAYS

President Motion Picture Producers and Distributers of America, Inc.: "As you serve the leisure hours of a people, so do you rivet the girders of society. This is one of the great missions of motion-pictures. The responsibility, primarily upon the producers, will be discharged with better and still better pictures."



MARCUS LOEW

President Metropolitan Pictures Corporation: "Motion-pictures are doing as much to educate people and bring about an understanding among nations as any other single force. The League of Nations is using the screen version of 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' in the interest of its cause."

IN THE most completely past epoch of my past I was, I admit, a chronic intellectual. This condition, I hasten to add in extenuation, occurred while I was very young, and only since I have, through my own struggles, dragged myself up from the sordid life of the habitual highbrow do I appreciate the dubious habits of my earlier years.

For, at the time of my membership in the intelligentsia, I enjoyed it. I thought it was great stuff, and was one of the talkiest talkers in our little group of serial thinkers. In fact, being endowed by nature with a voice which might easily have got me a job as train-announcer, I was able to shout down almost any lady in my set on one of our favorite topics, which ran all the way from where Michelangelo's real weakness as a sculptor lay to whether or not Freud really meant it when he said that the subconscious self was merely a symbol of the mother-complex, that is, if he ever really said it.

You will get what I mean. In those drear, dead days I used to consider stuff on the order of the above a pretty hot line, especially if said line was pulled in somebody's studio in a half-darkroom around 2 A. M. and was projected into a properly cigaret-smoke-filled atmosphere. At intervals I simply had to lay off feeding my mind such strong meat, and go back home to mother's over in Brooklyn and catch up on my sleep.

There were, however, certain drawbacks to being an intellectual. For instance, I never dared to like a painting or a statue at the annual exhibitions, at least, not if they were pretty. I did not know whether a play was any good or not until somebody else pronounced on it, and of course I never dreamed of going to a musical comedy and enjoying myself because I didn't want any of my acquaintances to see me coming out of a place like that.

Naturally, while I was basking in the freedom and self-expression, and so forth, so characteristic of intellectual life as practised by the Greenwich Village of any community which has a side street as well as a main street, I had a strong instinctive reaction against the motion-pictures. At this period I couldn't see anything in the arts which held a place lower than Gogol, as I used often to announce. Years later I found out that Gogol was not an ornament on a Gothic church-steeple, as I had supposed, but a Russian author. However, my feeling was sincere, and none of our crowd patronized the pictures except verbally.

We would not have paid a dime to see "The Battle of Bunker Hill" with the original cast if it had been on the silver-sheet, yet one of our favorite indoor sports was panning the pictures. I was loud in my denunciation. I was almost as cross with the producers for not making better pictures as I was with the President and Congress for not making a better job of a simple little matter like running the Government. I knew as much, myself, about the technique of one as I did of the other, and what I knew about both could have been written on one of the hairs which I split in my catch-as-catch-can arguments about them. And then one day an incident occurred which jarred the denunciations from my lip-stick.

OCCASIONALLY, even in those times, I wrote a story. Well, I sold one of these stories to a magazine, and the next thing I knew the bomb had exploded—a motion-picture concern had, of its own free will, voluntarily and without duress, bought the picture rights. What is more, this discriminating company paid a large and juicy sum for it. And from this point on my attitude toward the motion-picture industry underwent a curious metamorphosis.

Now, I do not intend this to be accepted as a confession of bribery and corruption. What I do mean to convey is that I had been drawn into giving serious attention to a serious art by reason of my having been paid to do so: one of the most natural and convincing reasons of which I can think. And my attention, having once been drawn in that direction, has stuck. Not that I have sold many more pictures to the silver-sheet. But my serious interest has survived a year of hard work in the production end of what is technically known as "the industry"—a couple of special productions made under my personal supervision, and the picturization of some few of my pet fiction pieces.

Photo by Apeda

ADOLPH ZUKOR

President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation: "Mrs. Putnam's very readable article comes like a fresh breeze, blowing away a fog of untruths that have spread over the motion-picture industry; untruths which are all too often made by individuals who have no real knowledge of picture people or picture-making."

Photo by Bangs

D. W. GRIFFITH

the distinguished producer, writes: "Anything new is criticised. There is something, of course, the matter with motion-pictures, the same thing that is the matter with the stage, literature, music, and oratory. Pictures are a new expression of humanity, and there ever has been something the matter with humanity."

THE task of pointing out just where and how things are very right with the picture game is the one which I have modestly picked, and I have done so in a spirit of fairness. I am sick and tired of the recent criticisms of the "movies" with which our magazines have been flooded. All too often they are made by individuals who have no real knowledge of picture people or picture-making, and I feel I must reply to them, so please sit tight and don't speak until the chairman says you may.

To begin with, we will all admit that any art is important chiefly as a medium for expressing truth and beauty, and valuable to the community in proportion to the number of people it is capable of reaching. More people see motion-pictures than read magazines, see plays, or hear music. More than read the newspapers, even, if you want to go and count *them* in. And to go on with, the pictures are a more wide-spread power for good or evil than any one other art medium, or, indeed, than all of the rest put together, and I am convinced that their influence in the main is unquestionably good.

Before you get a chance to say it, I want to admit that good and evil are largely a matter of opinion. So is pretty nearly everything else in life except paying your income tax and being buried by the Success Undertaking Parlors and a few definite things of that kind. The pictures make people think, and the more they think the better pictures they demand to think about, and the better pictures they are getting; and to think is to live in the fullest sense.

Because the pictures are something new in the world, a lot of so-called intellectuals peddle the low-down about them, and the advent of each new art has been similarly greeted. I'll bet the cave-men who painted mastodons and bisons on the walls of the prehistoric caves of France had a mouthful said about them by the conventional soreheads of their day. I can just hear Meeta Bear, the leader of the self-government for Iguanodons movement, agreeing with Prof. Skin Flint, the president of the Ichthyosaurus Protective Ass., that mural decoration was cheap new stuff, mere claptrap that couldn't possibly last. Which is mild when compared to the panning the "movies" received upon their début. And in order to understand why the motion-pictures used to be the way they were but are now as they are, it is necessary to articulate a brief, as Mr. Wells would call it, outline of their history.

Well, then, in the early Neolithic age of the motion-picture industry, when the leading man was usually a custard pie, any picture that moved was a miracle, and accepted as such by a wide-eyed, wondering public. And any picture that moves goes with infinite éclat, yet, in certain parts of the world, I have the word of a certain estimable missionary lady that in darkest Africa conversion to Christianity is now instantaneous by reason of the use of motion-pictures. The natives may not talk much of the missionaries' mother-tongue, but they can see as well as the next fellow, and when they are shown a Biblical subject in the first motion-picture of their lives, they not unnaturally accept anything else that the magic-maker tells them is Gospel.

AND so in the early days, now nearly twenty-five years ago, simple American savages like you and me were so tickled by seeing a picture move that we should trouble whether it moved around a plot or a pie! The only worry about the fascinating thing was that it hurt our eyes because it jiggled and was more or less shot with something which looked like cinders, but was in reality the sort of thing we explain away in the results of our own efforts with a camera by saying, "Well, that spot must have been put on the film; I guess that drug-store ain't such a good place to get them developed after all, hey, George?" Or words to the same effect.

Like most bonanzas, the picture industry was at first largely in the hands of the type of exploiter who would have been equally willing to finance any other type of cheap side-show. Art, in these men's interpretation, meant pink shells and plush albums at home, and away from home, nude paintings over the bar. In the motion-picture camera they had discovered a trick machine which drew more money than a cherry-colored cat or "Joe-Joe, the Dog-faced Boy," and they were perfectly satisfied with their investment. So was the public, except in the matter of headaches, induced by the flickering of a half-baked projection-machine.

And give 'em credit, as soon as the producers discovered that this defect in the mechanism was thinning out the attendance, they set to work to remedy what was wrong. Mechanical perfection was the first perfection striven for by our home companies, and that for the most practical of all reasons. And I find to this day mechanical perfection is still one of the things in which any average motion-picture audience is most interested.

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Photo by Underwood & Underwood

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Founder of Goldwyn Pictures Corp., says: "Edmund Burke told the English they could not reform a whole nation. Those who have scored the 'movies' have attempted to reform a whole industry. They have been too violent—too dogmatic. Before they could really influence public opinion the true facts must be presented, unmodified by fanaticism or hysteria."

Photo by Pach Bros

W. W. HODKINSON

President of W. W. Hodkinson, Inc., writes: "Do theatergoers like to be educated through the medium of the screen? Some folks, who absorb education easily, will welcome it in any form it is offered, and I think we are coming rapidly to a more general acceptance of the screen as a tremendously important force in our educational system."

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MIRAGE

Would You, in Flora's Place, Have Done as She Did? Honest, Now!

BY ELAINE STERNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. BATCHELOR

LET'S confess, frankly, that "Mirage" is a faithful—poignantly faithful—picture of life among the Berts and Floras from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is a typical American story, told with rare skill and power

AT FIFTY-THIRD STREET and Sixth Avenue the "L" trains round a sharp corner and thunder on toward the river, missing, by a matter of inches, a dingy red-brick tenement. Behind the lace curtains, which blew softly inward with the rush of each passing train, Flora Miller stood, polishing her nails. Bert was coming home. He had been to the Coast, but now he was back. She had just returned from the telephone on the ground floor and learned he was on his way to her.

She had barely time to press out a pink dress he liked and do her hair over. Then she dusted the flat perfunctorily. They rented it furnished, and nothing about it was homelike except the kitchen. Flora's kitchens were always spotless, the tables shining with white oilcloth, the stoves bright with polish, the pans scrubbed. Aside from that one room, she hated the place. She had wondered only yesterday if she could endure it another day, another hour. But that was forgotten. Everything was forgotten. Bert was home.

She sprayed herself with lilac perfume—her hair, her throat, the lobes of her ears, the palms of her hands. Then she studied her reflection. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes little sparks of light. The bell rang three times shrilly. She swayed for an instant, faint at the realization that he was there.

Three more rings—a long gay peal. She ran to the door, she flung it open, and Bert caught her to him and kissed her.

"Gee, you smell great!"

She clung to him, crying from sheer joy. She loved his arms about her, the roughness of his coat beneath her cheek.

"Well, here I am. Nobody can say I don't beat it home to the wife, can they?"

She led the way into the living-room, and he held her off at arm's length.

"You certainly look good to me!"

She searched his face hungrily. He was big and handsome and tanned. A red carnation was thrust in his buttonhole.

"Give you a surprize, didn't I? Caught you with your hair out of curl and cold-cream on, hey? I bet you hustled some. Gee, I'm tired!"

He dropped her hands and slumped into a chair. She flung herself into his arms. He held her loosely.

"Wait till I wash up, Florry. Dirty. That train was hot, all right. Maybe you think hoppin' on an' off to make them hick towns that don't want to look at your goods when you get to 'em is a pipe? Nothin' in it. Business rotten. Run me a bath, will you? That's a doll."

Still she clung to him. "I missed you so," she said. He stroked her arm.

"Nothin' on me, kid. I'll bet I talked sixty-five miles without stoppin' about you to Samuy Morris. Met him on the Wolverine. He's got a great line this year. Selling like wildfire. Wish to goodness I'd get something that would sell."

"What did you tell him about me?"

"Oh, I told him that you was the only A1 girl that ever come out of the State of New York. And pretty? I told him you was prettier every time I come home. Scared to leave you. Honest. I told him you could cook rings around the chef at the Waldorf. . . . Say, baby, could you make me some lemonade? I'm roastin'." She jumped up.

"I'll make you anything you want."

He leaned back, his eyes closed. "It's great to be home. I could eat the paper off the wall I'm that hungry. If you was to cook a steak to-night——"

She laughed. "Just you wait!"

When Flora came back from her marketing she met Mrs. Jenkins in the hall. Mrs. Jenkins lived on the floor below. They called to each other every morning across the court while airing the bedclothes. Mrs. Jenkins was little and dark and pretty. She had on a hat with cherries that bobbed over its side almost to the shoulder—blue cherries, and her gown, whipped about her, was a bright orange.

"Mr. Miller's home, ain't he?" Flora nodded. "He's a fine-looking man. He passed me on the way in."

"He's good, too," said Flora. "They say traveling men are wild, but Bert's all for home and—and me." She was visibly embarrassed.

"How-long is he here for?"

"I don't know. I wish he'd never go away again."

"Bet you do." Mrs. Jenkins let herself in with her key. "Well, ta-ta!"

Bert was dressed in a cool pongee suit, shaved, a faint suggestion of talcum powder about him. He was seated by the library table, fingering a handful of pamphlets. When Flora entered he waved them at her.

"What's these?"

She laid her parcels on a chair and came toward him.

"Oh, just trips," she said.

"Trips? What you doin' with them? Here's a tour to Alaska and one to China and Japan."

"Just wishin'." "I guess I'll never get over that."

"Wishin' what?"

"Wishin' I could go on them. They sound so nice. I read them all the time. Listen at this, Bert."

She leaned over his shoulder.

"'Autumn in the Orient has a charm all its own. The fitful weather of Springtime gives place to the golden sunshine and the heat of Summer to the bracing air of Autumn days. While April and May claim the cherry-blossoms and wisteria, Autumn has its——' "

"THE devil," cut in Bert, "that ain't gettin' us nowhere."

Flora did not seem to hear him. She read on.

"'A unique feature of this tour is an excursion from Singapore to the picturesque capital of Cambodia and the marvelous temples of——' "

Bert laid his hand over it.

"Snap out of it, babe. What's catin' you?"

She shrugged. "I'm sick of stayin' home."

He laughed and took her in his arms. "Want to go around the world, hey? Well, and we will, too, as soon as I make a million—as if we don't."

"It don't take a million."

"Sure it does, to do it right. Think I'd be a piker if you was along? Not me! You'd go to the swellest hotels and get all your glad rags in Paris. Then we'd go to Monte and bust the bank."

He laughed, delighted at the picture. "We'd play with the sky the limit. Say, wouldn't that be great after penny-ante between here and Chicago?"

She looked up at him quickly.

"I'm serious, Bert. I—I don't want to stay home alone like this. I don't want to be a New York rube all my life."

"Listen, Flo. Do you think I wouldn't take you with me if I had the coin? Gee, I'd pack you along to every town on the old U. S. map—but the boss ain't handin' out tickets for two!"

"I could go a little ways."

"On what?"

"I could do somethin' beside sit here and listen to—Let's make go by."

"'SAY, ARE YOU CRAZY?' HE ASKED. SHE NODDED. 'CRAZY TO GO ON LIKE I HAVE ABOUT YOU' "

"PEOPLE TURNED TO WATCH THEM, SMILING. THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BRIDE AND GROOM"

"Sure you could. I'll say so, honey. Next year——"

"You said that before."

"I know I did, but I mean it this time."

Suddenly she seized his arms. "Couldn't you and me, now that you're home, go on a little trip to——"

"Trip? Me? Now that I'm home? Say, if you was to travel on trains every day in the week like I do——"

"But I don't, Bert—I never go nowheres."

"Well, we'll take in a roof-garden show and supper after it."

"I'd rather save the money and——"

"Oh, my gracious, drop it! I just come home. I don't want to hear no more about trips. Can't you let a man rest?"

She stared at him a minute, then she said, "I'm sorry, Bert; I've been thinkin' so much about——"

"Well, forget it. Believe me, if I could sit still for a couple of years you couldn't get me as far as the Bronx."

"I know, Bert. I forgot about your bein' sick of it."

He lighted a cigaret and paced up and down. "Truth is I want you home here, Florry, *right here*. You don't know what it means to a traveling man to think of his wife tending his house for him while he's away. You don't know what it means to have him plan to cut his trip short so's he can get back and taste home-cooked food. A man's got a lot of temptations on the road, and don't you—forget it. It's the thought of the little girl waitin' for him that keeps him straight. Women are always after him. But a fellow can give them the raspberry, all right, all right, if he knows the wife's strong for him; believe me, he can."

"That's true, Bert."

Suddenly he stopped his walk. "Say, who's the skirt on the floor below?"

"Oh—Mrs. Jenkins."

"Friend of yours?"

"Not exactly. We talk when we meet."

"Keep away from her, Florry. She's not your class."

"Why? What's the matter with her?"

"I'm an old bird, and I know. Cut her out, that's all."

"But she's so nice——"

"Do like I tell you. I say cut her out, so cut her out. Got that?"

"Yes, only——"

"No only about it. What's in those bags?"

FLORA gathered up her parcels. "Dinner for you."

He laughed. "That listens good. I gotta write my report to the house. Wish I'd made a million so you and me could go to Monte and bust the bank."

He seated himself in a chair at the table. He pulled a bundle of papers from his pocket and spread them out. He shook his fountain pen. Flora stood in the doorway, watching him.

She felt her eyes moisten as she gazed at him. He was hers, this big, broad-shouldered youth; he had chosen her from a world of women. She dropped her parcels and ran to him, throwing her arms around his neck with a cry. He thrust her away.

"Darn it, look what you made me do!" He pointed to a black spot on his cuff. "Why don't you watch where you're goin'?"

She kissed him humbly and moved toward the door.

"I didn't mean to, dear," she said, and waited. He

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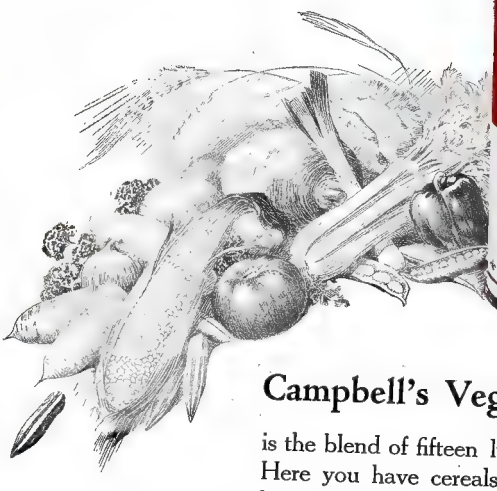
SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Taste the pride of the garden in this delicious vegetable soup



Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is the blend of fifteen luscious vegetables. Here you have cereals which satisfy the hunger and strengthen the body—broth of fine beef which yields its delicious flavor and stimulates the appetite. There are thirty-two ingredients in all. Baby lima beans, tiny sugar-sweet peas, juicy-ripe tomatoes, Country Gentleman sweet-corn, Chantenay carrots, gold-hued turnips, white and sweet potatoes, crisp celery, chopped cabbage, alphabet macaroni, plump barley grains, French leeks, okra, and fresh parsley grown on our own farms the year round. This soup is almost a meal in itself—a splendidly filling lunch—a dish of real, substantial food for dinner.

When snow is deep and drifts are steep
I wear my biggest shoes.
But my best fun is when I'm done,
For Campbell's then I choose.

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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did not answer. He was daubing at his cuff with a blotter.

Bert had been home a week. He was waiting for his route by wire. A dozen times a day he went to the door to see if a telegram had come. Flora knew the signs, itching to be off, to be moving again.

It was after breakfast. He sat scowling at his empty coffee-cup. He never looked his best at breakfast. His eyes were dull, his hair disheveled; he was unshaved. Flora seated herself beside him.

"Bert, I want to talk to you about something."

"Well, what's the idea of beginning now? Don't I read my paper first?"

"I want to talk. It's— You got to listen."

He had taken up the newspaper that lay beside him and glanced at the head-lines. "Go ahead, I'm listenin'."

She twisted an end of the table-cloth in her fingers before speaking.

"Bert," she said at last, "I get awful lonesome when you're away."

He did not answer. She hurried on. "I get awful blue. Gee, sometimes I think I'll go crazy here by myself. Nothing to do. Nobody to talk to. If we had kids it would be different."

"Well, what do you want?"

She smiled a little.

"I know you can't take me along with you."

"You're dead right I can't."

"I know, Bert. I wish you could. I wouldn't care where, if I could only go somewheres—on a train——"

"Can that out, can't you? Ain't I told you——"

"Yes, Bert, but you don't know how hard it is."

"What's hard? Havin' a good roof over you?—lots of women haven't—and a man working his head off for you? If *that's* hard——"

"I know, dear. You do work for me. And that's just it. You shouldn't do it all. I'm goin' to work too."

He dropped his paper and looked up at her.

"The deuce you are!"

She nodded. "I want to help too. Other girls do. Mrs. Jenkins says she don't see how I can stand it here all alone. She says I ought to get a job as companion to somebody and take trips."

"That dame down-stairs told you that?"

"Yes—she——"

"She told you to take trips when I wasn't home?"

"She said it would give me somethin' to do—somethin' to think about while you're away."

"Ain't I enough to think about?"

"Yes, of course you are. But don't you see——"

"You go to work and I'll leave you flat."

She stared at him. "Oh, Bert, you wouldn't——"

"Wouldn't I, too? Try it and see. Think I want you bummin' around all over creation? I do not. I married you because I wanted you right where you are."

"But—but—a little more money wouldn't——"

"Don't I pay the rent? Don't I give you enough?"

"But I don't save nothin', Bert."

"Neither do I. I spend it all on you——"

"You don't neither," she flared. "You play cards every trip."

"I do, do I? Well, what if I do? What you got to say about it? Who asked *your* permission? I make the money, don't I? I guess I got a right to spend it how I see fit. Play cards! Heavens! If you was to ride on trains for twenty-six hours at a stretch, you'd play cards too."

HE picked up his paper A tear gathered and rolled down her cheek. Suddenly he leaned over and touched her shoulder.

"Was I cross to the baby? Well, and who wouldn't get a rise out of a feller if they told him his best girl was goin' to work? Makes a guy feel fine, don't it, to think his wife ain't bein' supported——"

"Oh, Bert, you know I didn't mean——"

"That's all right," he soothed her. "I'm that nutty about you, Flora, I don't want no other feller to set eyes on you. Like one of them heathen Turks—that's me. . . . Say, why don't that wire come?"

He left her washing the dishes and went down-stairs. She lingered over her work. She was tired of plates. Of damp dish-cloths, of beds and bedding, of eternal gray dust that settled over everything. She wanted to go. Go somewhere. Anywhere. Did Bert think he was the only one who got restless?

She put away her china, scrubbed her sink, let her dish-towels soak, and took off her apron. Bert was not yet back. She pulled one of her pamphlets from a drawer of the living-room table, and was careful to sit facing the door, so that she could put it away if she heard him returning.

It was a white booklet with a crimson border. It read: "Bermuda Independent All-Expense Tours." She opened it with a sigh. "In the Atlantic Ocean, south of the Gulf Stream, six hundred miles east from Charleston, South Carolina, and about seven hundred miles to the south and east of New York, there has been growing for untold centuries on the top of a submarine mountain a cluster of coral islands——"

She shut her eyes and tried to picture a cluster of coral islands six hundred miles from Charleston and seven hundred miles southeast of New York. She had a coral necklace. She opened her eyes and read on: "Their peaks now rise several hundred feet above the sea, and the whole presents a wonderful picture of hill and vale, covered with a semitropical growth, marvelously vivid in coloring, with magnificent ocean views and delightful visits to [illegible]"

There was a sharp ring of the bell. She dropped the pamphlet and ran to the door. A messenger-boy. The wire had come. She signed for it quickly. How glad Bert would be! She tore it open. "Burley sick. Take Southern route. Wednesday midnight. Sending instructions Dallas."

Wednesday. But this was Wednesday. She must find Bert and tell him. He had always wanted a chance at the Southern route. She ran down-stairs. The janitress was on her knees, scrubbing the front hall. Flora called to her. "See Mr. Miller?"

THE woman turned her head, but did not stop the circular movement of her arm.

"He went up-stairs."

"No, he didn't; I've just come from there."

The woman shrugged. "I seen him go up."

Flora smiled. "She's crazy," she thought, and mounted the stairs, humming. She was almost as glad as tho she had been summoned South herself. Bert would be so happy.

As she came to the landing below hers Mrs. Jenkins's door suddenly opened and Bert stepped out. Flora saw him before her. The click of an opening door, and Bert coming from Mrs. Jenkins's flat. He stared at her defiantly, but she did not move.

"Well," he said at last, "are you goin' up-stairs or not?"

Without waiting for an answer he jerked his head in the direction of the Jenkinses' door.

"I guess that woman won't bother you no more and put ideas into your head about workin'. I just went in and give her a piece of my mind; that's what I did."

Flora's relief was so enormous she could not speak. He pushed her ahead of him up the stairs.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" he growled. "Did you think I'd go away from here without settlin' her hash?"

His eye caught the paper in Flora's hands, and he pulled it from her.

"Dallas this time of year!" But she knew he was wildly happy. "Gotta pack my duds right now."

She helped him eagerly, humbly. How terribly she might have misjudged him!

Now that he was going away his irritation disappeared. He was tender and anxious by turns. He made her promise that she wouldn't spring any more fool notions on him; that she would not talk again to Mrs. Jenkins.

She went to the train with him. He spoke of how he would bring her presents from the South, but she heard only the sound of his voice, saw only the flash of his white teeth, the sparkle of his eyes, the toss of his head. What was it he had said? "A man's got a lot of temptations on the road."

She could understand it She felt she would have tempted him if she had met him. He was so alive and gay.

"SHE TRIED TO PICTURE THE WONDERS BEFORE HER. A WEEK'S SAIL WITH NO LAND IN SIGHT—EUROPE"

In the station he bought her a bunch of violets and himself a red carnation. She clung to his arm. People turned to watch them, smiling. They might have been a bride and groom.

At the gate he held her close an instant, then freed her. She called after him.

"Next time, Bert, take me with you."

"Sure. You bet I will. Write me t'-night at the Oriental. Good-by! Good-by!"

He was gone. She stood there until the train moved out, her eyes blurred with tears. She wanted so to go, to be on those slow-gliding cars—not behind tall gates always shut in her face. She just wanted to go.

She climbed the stairs to her flat. It was hot inside. Some of Bert's things, discarded and flung on chairs, seemed to mock her. She put the flowers he gave her in water. Then she took off her hat and drew up a rocker by the table. The pamphlet she had left caught her eyes. She opened it at random.

"Bermuda is not a single long island, but is, in fact, a succession of rocky islets, rising over two hundred and fifty feet out of the sea—" She stopped and dropped her head on her arm.

"Oh, Bertie," she sobbed, "I don't want to sleep in mine alone!"

Next morning Mrs. Jenkins called to her across the court: "Deserted again?"

Flora left her sheets and pillows on the sill to air. "Yes," she said stiffly, and moved away. A few minutes later the bell rang. A series of sharp little rings, then the door-knob rattled. Flora did not go. She wanted to, but she did not. Instead she took up some mending. After a while the ringing ceased. That afternoon Flora ran into Mrs. Jenkins at the front steps.

"Your bell ain't working, is it?"

Flora hesitated, then shook her head.

The flat was dingy with the dusk of Midsummer, dingy and hot. Some milk she had left in the ice-box had soured. She was not hungry. She took off her dress and bathed her face and hands. A long evening stretched before her—an interminable row of evenings with the rumble of approaching trains, their deafening roar, their dull thunder—night after night, night after night. She couldn't stand it. She jumped up, found a cool dress, and put it on, then, hatless, she walked out and turned toward Fifth Avenue.

Suddenly she thought of Bert. He was probably in some hotel—enjoying the air that stirred through his open window. She might have been there, too; might have been any place but in the city, quivering with heat, anywhere. But no! She must stay here, so that if he chose to return ahead of time she would be ready—and for what?

She walked to Fifty-ninth Street and across to the park. Black shapes were stretched on the hot, dried grass. Men and women trying to sleep, newspapers under their heads. Occasionally a baby whined. It was no cooler there, no cooler anywhere.

She returned to the flat. She loathed its dark entrance, its row of names and bells, its musty hallway, its long black stairs. She dragged herself to her door, and fitted in the key. There was a light within. She stood irresolute on the threshold, her heart pounding. Then she heard a voice, Bert's.

"That you, Flora?"

She flew to him.

HE WAS lying on the couch. He said, "Gee, I thought you'd never come!"

She knelt beside him. How she hated herself! Cool rooms—with him lying there while she railed against her fate.

"They wanted me to go to a hospital, but I said nix on that—home for little Bertie." He groaned and shut his eyes. She clutched him, terrified.

"What is it, Bert? What's the matter?"

"Pain," he said. "Here." He pressed his hand to his stomach. He could not speak for a minute. "Gee, but I'm glad you're home!"

She was sobbing. He looked so strange—so white. Then she sprang to her feet.

"I'll get a doctor," she said, but he caught her hand.

"No—no, don't leave me. Don't. I couldn't stand it. I'm afraid I'll die. Flora, I won't die, will I?"

"No—of course you won't. There. Let go. I'll be right back."

He clung to her desperately. "I don't want to stay alone."

She pried her fingers loose and ran blindly down the stairs.

When she found a doctor she hurried back with him and pushed him in ahead of her. Bert lay with eyes shut. The doctor made a brief examination. He talked in jerks:

"Ptomaine. Better get him to a hospital."

At which Bert opened his eyes.

"I won't go to no hospital," he said. "I'll stay right here with the missis."

He slipped his hand in Flora's.

For two nights Flora did not close her eyes. On the third day he was better. He wanted her near him every instant. His eyes followed her like a dog's. He complained if she went out of his sight.

At the end of a week he was sitting up. She could hardly bear the thought of his getting well. Soon he would be leaving her again to the desolation of four walls. She was seated beside him, an open magazine in her lap. Suddenly she felt his fingers grip hers.

"You're all right, baby," he said. "I guess I give you a tough time of it."

She smiled at him. He shook his head.

"You look all in. Yes, you do. What do you say to a little trip?"

Trip! She sat up with a jerk. The blood rushed into her cheeks.

"You don't mean, Bert, that you—that me——"

"I mean you're goin' away to make up some rest that's comin' to you. We both are. I got to get set up before I go back on the job. We'll go anywhere you say."

Anywhere she said! For a week. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the chair.

"Any place your little heart desires, but I think Atlantic City would be about the ticket."

She clasped her hands. Her voice vibrated with excitement.

"Oh, I'd *love* that, Bert! That would be wonderful—but—" she bit her lip—"Bert, I'll need some things to wear."

"Sure you do. I get my check to-morrow. I'll split it with you, and you can go the limit."

Hot tears stung her eyelids. She fell on her knees beside him.

"You're so good to me, Bertie." He smoothed her hair and laughed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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From pantry shelf to your table—an ever-ready meal!

And as good a dish as you can place before a hungry family! It's a wise housewife who always has her supply of Campbell's Beans ready at hand to serve either as the main dish of the meal or as an extra-nourishing and tempting side-dish. Here is delicious, substantial, wholesome food which is splendid for the youngsters, too. Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked and thoroughly digestible. Just taste their famous tomato sauce!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

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MIRAGE: *By Elaine Sterne*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"Aw, say, can't I take my girl on a trip once in a while if I want to?"

She spent delirious hours in stores. Her shopping for three years had consisted in replacing garments hopelessly worn. Now with the crisp green bills in her purse, clasped tightly in her fingers, she luxuriated in dainty pointed shoes, in stockings with clocks, in silk underwear. Finally her list was complete. She had bought gloves. She had bought handkerchiefs, fresh collar-and-cuff sets, hair-nets. With arms full of bundles, she set out for home. To-morrow they were leaving. The new suit-case with her initials on was half packed, so was the little shiny steamer-trunk.

She returned home and mounted the stairs gaily. To-morrow! She tried to imagine how it would feel to walk by the ticket-puncher, down the long concrete path to the train. Behind her would come a redcap, her bag and Bert's in his arms. He would find the section for them, leave them. She would take off her hat and look about at the people, many people, none of them guessing how her heart thumped, her ecstasy at traveling at last. There would be a lurch. The train would glide out from the dark shed into the blaze of sunlight—streets, traffic, and then green stretches of country, white fences, red barns, trees.

SHE came to her door and let herself in softly. Bert might be asleep. She laid her parcels on the hall table and tiptoed to the living-room. He was not there. The chair he had been occupying was filled with magazines. She was right. He was taking a nap. She peeked into the bedroom, a smile on her lips. It was empty. Over a chair lay his dressing-gown.

"Oh, Bert!" she called. No answer. The rest of the rooms were as she had left them, strewn with unpacked clothes. The kitchen alone gleamed whitely under its cool, spotless oilcloth.

She felt uneasy. He should not have gone out. It was too hot, and he wasn't strong enough. She wished he had left some word.

She made some tea and set it in the ice-box to cool; then she returned to her packages in the hall and opened them. Once or twice she thought she heard his step. What could be taking him so long? She had been home three-quarters of an hour. She rose and went to the window. She leaned far out. Some children were reaching eagerly into an ice-cart and snatching dripping lumps of ice. She saw them scurry away as the driver appeared.

No sign of Bert. She drew herself away impatiently. She walked to the side windows, and stared up at a woman across the court, one floor above, who was drying her yellow hair over the sill. Then her eyes traveled to the floor opposite. It was dark in there. The family was away. She wondered how it would feel to shut up her place for a whole Summer. She glanced down at Mrs. Jenkins's apartment. As she did so some one came to the window. Suddenly her heart stood still. She was powerless to move or think. The window was flung up by a man's arms—Bert's.

There was no mistaking him. His coat was off, his sleeves rolled back. He stood thus framed for an instant, then the curtain fell and he was gone.

FOR half an hour she sat rocking softly back and forth. Then she heard his latch-key turn, heard the hinge creak, heard the sharp bang of the door behind him. He came up the hall noisily, his coat over his arm. He stopped in the doorway.

"Hello, baby! When did *you* blow in?"

She looked at him without speaking. His eyes had regained their sparkle, the set of his shoulders their insolence. He regarded her uneasily.

"What's the matter? What's the idea sitting there like a dummy?"

Her eyes were on his face. He came toward her slowly.

"Say, don't I get no answer? What are you looking at me like that for?"

Flora straightened up. "Where you been?"

"Why?"

"I been sittin' here two hours——"

He laughed. "That's what's eatin' you, is it? Well, Joe Beatty's back from 'Frisco. Thought I'd take a run in and——"

"You're lying," she said. "I seen you down-stairs."

For an instant he did not speak, then his easy manner returned.

"Down-stairs, did you? Oh, yes. I stopped in for a——"

"You needn't to tell me what for."

"Why don't I? You don't think——"

"I don't think nothin'."

Silence. Bert dropped into a chair, scowling darkly. At last he spoke.

"Hey, what's the matter with you, anyway? Can't I go call on anybody?"

She rose and stood for a minute by the window.

"You can do anythin' you like."

"Oh, I can, can I? That's fine, that is. But since you know so much, what *was* I doing, when you come right down to it? Passin' the time of day with Mrs. Jenkins. What if I did? If you're goin' to let a little thing like that—" He ended with a shrug.

She turned and looked at him curiously, as tho she saw him for the first time. He lowered his eyes. Then he burst out:

"Well, I'm human, that's all. Take me or leave me. If I can't talk to a woman without you——"

"You can talk to her all you like—every day, because we ain't going on no trip."

He stared at her. "You don't mean—" He stopped. "Listen. My being down there wasn't nothin' at all. It wasn't nothin'. I got tired staying here all by myself. I got to wonderin' when you'd be back; thought I'd kill time by dropping in on her for a little."

He was beside her.

"You believe me, baby—you believe your Bertie, don't you? I been sick, and I'm weak. I wouldn't 'a' done it in my right senses. I can see how it looked. Me down there. It's sittin' here thinking about it that's got you like this. I know it is."

He caught her to him fiercely.

"You *got* to believe me. You do, don't you? Don't you?"

She felt moved in spite of herself. He saw the relenting in her face. He plunged on.

"You dunno how sick I get of this place when you ain't home. I says to myself, I'll go talk to that dame for a little. There's no harm in that——"

"And you didn't see Joe Beatty?"

"No, I——"

"What did you have to talk to her about all this time?"

He turned on her with a snarl.

"I don't know *what* we talked about. What the blamed difference does it make to you, seein' you don't believe me anyhow. That's what hurts. You don't believe me."

HE ROSE and turned his back to her. "I ain't no saint—never said I was, but I'm as good as most, and if you don't know that by this time——"

He walked up and down.

"What did I talk to her about?—think I'd tell you if I *did* remember? I would not. I won't tell you nothin' after this. I should get bawled out just when I'm plannin' to give you a swell time—handin' you over all the cash I can scrape up to get things for yourself."

Flora looked down at her hands, white below the knuckles where she clasped them rigidly.

"I know, Bert, you done that."

"Yes, and what do I get? A big call; all because I stopped down-stairs. If that gets your goat, I should worry. If that's how you treat me after all I've done for you—I'm *through*."

He had crossed to the door. She watched him with hot, agonized eyes, her face white with misery. She stared through her tears at his fine head, his square shoulders, his tapering waist, his length of limb, her throat dry with terror. She ran to him and flung her arms around his neck.

"Bert—Bert!" she screamed. "I believe you—I believe you. I was crazy. Bert; I believe you."

She clung to him, sobbing. He turned and stared down at her.

"All right: All right. That'll be enough of that. All *right!* Do you hear me?"

She was content to feel his arm around her. After a time she stopped.

Next morning it was raining when Flora woke up. A steady, slanting drive. The curtains, the sill, the floor were drenched. She sprang out of bed and ran to shut the window. Her bare feet touched the wet boards and she drew back shivering. Outside was a dismal, gray blur. She went back to bed. Bert was asleep, face down, his arm thrust under the pillow. She looked at the clock on the bureau and touched his shoulder.

He rolled over.

"Time to get up, Bert."

"Um. I'll get up when the grub's on the table and not before."

She shrugged. "I didn't expect you to be no different to-day than any other day."

She rose, pulled on her wrapper, and went to the kitchen.

By the time the coffee was bubbling she heard him stirring about. She felt excited and elated. Nothing could take away from her the fact that she would soon be staring through a train window at changing scenery. While she was cutting the bread the front-door bell rang. She called to Bert. "*You* go."

She heard him shuffle up the hall. There was a long pause, then he came to the door of the kitchen. His face was covered with lather. He was mopping it with a towel.

"Got a wire. From the boss." Something in his tone made her straighten up. She knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that they were not going away. He wiped his chin quickly, nervously.

"GOT to call him up right away. What do you suppose he wants?"

She did not answer. She lowered her eyes to hide her tears. She was not going after all. She knew it. She knew it. He went on:

"This may put a crimp in our trip for a day or two, but no longer. You go ahead and eat. I'll beat it down to the phone and get all the dope."

She dropped into a chair. She poured out a cup of coffee for herself, but she did not touch it. She was still stirring it aimlessly, her eyes on space, when he returned. He was very flushed, patting his forehead with his handkerchief as he spoke.

"Well, I got him on long-distance. Trouble at the mill. Wants me to run right up. Back day after to-morrow. I'll take the tickets down and change them. Wouldn't you think he'd give a guy a chance to get on his pins again? Not him! Oh, no! Well, I won't be long."

She did not answer. He crossed to her quickly and kissed her cheek.

"Listen, Florry. I'll be back in a couple of days, see? I sure do feel bad about this, you countin' on it and all, but I can't help it. You don't blame me, do you, baby?"

She shook her head.

"That's right. That's a good girl. What's two days between friends? I'll show you the swellest little time you ever had in your life just to make up for it."

He went to the doorway and stood there, irresolute.

"You're sure you don't blame your Bertie?"

She said, "No, of course not."

After he had left her she rose with a sigh and returned to her room. She walked to the window nearest the bed and looked out. It was still raining. And then as she stood there fingering the window-cord, twisting it about her hand, she remembered with a stabbing pain that it was precisely where she had stood the day before. It was there she had seen him, coatless, bare-armed, flinging up a window. It was as tho the sight struck her afresh like a blow in the face. She could not put it from her. She shuddered and recoiled. Then her thoughts veered abruptly. What if she *hadn't* seen him?

And even as she asked herself the question, another scene sprang before her eyes. The door of the Jenkins apartment swinging open. Bert stepping out into the hallway. Was that a lie too? She could not endure the thought. She tried to put it from her. She tried to think of other things, but it returned insistently, like a knocking at the door, and the words she was forming with her lips said themselves in spite of her.

"How do I know he ain't lying to me *now?* Oh, Bert, I can't stand no more of it!"

SHE felt her cheeks burn. She wheeled, her hands clenched, her face flaming. If she only knew. She reviewed the few facts he had given her—a wire from the mill. He had not shown it to her. She recalled his manner, uncertain, high-strung. She snatched up his dressing-gown from the chair where he had thrown it. And searched the pockets feverishly. They were empty. Of course, he would take it with him. She pulled open his bureau drawer and flung the contents on the bed. Nothing. If she could ever be sure of him again. Ever trust him. Suddenly a thought struck her. She felt through her purse for a nickel, found one, and ran down-stairs to the telephone. She called the telegraph office. She waited, and when the operator's crisp voice answered, Flora spoke to her brightly.

"This is Mrs. Herbert Miller. . . . Yes. Mrs. Miller. My husband got a telegram a few minutes ago and it was destroyed. He wants it repeated."

"How did he get it? Over the phone or delivered?"

"Delivered."

"What's your address?"

She told him. He said, "Hold the wire and I'll connect you with the branch you want."

After a time another voice spoke:

"Telegraph Company."

Flora repeated, mechanically, "This is Mrs. Herbert Miller. My husband got a wire a few minutes ago and it was destroyed. He wants it repeated."

"Destroyed?"

"Yes."

"*All* right, I'll repeat. Wait a second."

During the pause, while the clerk searched his records, Flora said under her breath: "Oh, God, please make it like Bert said it was—please—please——"

At last a voice on the other end:

"Are you Mrs. Miller?"

"Yes."

"Here it is——"

Flora whispering, "Oh, please, God——"

"It says, 'Come—at—once—or—I—will—make—it—hot—for—you.'"

"Signed what?"

"Sadie."

"Where's it from?"

"Albany."

"Albany? Thanks." She hung up.

FLORA answered an advertisement which read, "Wanted by elderly lady a young woman as traveling attendant," and there were requirements. She heard herself applying for the position; heard an old lady's questions; heard her own rejoinders. But all the while another current of thought raced through her brain. "What a ninny I been—thinking there wasn't nobody but me! Suppose he comes back before I get my things out of there? What a ninny I been!" over and over and over again.

She was conscious, with a start, that she had heard only half of what was said to her. Stateroom—passport—Europe——

"You're goin' to Europe?"

"Yes, next week. I should like you to come here meanwhile and help with my packing. And sewing—little odd jobs. Could you arrange that?"

She could.

"You're a nice, quiet girl, and that's just what I'm looking for—some one who's alone in the world like myself. No strings."

Flora went home and began repacking the bags, taking out Bert's clothes—his silk shirts, his collars and gay flock of neckties, his thin-striped socks—and laying them on the bed. She worked swiftly, putting her own clothes in their place. On her knees, beside the bag, she tried to picture the wonders before her. A week's sail with no land in sight—Europe. She had always longed to see it. She said it over and over to herself. Europe.

But the exhilaration would not come. She kept her eyes averted from Bert's clothes tumbled on the bed.

Finally she rose from her knees and pushed the grips from her.

"I'll finish after," and went to the kitchen. Then, because she was hungry,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

The Race for Pictorial Review's

$1,000 Club Prize

has begun in tremendous earnest. The question is raised whether a group of clubs in a single city may compete as one club.

The answer is No. The smallest club, in the tiniest village, has as good a chance as any other club. But a club, in order to be eligible, must be affiliated with the General Federation.

The prize of $1,000 will be awarded the individual club rendering its community the greatest service during the year ending September 15, 1923.

The judges will be the president of the General Federation, as chairman, and the four living ex-presidents, as follows:

MRS. THOMAS G. WINTER, Minneapolis, Minn., *Chairman.*
MRS. JOSIAH EVANS COWLES, Los Angeles, Cal.
MRS. DIMIES T. S. DENISON, New York City.
MRS. PHILIP N. MOORE, St. Louis, Mo.
MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER, Austin, Tex.

The Club Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City, will gladly answer questions.

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Is your skin exceptionally sensitive ?

Is your skin especially hard to take care of?

Wind, dust, exposure; do they continually irritate and roughen it?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin the special treatment it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated, on the least occasion.

Use this special treatment for a very sensitive skin:

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.

Modern authorities have discarded the old idea, formerly held by some people, that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin.

Skin specialists now agree that many of the commoner skin troubles are caused by infection of the pores through dust in the air. Dr. Pusey, a leading authority, in his book on the care of the skin, declares that the layer of dirt and oil accumulated on the skin when soap is not used, is a constant invitation to various disorders.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin now to give your skin the special care that will keep it normally resistant to dust and exposure; soft, smooth, and fine as you want it to be.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each different type of skin. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 301 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 301 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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Alec and Al

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

1 "Cook said to me she wouldn't dream
Of lending to the 'laikes av us';
But, Alec, I've a dandy scheme
To get them and avoid all fuss."

2 "Ooh! Look out, Nora; wait a jiff;
A mouse ran by your feet right there.
Now don't be scared; I'll get him if
You jump up on that kitchen chair."

3 "Don't move now, Nora; he'll come down;
He's up your stocking, I suppose.
Just stand right there, and soon he'll drown;
He will not like *this* kind of hose."

4 "Ye little divile! Oi'm all wit;
Get out av here for mercy's sake!
Don't think this day that Oi'll forgit
When yez come wheedlin' me for cake."

5 "She's got them off—it's working swell.
She's hung them by the stove to dry.
Now when I ring the kitchen bell
You grab them while she isn't by."

6 And just as Al had prophesied,
Cook's stockings were both hanging there,
And Alec, when he got inside,
Soon had them safely in his care.

7 "Gee! Aren't they whales! I'll bet they hold
As much as Santa Claus brings in.
Cook's legs are worth their weight in gold,
Al, aren't you glad she isn't thin?"

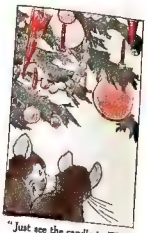
8 And Santa was surprized to find
How much he had to fill with toys,
But he just smiled and didn't mind,
For Santa knows "boys *will* be boys."

The Nibbler Boys

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

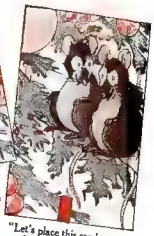
DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN

"Great Cheese and Cats! Quick! Come and see This gorgeous-colored Christmas tree!"



"Just see the candles! What a treat To have them every day to eat!"

"Oh! What an awful shock I had: I thought this chocolate thing was Dad."



"Let's place this candy mouse where it Will give old Snoopy Cat a fit."

"Quick! Here she crawls; just watch the sneak! She'll jump the minute that I squeak."

"Squee! Squee! Just see dear pussy spring With all her weight on that fake thing."

"Oh! Puss, you'll be the death of me; You are as funny as can be."

"Why so much hurry, Snoopy dear? What makes you rush away from here?"

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The kind of cream for a thorough cleansing

Just enough oil and not a drop more

Each night your skin needs a thorough cleansing. Always use the cream with just enough oil

NO skin can be always lovely unless it is kept really clean.

To have skin with that lovely transparency, that softness and smoothness that is the easy possession of well-groomed women, you must give it a thorough cleansing *every night* and after every unusual exposure to dust and dirt.

Ordinary washing is not enough. It cannot reach the fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain your skin becomes dull looking—it loses its lovely transparency. For a thorough cleansing your face needs a cream; and its choice is all important because it must be especially made for this purpose.

Only a cream made with oil can reach the deepest dirt. There must be *just enough oil* to remove every particle of dirt—not a drop more because creams with too much oil overload the pores and make the skin greasy. It must not be stiff because stiff creams are difficult to work in, and when once in the pores have a tendency to remain and stretch them. The cream that meets all the requirements for a thorough and beneficial cleansing is Pond's *Cold* Cream—made by a formula carefully worked out by expert chemists at the laboratories of the Pond's Extract Company.

Start using this cream tonight

Wash your face first, with warm water and pure soap. Dry it carefully, then smooth in Pond's Cold Cream. In a minute it works its way deep into your pores and out again bringing every bit of dirt and powder with it. Wipe it off on a soft towel or bit of cloth. The grime will astonish you and convince you how necessary to your skin such a thorough cleansing is.

The oil in this cream keeps your skin supple and elastic, helps it resist lines and wrinkles. The thorough cleansing has a tonic effect and your skin cannot get that dull look that is caused by dirt left deep in the pores.

For *daytime* uses your skin needs another cream —a very different one—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. Read about it in the column to the right.

Both these creams are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

The kind of cream to use as a foundation for powder

Because powder put directly on the skin does not go on smoothly and stay on, women who are especially careful of their appearance use a powder base.

A cream for such a purpose must contain no oil. Oil reappears in an ugly glisten that powder cannot hide.

Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream first, then powder. The powder goes on evenly and it clings for hours to the smooth velvety surface the cream gives your skin. There is not a drop of oil to reappear.

Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect protection against wind and cold. Never go out in winter until you have given your skin this protection. It holds the natural moisture in the skin and prevents it from becoming rough and dry and coarse. The cold chapping winds cannot harm you.

Absorbed instantly, this fragrant cream freshens your appearance at once. Always smooth it on when you want to look your best at a moment's notice.

If you have not used Pond's Vanishing Cream steadily, begin now in this exacting winter season when social requirements make you doubly anxious to appear your best and when your skin needs protection against the cold.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Why men leave home -*disgruntled*

A CERTAIN MAN SAID: "Women have been making coffee for hundreds of years. Why can't they make good coffee?

"I complain, but it does no good. We change cooks; we change brands of coffee. But the coffee is the same old stuff. I leave the house every morning disgruntled."

Here is the answer, sir.

You must have first a Coffee Expert—a man who knows how to make a blend of coffee that will satisfy men. Premier Coffee is blended by one of the great Coffee Men of the country. For eighteen months we tried it out on disgruntled men—the most dissatisfied and critical we could find.

Second, you must pack the coffee in a Vacuum Can so that the cup of coffee made in your kitchen will taste like the cup the Coffee Man made in his laboratory.

Premier Coffee fulfills both requirements. We invite the wives who have tried and tried to make good coffee to make one more trial with

Premier Coffee

A man's coffee blended by a great coffee man

YOU *know* Premier Salad Dressing: American women by their loyalty and friendship have made it the largest-selling Salad Dressing. And now we offer Premier Coffee for your husband. If your grocer does not yet carry Premier Coffee send us his name and ten cents in stamps for shipping and by return mail you will receive a generous serving packed in the Premier Vacuum Can—full of aroma—as fresh and as delicious as the minute it left our roasting ovens.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY
Dept. 15D New York

MIRAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

she made a rice pudding, one of the creamy sort she always made, thick and sweet with a soft brown scum. She put it away to cool, and moved restlessly through the rooms. How she hated them—the noise, the dirt, the cheapness! Soon she would leave them forever—them and all they stood for. Did Bert think he could lie to her? Well, he'd see—he'd see! She tried to visualize his return to the empty flat.

He would probably call to her. He would give a look around; perhaps notice her bag was gone; see his things tossed on the spread; advance, curious, frowning. Then move to the bureau, where her note would be secured to the pincushion—and beside it her wedding-ring. He would pick that up, turn it over, then read the note. She realized with a start she had not yet written it. She sat down at the table and began: "By the time you get this I will be on the ocean."

She crumpled it up and started again.

"I have been thinking things over since you went away and——"

But she wanted burning words, stinging phrases that would hurt him as she had been hurt. Sentences that would show him the justness of her decision; its irrevocability. It was the end. She could make that clear, but she must also make him know how she despised him for what he was. If she could only write as she felt, could only pour out on paper the vitriol of her soul—the humiliation. But instead she made little vertical lines on the white sheet—a series of them, with sometimes a vicious dig of the pencil. She could never write it. He would never know. She flung the pencil from her.

"I'd like to tell him, I would," she ground out through her teeth. "I'd just like to tell him——"

"TELL what?" came a voice from the doorway. Bert was standing there, staring at her. "Tell what, baby?"

He came toward her, and her eyes, wide open, narrowed suddenly as she sprang up, upsetting the chair behind her. before him.

"Tell you what I think of you, that's what!" she said.

He stood before her puzzled, his hat still on the back of his head.

"Say, are you crazy?" he asked.

She nodded. "Crazy to go on like I have about you. Sure that's what I am—crazy. You said it."

His face changed. He leaned on the table, thrusting his jaw forward.

"Just where do you get that stuff?" he snapped. "What's the big idea?"

She laughed at him. He thought he owned her. Thought he could control her emotions as he had always done. She'd show him.

"I might as well tell you. I got your number this time. You didn't get to see no boss. You went because a girl named Sadie wired you to come. Don't you lie to me, because I got it straight."

He did not flinch. Instead he squared his shoulders.

"Sure I went to see Sadie. What about it?"

She shrugged. "Nothin'. Only you can't lie to me no more."

"All right," he said. "Will you get out or will I?"

"I will. You can make yourself at home and have the whole of Albany in here, if you want to."

She took a step toward him, but he blocked that way, lolling against it. He was watching her closely.

"Just a minute," he said. "How'd you find out about Sadie?"

"I called up the telegraph office and got them to read me your telegram."

"Oh, you did, did you?" he snarled. "So you're a darned sneak, are you, nosing into my business——"

"Your business!" Oh, my, yes! If you call that business."

"Spying on me, are you? Well, I'm glad to know it. I won't stand none of that from you or no other person."

"All right. You won't have to. Let me by."

"Hold on. Before you go I just want to set you right on one thing. Sure I went to see Sadie. Do you know why? To put her where she belongs. That's all. She's a girl I used to know before I married you, see? and she always thought she had first claim on me. Well, she tried to start somethin', and it was time to put on the lid. So I did it. I just went up there to Albany, and——"

"I don't care what you did. If you'd stayed until I got out of the house, that's all——"

"I'm not stopping you. I just wanted to say that if you think I was off havin' a swell time somewheres——"

"You needn't explain to me."

"If you think I was having a swell time, I wasn't. I was tellin' her what would happen to her if she ever sent me another message, and getting on the train to come back here to you. Now, then, you got that. That's all."

He moved aside, and she passed him and entered the bedroom. He did not follow. But she heard his voice.

"Hurryin' back to you I was. All the thanks I get. Ran two blocks to catch the train."

With nervous fingers she loosened her house-dress. Her knees were shaking so that she was forced to sit down. Suddenly she found herself trembling all over. She must hurry—hurry—she must get out of the house and away before— Before what?

As she sat there shivering Bert entered.

"I want to talk to you businesslike," he said. She kept whispering to herself that she must make haste, but she could not move.

"Do you know where you're going to?"

She nodded.

"Got any money?"

She nodded again, her teeth chattering. Did he suppose she would take a penny from him?

"When you're all ready I'm goin' to call a taxi, and you can tell them where to go to. You ain't fit to take a street-car. What's the matter with you? Got a chill?"

She strove to answer, but she could not.

He said, "You sit still and tell me what you want to do with these bags. I'll tend to 'em."

She wished she could tell him to go. To leave her alone in her misery. But she dared not trust herself to speak. She mustn't cry. She mustn't.

"Got everythin'?" he was asking as he bent over the straps. "Oh, well if you haven't, I can send it to you. Don't you worry none."

She tried to rise. "I'm—I'm goin' to dress now."

"Oh, take your time," he said. "If my being around makes you sore I'll go." He waited for her reply. She wanted to tell him to leave her. She couldn't. He was looking down at her intently.

"Poor little kid getting all done up about a telegram! Did you think I'd tell you about it and have you worrying for fear that skirt would knife me? and she tried to. Oh, yes! Trust her! I wouldn't tell you. I says to myself, I says, I'll beat it to Albany and back so's we can take the train next afternoon for Atlantic City. That's what made me run an——"

She knew he was lying again. But she did not interrupt. He went on, evenly.

"Didn't want you to worry none. You had enough to do with me so sick on your hands. I guess you're tired of me, and that's what's the matter. I don't blame you. I'm no model. I don't pretend to be, and I guess you're doin' just right. I wouldn't stop you. If you want to get a divorce you can have it. Maybe you'll meet some other guy that's got a regular job and don't go off and leave you most of the time. I hope you will. You deserve it."

He sighed suddenly.

"You'll soon forget me. Yes, you will. But I won't forget you. I know you're too good for me. A whole lot too good, but I wouldn't marry another woman, not if she was to get down on her knees to me. Not if she was worth a million bucks. I won't care about nothin' after you quit me. What I eat—or if I get sick again or nothin'! Not that it will worry you. Why should it? You're through with me, all right. I can see that."

He straightened up, and held out his hand.

"Well, it's all in a lifetime, ain't it? I'm goin' to clear out now."

She did not speak.

"I guess you know what you're doin'. You made up your mind and that's all there is to it. But I wish you luck, baby."

At that she raised her head. Her eyes were haggard, her face drawn, her lips scarcely moved, but he heard her.

"I ain't goin'."

He stared at her.

"You don't mean—you couldn't have—"

SHE did not answer, but sat rigid, looking before her.

"I can't leave you," she said. "I can't—I can't." There was no gladness in her face. It was as tho a veil had been lifted from her eyes and revealed her love for what it was—a hideous skeleton—but she could not thrust it aside.

She said, "I'll stay, Bert."

He held her tightly. He covered her cold face with kisses. She did not relax. At last he rose, with a long breath. "Did you think I'd ever let you go? I would not. I'd've cut my hand off before I allowed you to leave this house."

She said, "We won't say no more about it, Bert."

He stretched himself. "Gosh, I'm tired! Let's start for Atlantic City the first thing in the morning. What you say? and turn in early to-night. I won't put it off unless you want to, but——"

"I don't mind; I don't mind nothin'."

He came back to her and lifted her chin in his hand.

"And you do love your Bertie some, don't you?"

He bent closer, his lips on hers. "You do, don't you?"

She shuddered, then surrendered to his kiss, pressing him passionately to her. "I do, I do," she cried.

When she freed him he stood up, smoothed back his hair, and smiled boyishly.

"Gee, I'm hungry!" he grinned. "Got anything in the house, baby? I wish you had one of them rice puddings, the kind you always make— I wouldn't do a thing to it!"

For answer she rose and moved toward the kitchen.

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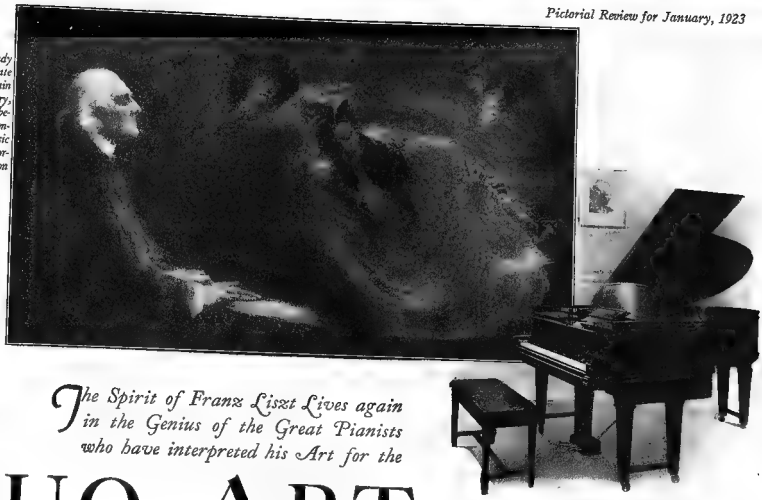


"The poor tinsel, the gaudy clothes, the dark, passionate faces seemed to rise again from the keys. Mystery, lament, glad, mad gaiety became crystallized in one imperishable beauty of music—in the soul of immemorable gypsies enshrined upon the keys."

The Spirit of Franz Liszt Lives again in the Genius of the Great Pianists who have interpreted his Art for the

DUO-ART REPRODUCING PIANO

THE STORY OF THE SECOND HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

IT is an old story now—begun three-quarters of a century ago. A placid valley in old Roumania shone in a crimson grandeur on that evening, touched by the setting sun. Before a fire the gypsies sat. They laughed; they chattered; they sang—their wild, dark faces, their tawdry tinsel gleaming to the fire. Slightly apart sat a man. Pale and lean and ascetic-looking he was, and yet about him seemed to cling the spirit of some vague, mysterious romance.

He was the great Franz Liszt—already famous in all the music-centers of Europe—come there on a strange quest. Years before he had heard a gypsy song. For years its weird and clinging melody had haunted him. Always had it been in his mind, thrilling him with its strange beauty. It had drawn him to that lonely spot, far from the triumph of courts and palaces. He had come to sojourn there — to share the gypsies' thoughts and lives—to learn the magic secret of their songs.

A Haunting Melody

Lower and lower sank the sun, turning the gold to dusk. Yet still he listened. Out from the fire's red glow sounded some song that had within it the mournful wistfulness of a child — then held a burst of passion vivid as a flower. Those gypsies' souls sang there before that fire, and floated on magic waves to him who listened transfixed and silent, in the dark.

That day was born the vision of an immortal beauty of music, born of that silent genius sitting there, which will never fade while music beauty lives upon the earth.

The Gypsy Song Immortalized

It was three years later. A great audience sat breathless, waiting for Liszt himself. He sat at the instrument. There was a minute's pause, and then a sort of magic came. The master played, and the mind went back to that peaceful Roumanian valley, to the gypsy folk whose voices had sounded forth those age-old songs to be transfigured by a genius mind. That music lived again infinitely beautified, infinitely adorned. All the pathos of that homeless, wandering race leaped like witcheries from beneath his hands.

The poor tinsel, the gaudy clothes, the dark, passionate faces seemed to rise again from the keys. Mystery, lament, glad, mad gaiety became crystallized in one imperishable beauty of music—in the soul of immemorial gypsies enshrined upon the keys.

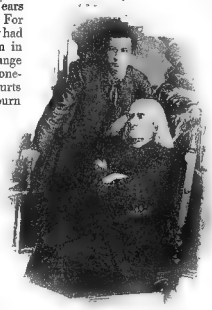
Suddenly —almost abruptly—he ceased. The master had completed the playing of his masterpiece. Liszt had given the priceless gift of his Second Hungarian Rhapsody to the world.

* * * * *

The Group of Famous Pianists Who Have Recorded the Liszt Rhapsodies for the Duo-Art

Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody is one of the world's most popular piano compositions. Despite the fact that it is numbered among the so-called "classics," the appeal of its alluring melodies, wild abandon, thunderous chords and climaxes is felt by every listener.

But only a master of the piano's keyboard can do this immortal work full justice. Only those whose execution is nearly faultless can reveal the full measure of the master's genius in embodying the very "spirit of an age-old race in deathless melody."



Alexander Siloti and his great master with whom he studied in his youth. Siloti was not only one of Liszt's most eminent pupils, but a warm, personal friend as well. His recordings for the Duo-Art constitute an authoritative standard for the interpretation of Liszt

To those who are fortunate enough to own the Duo-Art Reproducing Piano, the Liszt Rhapsodies are a source of almost unlimited enjoyment. Not only the Second, but the almost equally wonderful Twelfth, the Sixth, Eighth, Tenth and others of the series that Liszt composed, are available in the form of Duo-Art Rolls that are practically priceless.

These rolls record the interpretations of a group of pianists whose names head the list of the world's great musicians of today:

PADEREWSKI	BUSONI	CORTOT
FRIEDHEIM	RUBINSTEIN	GRAINGER
HOFMANN	GANZ	RENARD
SILOTI	SCHELLING	FRIEDMAN

Two of these artists—Siloti and Friedheim—were actually the personal pupils of Franz Liszt himself and imbibed their concept of the spirit of these mighty works, from the very source that gave them birth.

Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the value of the Duo-Art Reproducing Piano, both to musical art and the lover of music, than this group of Liszt's Rhapsodies and the illustrious names of those who have interpreted them.

When it is realized that this list of Duo-Art Rolls, imposing as it is, is but a small fraction of the instrument's repertoire; that practically all the great pianists of today are making records of the world's best music for this wonderful instrument, and that its possession brings music of all classes, popular and dance, as well as classic, directly into the home, some measure of its value is revealed. The Duo-Art Reproducing Piano is incomparably greater than any other musical instrument that has hitherto been known.

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WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE "MOVIES"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

But a purely technical improvement was not enough to hold a curious public quiescent for long. They became insistent in their demands for something yet again, and it was the public and not the managers who invented the star system. Personalities inevitably emerged into public favor from the solid block of a production, and of course the producers, who were never dumb-bells where money was concerned, seized on the notion of exploiting these individuals. They exploited stars to a point where the great majority of picture-goers got sick to death of even their prize favorites and said so freely within hearing of the house-manager as they left the theater after the show.

By this stage of the game an audible protest or a letter of criticism was enough to throw a big scare into the producers. And when gradually distributers all over the country began to turn down star-pictures, and the warehouses became choked with unreleased films which theater-owners refused to show because their patrons were tired of a "mugging" which conveyed no story, the big eggs of the profession were in a quandary. They combined and built chains of theaters in which to show their films, and formed their own releasing companies. To a certain extent they are still doing this, but it is no longer mainly for the showing of rejected films, for we have with us a new epoch in motion-picture making. Stories have come to be considered as an essential, plastic art has begun to take its proper place in the new productions, and the production personnel is shifting in the right direction.

There are to-day hundreds of men and women of taste, distinction, and integrity actively employed by the motion-picture industry. As short a time as six years ago very few of such of these as belonged to the arts would have even considered doing this work. Mechanical perfection has been largely responsible for their awakened interest; money has unquestionably been a big factor in securing them, for, strangely enough, the money involved has been just as much of an inducement to them as money would be to people in the shoe business or the coal business. But I'll tell the world, from a rock-bottom knowledge of the conception and manufacturing of motion-pictures, that those of my profession who are thus employed work hard for every nickel that they get.

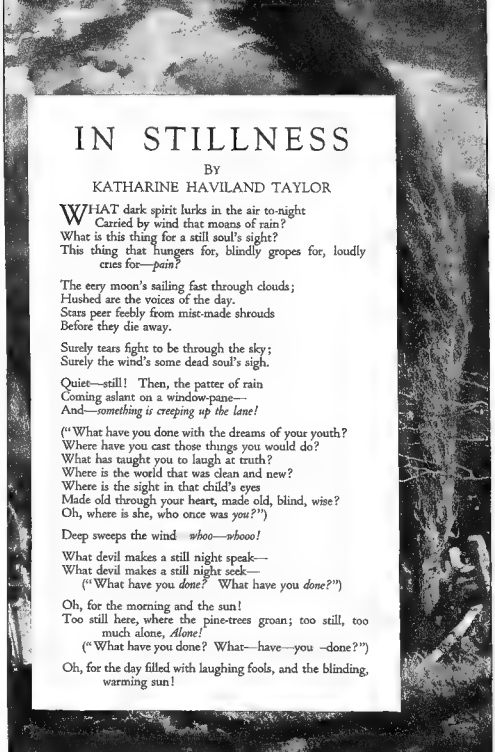
It is not possible to claim for any one person, or class of persons, the vast improvement in pictures which has been so apparent in the past five years. To do so would be as absurd as asserting who won that last war. I am not going to try and explain here the infinitely complicated mechanism, the co-operation, the strenuous work, and highly developed technique necessary for the production of the simplest two-reeler. But I do assure you that author, continuity-writer, title-editor, director, camera-man, actor, electrician, costumer, art-director, and a good dictator on the part of all are equally equally responsible for a thoroughly good picture, while on the other hand a deflection on the part of any one of these ruin the production.

BUT I do believe that the serious interest of experienced authors has made the greatest single contribution to the intellectual and moral value of modern pictures. In other words, to their power for unconscious education. And about thirty per cent. of the films released to-day unquestionably possess that valne. Now how, and why? For example.

When I was a child a loathing of good literature was almost successfully instilled in me in the most natural manner possible. I was forced by my parents to read it for my own good. Why in the name of Heaven anybody belonging to my generation ever outgrew the prejudice against the classics in literature and the drama, formed as a rule in school, is more than I know.

Now, here is the honest truth about most of what was offered to you and to me as standard literature. It is overwhelmingly dull, heavy pleading to a new generation which lives differently, looks differently, lives differently, from the solid Victorians who produced most of the high-school classics. Even Marlowe, Johnson, Sterne, and other equally famous but unread early Englishmen have small charm except for the professional writer or the solitary bookworm. To be unable to stick out the gigantic task of wading through them is, to my mind, no disgrace, but rather the sign of a modern vitality which is most commendable.

But the classics have survived, not because they have been forced upon the writhing minds of successive high-school classes, but because they are worthy of a survival. You should know them, and you can. Good English belongs to no particular age of literature, and can be found more pleasingly to our modern taste in the works of Joseph Hergesheimer or Conrad than in Dickens or Thackeray. Yet you ought to know your "David Copperfield" and your "Vanity Fair."



IN STILLNESS

BY

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

WHAT dark spirit lurks in the air to-night
Carried by wind that moans of rain?
What is this thing for a still soul's sight?
This thing that hungers for, blindly gropes for, loudly
cries for—*pain?*

The eery moon's sailing fast through clouds;
Hushed are the voices of the day.
Stars peer feebly from mist-made shrouds
Before they die away.

Surely tears fight to be through the sky;
Surely the wind's some dead soul's sigh.

Quiet—still! Then, the patter of rain
Coming aslant on a window-pane—
And—*something is creeping up the lane!*

("What have you done with the dreams of your youth?
Where have you cast those things you would do?
What has taught you to laugh at truth?
Where is the world that was clean and new?
Where is the sight in that child's eyes
Made old through your heart, made old, blind, wise?
Oh, where is she, who once was *you?*")

Deep sweeps the wind *whoo—whooo!*

What devil makes a still night speak—
What devil makes a still night seek—
("What have you *done?* What have you *done?*")

Oh, for the morning and the sun!
Too still here, where the pine-trees groan; too still, too
much alone, *Alone!*
("What have you done? What—have—you —done?")

Oh, for the day filled with laughing fools, and the blinding,
warming sun!

And you can get them through the "movies," exquisitely produced, in faithful detail and fine characterization.

I saw the essential story of "Great Expectations" at a New York theater in less than two hours. Not only did I see the story, but with it went all the original atmosphere. The descriptions which Dickens spread over a dozen closely printed pages were far more eloquently presented to me in as many feet of film. It would have been a task to read these descriptions; to see the places described was a delight.

A book which would have taken me two weeks to read had been given me exquisitely in less than a hundred and fifty minutes!

Now, millions of busy people have never read "Great Expectations" and I am not see why they should. But they ought to see the picture, and they will. And, believe me, out of the millions who see it, a steadily increasing percentage who would never otherwise read the book will go home and read it simply because they have seen the picture.

Several other of Dickens's novels have been presented in this way with equal success, and modern fiction of the most important order is being produced every week.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is one of the greatest picture successes of the last two years, and is to my mind a far better entertainment than the book. Even more significant is the success of Rex Ingram's second essay in the translation of serious literature to the screen, for who would have believed ten years ago that we would ever see Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet" on the silver-sheet? Yet even its change of title to "The Conquering Power" seems right enough, for this picture is essentially a translation from the French, made intelligible to the American public. Yet with French titles it would be equally acceptable to a French audience.

At last the age-long problem of translating fiction from one language to another is offered, in thousands of cases, an adequate solution. Pantomime ignores language; with correct visualization of environment the essence of description is crystallized. A good director who can read the original story in the language in which it was written can come pretty close to showing you that story on the screen. And to me such an interpretation is infinitely more satisfying than the halting, inadequate English of the average written translation.

The far-reaching results of bringing the great stories of other nations before our own people in this simple fashion are of an importance impossible to foresee. And of scarcely less interest is the survival of the drama of other days through the same medium.

If you have ever attended the revival of a long-dead favorite play, I am sure you must have realized that sympathetic ridicule was the predominant reaction of the audience. And justly so. The mechanics of the stage have progressed no less than the taste of the audience has altered. "The Two Orphans," which revived some ten years ago at the Broadway Theater, I think it was, seemed naive to the point of utter boredom. A sentiment for the traditions surrounding it was the chief factor in its brief success.

"The Two Orphans" on the screen, under the direction of Mr. Griffith, becomes "Orphans of the Storm," a thrilling, living story, and, what is more, a marvelously convincing glimpse of the French Revolution, presenting, incidentally, a most significant and commendable bit of propaganda which all the printed stories of unfortunate Russia have not been able to convey with anything like equal vividness.

AND what of Shakespeare? We all know that his plays are almost always cut when presented on the speaking stage. They are of an excellent length for picture purposes. Of course nothing in any picture can make up for the loss of the spoken word in this particular case. Yet surely it is better to have seen Shakespeare in the "movies" than never to have seen Shakespeare at all! Some day they will use his titles, too, without editing them. After all, they fit the action pretty well!

That section of the "movie"-going public which enjoys the strictly educational films is probably as small in proportion to the whole number of fans as are serious-minded people in any given group. But consider. Nothing forces Nellie the Faithful Gum-chewer to read a bit of Henry James before she is permitted to grab her Laura Jean's latest. But when Nellie goes to the "movies" to see her favorite hero she has got to sit through flora and fauna of the South Sea Islands, or something, because if she didn't come on time she might miss a part of the feature!

Nellie is becoming educated, even if she doesn't always know it, and perhaps still thinks the news weekly is a bore. But she does not necessarily close her eyes during their showing, and little by little this inescapable three thousand feet or so of preliminary film is having a marked effect on her kind all over the country.

What is even more to the point, Nellie doesn't scorn pictures like "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" or "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" or "Peter Ibbetson," and even "The Conquering Power" made a hit with her. "Some picture!" is her commendable comment. Sometimes I think Nellie is an excellent censor and that a lot can be safely entrusted to her good sense and taste.

One of the great financial mistakes of the early days of the picture industry was an underestimation of the intelligence of its public. The producers are now thoroughly realizing this, and you can no longer fool the Middle West with a New York débat. It is the reaction of the small house which makes for the success of any release, partially because audiences in such places are the best judges of a picture for the simple reason that they see motion-pictures almost to the exclusion of any other form of entertainment. They are picture-wise. Incidentally the big money earned by any picture is not made at the Broadway theaters of their original production, but from the audiences of the fifteen-to-thirty-cent picture-houses situated beyond commuting distance of any first-class city.

That the news films promote a wider discussion of public affairs is beyond question. No one, however ignorant, could see a flash of the Army-Navy game in season with thought. To see pictured our great public works is to better understand where some part, at least, of our heavy taxes go.

The value of the film as an advertising medium is being rapidly realized, and here's hoping we don't have to live through too long a period of abuse in this connection. As a medium for spreading American ideals, standards, and customs throughout the rest of the world the pictures are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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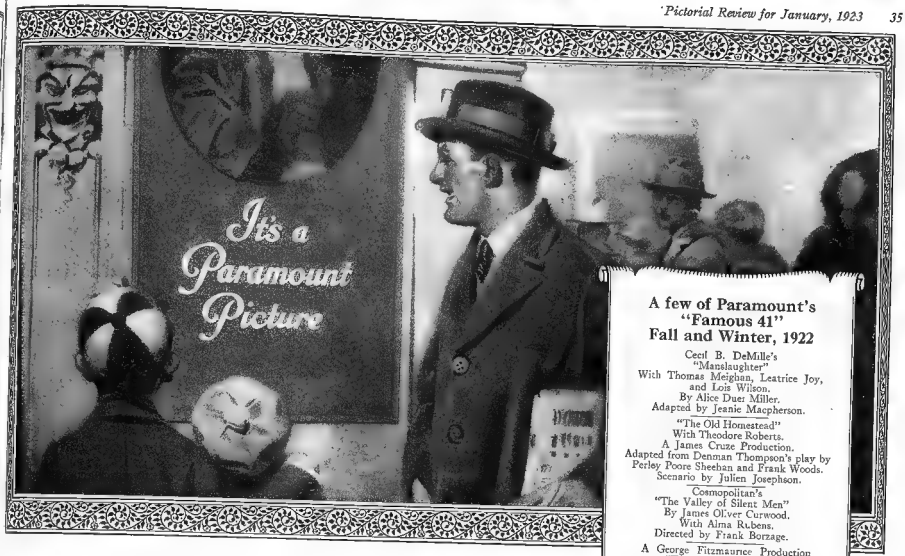

"Shopping" for the best pictures

THIS idea of shopping for their photoplays is gradually and surely taking hold of people.

Just the way they shop for suits, rugs or motor cars.

It may seem strange to shop for such a romantic thing as a modern picture but good business methods turn out as well in buying entertainment as in buying anything else.

When you buy an automobile that bears the proud brand name of one of the greatest firms in the industry you are sure of the finest.

Why? The name.

When you go to a theatre which is showing a motion picture made by the foremost concern in the industry you are sure you are in for a great time.

Why? The *name*, Paramount.

Not only by the title but by the brand-name do the best theatres everywhere announce them—it is the pride of delivering the best.

Go "shopping" and get Paramount.

A few of Paramount's "Famous 41" Fall and Winter, 1922

Cecil B. DeMille's
"Manslaughter"
With Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy, and Lois Wilson.
By Alice Duer Miller.
Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson.

"The Old Homestead"
With Theodore Roberts.
A James Cruze Production.
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods.
Scenario by Julien Josephson.

Cosmopolitan's
"The Valley of Silent Men"
By James Oliver Curwood.
With Alma Rubens.
Directed by Frank Borzage.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"To Have and To Hold"
With Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.
By Mary Johnston.
Scenario by Ouida Bergere.

Cosmopolitan's
"The Face in the Fog"
By Jack Boyle. With Lionel Barrymore.
Seena Owen and all star cast, including Lowell Sherman.
Directed by Alan Crosland

William deMille's
"Clarence"
With Wallace Reid,
Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy.
By Booth Tarkington.
Screenplay by Clara Beranger.

Gloria Swanson in
"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
By David Lisle. Adaptation by Percy Heath and Monte M Katterjohn.

Thomas Meighan in
George Ade's
"Back Home and Broke."
Directed by Alfred Green.

George Fitzmaurice's
"Kick In"
With Betty Compson, Bert Lytell,
May McAvoy.
By Willard Mack.
Scenario by Ouida Bergere.

Some New Paramount Pictures Coming in 1923

Pola Negri in
George Fitzmaurice's
"Bella Donna"
By Robert Hichens.
Supported by Conway Tearle and Conrad Nagel. Scenario by Ouida Bergere.
Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corp

George Melford's "Java Head"
By Joseph Hergesheimer.
With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, and George Fawcett.
Scenario by Waldemar Young.

James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon"
By Emerson Hough.
With Lois Wilson.
Produced by the director of "The Old Homestead"
Scenario by Jack Cunningham.

Cecil B. DeMille's
great new production
as yet untitled
By Jeanie Macpherson.
With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pauline Jaron.

An Allan Dwan production
"The Glimpses of the Moon"
With Bebe Daniels
By Edith Wharton.
Scenario by Edfrid Bingham.

William deMille's "Grumpy"
With Theodore Roberts and May McAvoy
From the play by Horace Hodges and T. Wygney Percyval.
Screen play by Clara Beranger.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

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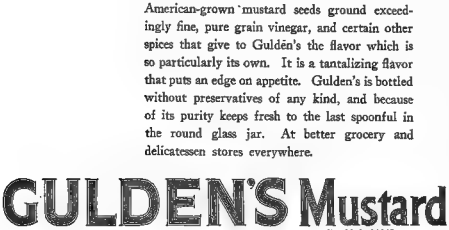
Creamy-white potatoes, pink and tender corned beef, fresh country butter, pepper, salt and a soupcon of onion juice. These are simple ingredients, but they make a tempting dish of corned beef hash when served steaming hot, with a generous dash of Gulden's Mustard. Gulden's is the condiment supreme, a mustard of unequalled quality. It is a special blend of imported and American-grown mustard seeds ground exceedingly fine, pure grain vinegar, and certain other spices that give to Gulden's the flavor which is so particularly its own. It is a tantalizing flavor that puts an edge on appetite. Gulden's is bottled without preservatives of any kind, and because of its purity keeps fresh to the last spoonful in the round glass jar. At better grocery and delicatessen stores everywhere.

GULDEN'S Mustard
READY-TO-USE *Established 1867*



Stop Wondering *How* I Teach Piano I'll *Show* You, FREE

Year after year you've seen my advertisement in all the leading publications, offering to teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time. Year after year my school has grown and grown until now I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. In 1921 over a thousand students *graduated* from my Piano or Organ course and received their diplomas.

Yet when I first started giving piano and organ lessons by mail in 1891 my method was laughed at. Could my conservatory have grown as it has, obtained students in every state of the Union and in fact practically every civilized country of the world unless it produced very unusual and satisfying RESULTS for its students? See for yourself what it is that has brought my method so rapidly to the front. Write for free booklet and sample lessons.

Now for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment *for a short time*. Simply send in your name and address on a letter or postcard and the 64-page booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once absolutely free and without obligation.

Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practise months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention the Colorotone. Another invention obtainable only from me is my hand-operated moving picture device, Quinn-dex. By means of Quinn-dex you actually see my fingers in motion on the piano, and can learn just how to train your own fingers.

When I say that I can teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time, do not think that this is too good to be true. Modern inventions and improved methods have accomplished just as great wonders in other branches of education. You at least owe it to yourself to *investigate*. Send letter or postcard at once, before the offer of free sample lessons is withdrawn.

Marcus Lucius Quinn, Conservatory of Music
Studio PR 61 598 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE "MOVIES"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

unrivaled. And let me call your attention to the fact that for every foreign film which comes into this country there are easily fifty American pictures exported, carrying their clean-cut vivid message. The more reason for a proper censorship, you think? Well, you may be right, at that!

The very word "censorship" at once implies that something is wrong with pictures, and I am perfectly willing to admit that plenty of things are wrong with them, and that one of these is the National Board of Censorship. I do not wish to unduly slam that respectable body or to drag it in where it does not belong, but, as a French girl I once knew used to say, "*Toujour la politesse*," which, freely translated, means "There are always politicians." That is one trouble with motion-picture censorship. You can't keep it out of politics. And just think of being given the power to say what is right and what is wrong with anything so flexible as one of the arts! It's enough to turn the head of an iron dog!

THE thing which has given me most faith in the value of the "movies" is the persistent way in which the public itself keeps on going to them in ever-increasing numbers. An audience may pan a picture unmercifully, but it comes right back for more punishment. The dear people have always believed that they would eventually get something good for their "movie" money, and without a doubt this wholesale censorship on the part of audiences all over the world is the result of the *hoi polloi* having at last been provided with a legitimate form of entertainment.

Just consider the "movies" in comparison to what the vast majority of people were offered as relaxation in past periods! The worst picture we get to see to-day is a far better entertainment than such sporting events as bear-baiting, with human bait, for example, or later, professional fisticuffs, the occasional village fair, and of extremely late years, cheap vaudeville and the corner saloon.

In fact, the more I rack my brain to try and remember what the dickens poor folks, or folks with small but respectable incomes, had as a form of entertainment before the advent of the "movies," the less I can recall any which might justly come under the head of pleasure. Of course there were nice, healthy walks that could be taken provided you were not too tired after a hard day's work, and occasional holidays when a person could, and usually did, loaf.

The trade-gilds had their annual outings, and if you stood in right you might get asked to step over with the boys and partake of a dinner, or something. But if you were in wrong you were out of luck. As far as I can recall in ye rotten old days of yore, there didn't exist a single decent amusement into which average people could buy their way at a price well within their means. There were circuses and eventually wax-works. But imagine going twice a week to the wax-works!

Of course the "movies" are not solely the amusement of us "bourgoisgeese" and gaunders. The rich and fashionable are, as usual, sneaking in on a good thing. Well, no matter how heavily they take it up they won't be able to crowd us out. For after all, the filthy rich of this country are only a very small percentage of the aggregate population, and the total of their entrance-fees wouldn't pay the extra's check on one lot for one week. It's the moderately well off and the poor who support the producers, and, believe me, all parties concerned are aware of that little thing! Also, even before prohibition the five-cent "movie" had become a formidable rival of the five-cent beer. And the fifteen-cent picture-palace is doing even better in its rivalry of the fifty-cent blind tiger.

Why, when I think of the people all over the country who are getting fun out of the pictures, the farmers, the small-towners, the tenement inhabitants of the big cities, the South-Sea Islanders, the Eskimos, who might otherwise never have known what a millionaire's home looked like, I could positively rush up and kiss somebody for sheer joy! I don't know just whom, but somebody, even our cow, if absolutely necessary.

Another group of people are getting almost as much fun out of the "movies" as those who go to see them, and these comprise the people who make the pictures.

While I am trying to tell you what is right with this game, I would not be fair unless I remarked in passing that several of the people in the picture business are very distinctly a part of its increasing virtue.

The lurid fires which have of late broken out from the long-smoldering cinders of a life of overindulgence led by a number of picture people have, I know, given a taint, unjustly, to the industry as a whole. There have been a few busts of both sexes in the pictures, just as there are a few good-for-nothings in any big factory or industry or association. The main difference between their presence in the motion-picture industry and in other lines is that motion-pictures are through their very nature more conspicuous in the eyes of the world. And the immense sums of money paid to individual members of the profession has been out of all proportion to the base value of the services rendered, a condition of affairs which could not but have disastrous results.

We all know what happened to our war-profiteers, and what their position swiftly became after the lash of public opinion. The picture-profiteers are now getting theirs, and the wave of just scorn and indignation which has swept over the country as a result of the explosion of the rotten eggs in the picture people's easily feathered nest, was coming to those who deserved it.

BUT the intrinsic worth of the motion-picture as an art, as an infinite source of profit and amusement for all the people, is sufficiently strong to survive the clumsy, even the, in some cases, dishonest handling of a few stupid clowns. To any sincere artist this new medium of expression—a picture that moves, does tricks, performs miracles, brings forth ghosts, exposes memories, lends itself to the formation of plastic groups and the composition of magnificent paintings, and, above all, suggests an endless vista of mechanical secrets still to be revealed and technical perfection as yet unhinted at—has a charm impossible to resist, once it is understood.

I am not afraid that the right people will not go into the pictures. Rather, I'm worried for fear enough of them won't stay out and attend to the rest of the art businesses for which we still have plenty of use. With broad-liners of this class taking the thing seriously, it is fair to suppose that we are in a way to see the "movies" fulfil their glorious promise.

Wholesome entertainment is as much a birthright for all the people as is life or liberty. The pursuit of happiness is also written into the Constitution, you know, and personally I can think of no other single institution which has offered just that more liberally than have the "movies." Also I can think of few graver responsibilities than those resting upon the shoulders of our motion-picture magnates, their power over the minds of our citizens is almost unlimited. Fortunately, they have come to realize it, and from the work of their new central organization we may expect outward and visible evidence of this in the immediate future.

That Precious Baby

On Our New-Year Cover

TAKE him to your warm home—and heart! A facsimile of Pictorial Review's exquisite January cover-design, without lettering and reproducing Nell Hatt's painting in all the beauty of the original colors, will be sent post-paid to any address for fifteen cents.

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Nature's Greatest Cleanser—20 Mule Team Borax and the finest soap scientifically blended into 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips will do what no other form of soap will do—all your work in washing fabrics.

20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips will do *all* these things: Soften the water. Wash all fabrics clean. Protect fine materials. Protect all delicate colors from fading. Protect all woolens from shrinking. 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips alone do everything necessary in washing clothes.

Remember, it's the Borax with the soap that does the work.

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A Newly Perfected Washing Compound for an Important Purpose

Your Electric Washing Machine *needs* 20 Mule Team Borax Washing Machine Soap—it's a *solvent*. A scientific blend of Nature's Greatest Cleanser—20 Mule Team Borax and fine soap, made especially for washing machines. It softens the water and gets a perfect result without injuring, fading or shrinking any material.

20 Mule Team Borax Washing Machine Soap protects your fabrics, your colors and your machine. Put it in your machine direct, it's ready to use.

Get it from your grocer

20 MULE TEAM
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SOAP

Something to Wash Dishes With —That's Good for the Hands

Yes, it's actually true—20 Mule Team Borax—Nature's Greatest Cleanser—scientifically combined with fine soap in a dish washing powder that will wash dishes, glassware and silver absolutely clean—Borax clean—in a few minutes and will not injure the skin.

20 Mule Team Borax Dish Washing Powder is easy and economical to use. Try it now—your grocer has it.

Remember it won't injure the skin

THREE of the 20 MULE TEAM BORAX PRODUCTS

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5 Good Rules for Good Teeth—Good Health

1—"Wash," Don't Scour Your Teeth (you wouldn't scour piano keys)

"*Wash*" your teeth thoroughly. Don't scour them. Washing cleans safely. "Scouring" cleans harmfully. Scouring scratches the enamel, the enamel procecs the teeth, and you can't grow new enamel! Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains no harsh grit. It cleanses and polishes by washing without scouring.

2—After Each Meal

"*Wash*" your teeth after *each* meal. When you eat, particles of food lodge between and around the teeth. Remove them promptly before they ferment in the high temperature of the mouth. Fermenting food causes cavities in the teeth. A clean tooth doesn't decay. "*Wash*" your teeth regularly, carefully, and thoroughly. Wash them just before going to bed.

3—Use a Safe Dentifrice

Use a safe dental cream. Powerful drugs in a dentifrice injure the mouth and throat. Avoid any dentifrice so strong that it cannot be used safely several times a day. Select an established, tried-and-tested dentifrice with a reputation for merit. You can use Colgate's during a long life without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel of the teeth.

4—Rub the Gums (*Gingival massage*)

As advised by many dentists, after you use the tooth brush, finish the cleansing by rubbing both upper and lower gums with the tip of the forefinger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. That massage helps to keep the gums firm and healthy.

5—See your dentist twice a year at least.

Some people try to doctor themselves, but even they don't attempt to be their own dentist. See your dentist *regularly, twice a year* at least.

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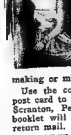
"Washes" and Polishes—
Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c—why pay more?

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

DRESSMAKING MADE EASY



Every woman should have this booklet—"*Dressmaking Made Easy.*" It tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dress-making or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 2-N, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

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WITCH MARY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"I hope to God she's dead!" There was a note of defiant relief in Black Eric's voice. At the shout of protest that greeted his words he became placating. "Well, she's done us all harm, hasn't she? She brought the drought upon us with her curse. She cursed yet again, and the dam broke up the river, and the flood came and drowned many of our cattle. She——"

Swarming in through the door came the children, cutting short his speech. They ran, terrified, to their mothers.

"I knew it!" sobbed Olga's girl. "I knew something awful would come!"

"But what is it? What's the matter?" cried the women, alarmed.

Kaisa's boy, the oldest of the children, answered. "The Witch! Witch Mary! She came down the path to the river. Didn't you hear her clicking her old cane? Didn't you hear her curse?"

"Will she—will she come in here, I wonder?" faltered one woman.

"She said the serpent of the river would get him! She cried it out! She waved her cane and said that!"

"No," protested another child, "she said she would kill him!"

"I could not see her—I was *so*—so scared!" a third added, with chattering teeth.

Black Eric stood silent, his face pale and twitching. He was evidently fighting for control.

"Where'd she go?" he asked.

"Down to the river!"

"No, she went back in the woods. She went fast, like the wind!"

THEY crowded to the windows, the children still clinging to their mothers. Beyond the river-bank stretched a sand-bar, gleaming white in the sun. The river coiled and twisted, like sinuous green snakes writhing together.

"There she is, Mama! See her through the willows!" cried Kaisa's boy excitedly.

"O God, yes, there she is! Her clothes are frayed, they blow about her. she waves her cane in the air!"

"Where, where?" pleaded a voice.

"Red shawl dragging on her shoulder, cloth around her head!"

"*Ja, kära Gud!*" gasped one.

"Can't you hear her, Mama?" wailed the little girl. "She's muttering——"

A peculiar moaning, like the cry of a lost soul, broke upon them.

"That is the river, child," soothed Olga. "Hush, *vännen*, do not cry so!" Her own voice was wavering, full of a nameless fear.

"Muttering her curses, of course," finished Black Eric, laughing hideously.

"She'll bring some awful thing upon us, even now, with her heart-sore full!" sobbed the old crone. Her pipe fell unheeded to the floor.

"*Tyst, mej tan* if she will!" cried Black Eric, suddenly straightening his shoulders and throwing back his head. "It's a good thing I came back just in time. What are you, a parcel of weaklings, to let her bring you bad luck with her curses?"

"She has done no harm," ventured Olga, but her words sounded feeble

"Done no harm!" shrieked Black Eric, cracking his whip. "There was the time when the Spring was well on the way. The grain was already up from the ground. The wheat was doing bravely, and the rye was a foot tall. She hadn't been seen for some time——"

"You'd been gone then, too, I remember," accused Olga. "You'd been gone, and we hadn't seen her,—and when you returned she——"

"That's nothing to do with it!" he snapped. "She appeared, and cursed us——"

"She cursed *you*, you mean." Olga hid behind her husband, peering out at Black Eric with hate in her eyes. "She has never troubled us——"

"The bad luck fell upon all alike, didn't it? With the grain as green as could be, and no crows to speak of. Everything pointed to a good Summer. And what happened, I ask you?" His tones rang out clearly now, swept over them with hypnotic spell.

"Come, Sven, before he gets us in his power," she whispered.

"The rains came down and washed it all away. We had to sow the second time, and then it was too late, and we lost everything, even the seed. And the rains washed away much of our land, dragged it into the ravines——"

"That is true!" sighed the old man, looking even older, and more wrinkled.

The faces of the men lengthened, became sad and thoughtful. Memories of long, hard years of heart-breaking toil lingered with them. Many were bent and broken in the struggle, their joints swollen and knotted with rheumatism from the cruel Winters. Ah, it had taken years to win their small farms from the hold of the forests, here on the hilly slopes of Wisconsin. They had given their lives to it.

"It might have happened, anyway," pleaded Olga, gazing fearfully around upon the altered faces of the men. "We can't expect all the years to be good as this one. Farmers everywhere have some bad years——"

"And there was the time," Black Eric, his eyes gleaming evilly, went on, paying no attention to her interruption, "that the children were coming home from school. They had made wreaths of poison-ivy and hung them around their necks. Witch Mary met them, and told them they would die at sundown. Did they not nearly die?" he demanded, this time addressing the women.

"What are you saying?" cried Olga, drawing the little girl closer. "I have never heard of that!"

"We thought best not to speak of it, lest the children get too frightened," said Kaisa.

"Young Eric nearly died, as it was. And certain it is they would all have died if they had not come home in time for us to treat them."

Olga stooped to lift the little girl, passionately folding her close.

"Each time she has cursed us it has been something more terrible," Black Eric's voice rang out. "God knows what it will be this time! And always it has happened when our crops were doing nicely and our hopes were high——"

"That is true; yes, yes, that *is* true!"

"So now, with your barns so full of hay it sticks out for yards at the open sides and your grain ready to harvest, now—she comes cursing again! And you men are weak enough to let her rob you of this! And you women! What are you, that you will let her curse your children? Such mothers! Bah! Even a dog will protect its young! Yes, like as not it will fall upon the children this time——"

"No, no, no!" The women shrank from him. Some staggered as the they would have fallen, and sat weakly down. A brutal look was dawning in the faces of the men. Silent Sven alone was not moved; his arms were folded in front, his head thrown back.

"EVEN in the old days," Black Eric went on, "before people were civilized, they destroyed the witches that brought them harm. They drove them out! They burned them at the stake!"

"No, no!" Olga found her voice with a choking effort. "You will not be so cruel—you will not burn her!"

Black Eric's eyes gleamed savagely. He towered above them, triumphantly.

"I shouldn't advise that," he agreed, "but—to drive her out——"

"Who is to do this?" quavered a voice

"Look, Mama," cried the little girl. "She is running back to the woods!"

"Running back to the hut," shrilled Kaisa, peering out, "with her plaid shawl hanging over her bones!"

"Now is the time!" cried Black Eric. "Now, when you can catch her in the hut! Go quickly, you men!"

"And what about *you?*" Silent Sven addressed Black Eric for the first time.

"Me?" cringed Black Eric. "It—would not—do for me——"

"Oh, you *dares'i't*." Silent Sven flung the challenge at him.

"*Dares'i't*. You can't say that word to me! Come on, all of you! I will lead you! I will show you if I dare!" He started for the door, the men preparing to follow him.

"I will go, too!" cried Olga. "You shall not burn her; I can at least see to that!"

"I would burn her," retorted Kaisa. "I would help light the fagots! Olaf, you stay in the store."

"Is that so?" said Olaf, with gleaming eyes. "I shall be needed, like as not. 'Tis a woman's place to stay at home——"

"I'm not going to be cheated of this!" Kaisa turned to the old crone on the floor. "You stay," she coaxed.

"You couldn't climb the hill, anyway. It's a long hill!"

"I can climb the hill," quavered the old woman. "I can climb it as well as anybody. I shall go with the others. Not every one is going. I shall not stay behind."

"I will give you a pound of coffee, the best in the store. I will give you two yards of cloth for an apron."

The old woman's eyes narrowed to slits. "Five pounds of coffee," she wheedled. "and five yards of your best goods, or I go with the rest!"

"Five pounds! No, that I will never——"

"And some tobacco! Yes, I think I must have some tobacco!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS COUPE

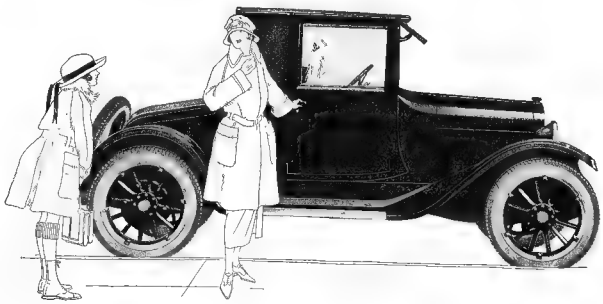
Women are expressing as much interest as men in the all-steel construction of the body.

Not simply because it is something new in closed car design, but because it is something distinctly better.

They value its safety, its noiselessness, and the fact that, unlike bodies partially or wholly built of wood, it can be enameled under intense heat, giving the car a finish of exceptional lustre and durability.

They appreciate, too, that the tasteful comfort and thoroughness of the car's equipment is made possible —at so moderate a price— because there is so little waste, either of time or materials, in building the body of steel.

The price is $980 f. o. b. Detroit



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It's Man's Pie—

delicious, energizing, ironizing pie

Serve pie like this to men who work hard and you'll win immediate approval.

For this is *raisin* pie, which means a pie that's more than merely luscious.

The big, plump, juicy Seeded raisins—containing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—almost immediately renew the energy sapped by a busy day, because these raisins are 75% fruit sugar which is in practically predigested form.

Men *feel* this energy soon after eating.

Add that *effect* to the delicious flavor of this fine pie and you have about the ideal business man's dessert.

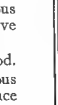
Raisins furnish food-iron also—good for the blood.

So there are three good reasons for serving luscious seeded raisins in this delightful way at least once every week.

Buy Ready-Baked

Groceries and bake shops everywhere are supplying raisin pie made fresh for you in modern local bakeries practically every day. Ask your retailer.

Made with big, plump, tender, juicy, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins. The juice forms a delicious sauce. A flaky crust completes this pie's attractions.



You can do less home baking with foods like this available at a corner store. Try, and see how good they are. Take advantage of this service that high class bakers render to housekeepers.

Sun-Maid *Seeded* Raisins

Blue Package

Always buy Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins for home use. Made from finest California table grapes. Mail coupon for free book of recipes describing scores of luscious raisin foods.

Cut this out and send it

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Dept. A-301,
Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes With Raisins."

Name.....

Street .....

City.....State.....

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers

Membership 13,000

DEPT. A-301, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

WITCH MARY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

"Oh, give it to her!" cried Wise Olaf. "Give it her, and let us be on!"

Cautioning the children to play on the bank until their return, they formed in a group at the base of the hill, where the path led up to Witch Mary's hut. Black Eric cracked his whip. The men picked up long sticks, all except Silent Sven. Viking cruelty shone in their faces. The women would have clung to their arms, but the men shook them off, and started ahead, Black Eric leading.

It was a tangled path, knotted across by roots of trees and shrubs. The branches of the trees interlaced above, forming a shady arch. All along, beside the way, slender spires of blue vervain lifted their purple blossoms to the random sun.

"See," said Kaisa, awed by the luxuriant growth. "See how thick it is. And witches have always used it in their caldrons. No wonder it grows here!"

"But the vervain," protested Olga, "the vervain grew on Mount Calvary, and it has the power of healing."

"You will say next, I suppose," Kaisa retorted, "that it has been watered by the old witch's tears!"

"Come on, you women!" called Wise Olaf. "Do not lag behind!"

THE women became silent, not stopping again to take note of the flowers beside the way. They panted after the men, who were climbing rapidly.

"Can you see the hut?" called Kaisa, pausing to get her breath.

"No, the trees have grown up about it. And don't *talk*—she'll hear us."

"I'd no idea it was such a hard hill," Kaisa's face was red; her eyes were wildly excited.

"Do you think they will kill her?" whispered Olga. "Even Sven looked fierce."

"Twould serve her right."

As they neared the top the women too picked up stout sticks. "Just to help us climb," suggested one, as if ashamed.

"I want no stick," said Olga, but she stopped for a moment with the others. "Oh, look! You can see the river from here—just the place, I believe, where the girl was drowned!"

The men called them again, and by the time they had caught up, the top of the hill was reached. They paused a moment at the edge of the clearing. Young trees had grown so high that they overshadowed the hut. The wind rattled through the leaves in hollow whispers. They saw the hut at last, sagging between the branches. The stovepipe had fallen, but still clung to the rotted shingles. The one window overlooking the river was broken, and had not been repaired.

"It was a poor hut, at best," said the old man. "Let us not be too hard on her."

"Ho!" blustered Eric, swinging around to face the speaker savagely. "You are already weakening, are you?"

A debating silence followed, then the old man decided. "No, she must be driven out."

They made their difficult way through tangled weeds and shrubs to the door, which faced the woods behind.

"You rap," said Black Eric. "One of you, any one."

"Not I." Wise Olaf shook his head. The others shrank back.

"What about *you?*" Silent Sven again challenged the leader. "You are afraid to!"

"I am afraid, am I?" he sputtered. He walked unsteadily to the door, his face haggard with fear.

"Everything is silent —silent as the grave," whispered Olga, clinging to her husband's arm, openly afraid.

"What's that?" a startled voice cut in. "Sobbing? Was that sobbing?" A wailing note swept through the trees.

"Hush!"

Black Eric raised his hand. The knob was rusty, the door sunken in. He rapped feebly at first, his hands trembling like aspen-leaves. Getting no response but an empty echo from within, he struck his fist heavily against the door. It almost gave way.

"Open the door, Witch!" he cried. "You can't hide from us!"

"Don't be so harsh," begged Olga, her voice the wraith of a whisper. "You will frighten her to death!"

Goaded to desperation, he raised his fist, and gave the door a terrific blow. It fell with a soft thud, the rotted wood crumbling on the floor. He stepped in, the rest following.

A thick carpet of dust lay over everything. No imprint upon it, except some tracks left by wandering rats. A stove, red with rust and warped beyond recognition, stood on one side, supporting an old country metal coffee-pot, filmed with black. Cobwebs hung from the ample rafters overhead. The round home-made rugs, once brave with gay colors, were scattered over the warped floor, and looked like little mounds of earth. Beside the broken window stood a sagging spinning-wheel, so long unused that it drooped in utter dejection, one spindle fallen down.

At first bewildered, utterly struck dumb, then filled with horror too deep for words, the people looked around the room, its silent pathos striking like icy hands across their consciousness.

"She has not—*lived* here!" Kaisa found her voice first. She stooped and picked up a rusty pan lying beside the stove, and Lung it on a bent nail, as tho in this small act she found consolation.

"What—what is that—over there?" She pointed to a curtain drawn over an object on one side.

There was a gasp. "Maybe—maybe she is—dead behind——"

"Dead! You fools!" shrieked Black Eric. "Didn't we just see her?" He staggered to the curtain, grasped it roughly. It fell, a crumpled mass of dust and decayed cloth, disclosing the two built-in bunks, now empty, where Mary and her daughter had slept.

"There, you see! She must be living in the outhouse, the barn. She—she kept the cow there. Let's look for her there—" And he passed over what had been the door, the rest following.

"The grave!" cried the old man. "I remember where it was. Let us look for the grave!"

"Leave the grave alone!" choked Black Eric, his face twisting horribly. "She is out in the barn, I tell you! See, I think she is there!" He pointed a shaking finger to another broken-down hut between the trees.

"We will find the grave," said Silent Sven. "You said it was between the oaks."

"I won't go there!" gasped Black Eric. "Let us look——"

"You'll come with us!" Silent Sven commanded, grasping Black Eric by the shoulder and dragging him along. Silent and sweet, the crowd proceeded through the tangle of weeds and young trees to the side of the hut between the two oaks. Some of the men began to poke around with their sticks, but Olga stopped them.

The old man motioned silently to a depression in the ground. "It is long ago," he whispered. "The grave—is sunken."

OLGA fell on her knees, sobbing convulsively. She reached out her hands, and reverently brushed aside the leaves that lay upon the grave, then started up, a cry of terror on her lips.

Within the depression, where she had scraped the leaves away, a human skeleton lay bleaching, stained almost to the color of brown twigs. As they bent over they saw a skull, through the sockets of which rose the slender spires of a plant, covering it mercifully with clusters of purplish-blue flowers. A rusty iron cross lay beside it.

"That is—that is where she lay—when we came up," quavered the old man. "She lay there——"

The women began to sob unrestrainedly. Kaisa's voice wailing above the others. The men turned upon Black Eric, their sticks raised high, terror forgotten in a mighty wave of revenge that swept its fire over them.

"It isn't true!" he gasped, his teeth clicking together. "It isn't, I tell you! Haven't we seen her—all these years? Didn't we—see her—this——"

Before the look in their faces he slunk away. He stumbled past the hut, the thorny branches reaching out their hands, catching him, tearing his clothes. On down the path, his terrified flight impeded by the gnarled roots.

Behind him followed a human avalanche, great cries issuing from their throats, sticks raised, ready to strike. Silent Sven fought his way to the front, called them to silence. "Let him go!" His voice rang out. "Let him go! His vice will punish him, far, far more than we could punish him! It will follow him, as it has followed him all these years. But never again will it affect us, and *she* is at rest!"

Before him, in the gap left by the branches, lay the river, coiling and twisting in the sun, a waiting, hungry look upon its face.

Few writers indeed, in their first published story, approach, even, the heights and depths of emotion, the rugged power and the beauty of diction attained in "Witch Mary." Miss Larsson is a young woman, of Scandinavian inheritance, from whom as a writer much may be expected.

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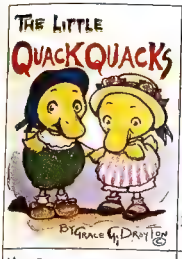
DOLLY DINGLE GOES SNOW-SHOEING



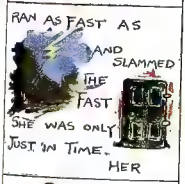
MRS. HEN was very lonely. All her children had grown up, so she adopted two little Quackies. Mrs. Quack-Quack had so many little ones she could easily spare two.

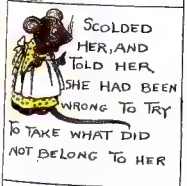
As it was Sunday, Mrs. Hen

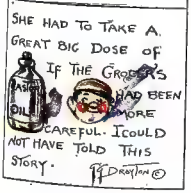
took them home and dressed them up prettily and took them to church.

But, oh, dear me! On the way they came to a pond, and the little Quack-Quacks jumped right in and spoiled their lovely new clothes.

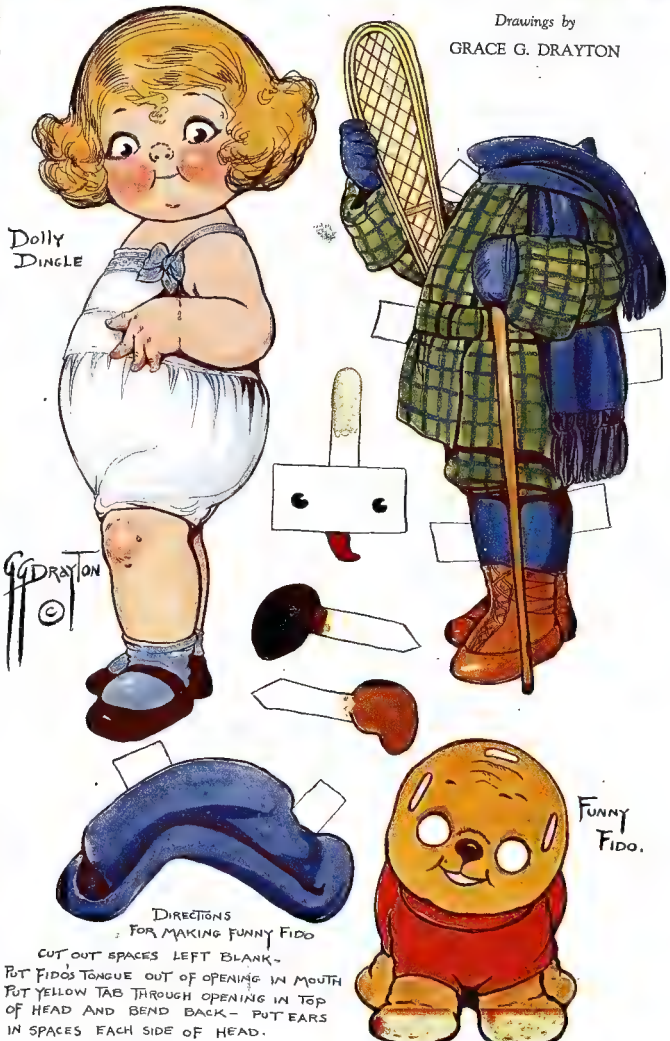
Weren't they naughty?







Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON



DIRECTIONS
FOR MAKING FUNNY FIDO

CUT OUT SPACES LEFT BLANK- PUT FIDOS TONGUE OUT OF OPENING IN MOUTH PUT YELLOW TAB THROUGH OPENING IN TOP OF HEAD AND BEND BACK- PUT EARS IN SPACES EACH SIDE OF HEAD.

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WILDA BENNETT
"The Lady in Ermine" (Above).

LILLIAN RHIFFANT.

EDITH DAY
"Orange Blossoms"

Go-gle

Keep Your System Regulated

Eat **Dried Peaches and Figs**

and fig Products

HEALTH-FRUITS FROM CALIFORNIA

Sturdy Children

—are the result of proper feeding

The health and strength of your children depend on eating the right food. *Be sure* they get a well balanced ration. Give them dried peaches and figs served in an attractive manner, for these fruits contain protein, vitamines and laxative properties not found in most foods, assuring a well-balanced ration and keeping the system working like a watch.

OTHER foods can be greatly improved by adding dried peaches and figs. Eaten as a sauce for breakfast or dessert, they provide more than usual nourishment and at the same time give you a dish that is delicious.

These are California's finest fruits, ripened on the trees under sunshine and blue skies, then picked and spread out in the open to dry. They are Nature's best fruits and natural foods, possessing properties that contribute to the health.

Housewives will find these fruits a great help in preparing their daily menus, for they can be used in hundreds of different ways in preparing dishes that everybody enjoys.

You'll like These!

Here are fig products that will become instantly popular with you, after you once learn how good they are.

Try whole figs preserved in syrup—Fig Preserve—canned fresh figs—Fig Meat—and Fig Brownies. This gives you variety and each product possesses the same health-giving properties that are contained in dried figs and peaches.

Children who suffer from malnutrition will thrive on figs. Adults who need to strengthen their vitality will find figs a wonderful help, and persons who are recovering from sickness will derive great benefits by using figs in any form.

Fig Preserve

Fig Preserve is made from crushed figs. Those who delight in jams and marmalades will find in Fig Preserve a rare delicacy indeed. The very best of California Figs are used in making this product, which will receive a hearty welcome in every household where it is introduced.

Fig Meat

A Nutrition Food

Fig Meat comes to you in attractive, sanitary cartons. It is made from crushed dried figs and welcomed everywhere by health institutions which have learned that Fig Meat is the greatest food in the world for those who are in poor health and in need of a food that will give them strength and stamina. In cases of malnutrition Fig Meat has been proven decidedly beneficial.

Fig Brownies

Children in particular will take a keen delight in eating "Fig Brownies." These are made from Fig Meat in convenient mouthfuls. They come in 5c cartons and also are sold in bulk at 2 for a penny. Pure figs slightly sugared; ideal for "between meals" eating to allay that hungry feeling.

Fresh Fig Pie

Made From Canned Fresh Figs at Your Bakery

Now you can have Fresh Fig Pie all the year around, for a new process has been discovered which makes possible the canning of figs as they are picked ripe from the trees. These figs are sold to bakers who use them in making Fresh Fig Pie.

This offers you a rare treat. Only bakers know how to make Fresh Fig Pie and they are now provided with fresh figs at any time of the year, so go to your baker whenever you want a pie that is different and unique in goodness and flavor.

Stewed Figs

Made From Dried Figs

Every mother knows that figs are the greatest natural regulator that can be found for the children. Whatever is good for the children is also good for the "grown-ups," so serve Stewed Figs for breakfast. Stewed Figs are also a very welcome dessert at the dinner table, especially nice, clean California Figs with their wonderful flavor and appetite appeal.

Dried Figs are inexpensive, easy to prepare in sauces, and are very desirable in making Cakes, Pies, Salads, and other good things to eat.

Peach Sauce

Made From Dried Peaches

Every breakfast should start with fruit of some kind, so the health authorities say. Eat the various seasonable fruits for variety, but, when they are not obtainable, do not deny yourself of this necessity but utilize dried peaches and figs, which health authorities will tell you contain even more beneficial properties than fresh fruits.

PEACH SAUCE made from dried peaches is one of the most delicious breakfast dishes that have ever been conceived. You will like it immensely.

Preserved Whole Figs

From Fresh Figs

Probably the finest and most wholesome fruit in the world today is California Preserved Whole Figs.

They have long been considered a rare delicacy, but not until recently has it been possible to offer them in grocery stores at a price within reach of everybody. The world's finest figs are produced in California, and now a preserving process has been invented so that this wonderful fruit can be brought to the table of the American people.

SEND FOR

FREE RECIPES

A post card addressed to Dept. "C" will bring to you a booklet of both peach and fig recipes which will prove very interesting. Every home should have these recipes.

THEY'RE FREE!

Produced and Packed by the

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF MACHINERY

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the series of "Planning the House to Save Labor" this is the third article. Mrs. Croy, the author, is a planner of houses by profession, and uses in her own home the devices she describes, having given them the most thorough tests.

TO GET the most out of household machinery the work must be done with the head—not with the hands. The woman who says she has a fireless cooker but does not use it, and the woman who says she has electrical devices for doing her heavy work but that she can not get a maid to use them, are running their households with their hands.

There is no work which requires more intelligence than housekeeping, and knowledge of housework does not "come natural," any more than does knowledge of how to care for a baby "just come to a woman after she has one." The first year of housekeeping for the woman who has had no training, and the care of the poor little "first baby" of the woman who has no scientific knowledge of the care of babies, constitute a period of experimental work, and household and baby suffer in proportion to the intelligence lacking.

To be a good cook requires intelligence, tho not necessarily education; to have a sanitary home means the application of brain-power as well as muscle, and to have rosy-cheeked, cold-free youngsters one must apply, at least some of the time, the science of a doctor or a trained nurse. To some women domesticity comes more readily than to others, and some women more readily adapt themselves to the use of machinery in running their homes; but any woman, with even a little application, can soon learn how to use her machinery to the greatest advantage. A house with labor-saving devices installed, and a woman of intelligence to manage it, mean a smooth-running household and in most instances a cheerful, happy home.

Wash-day, for instance, was once the dreaded day of the week, but that was in the days when there were no tubs nor running water, no washing-machine, ironing-machine, nor electric iron, and no indoor clothes-drier to save a woman from the severe weather. A woman who has her laundry properly equipped does not mind wash-day any more than any other day, for washing is now a clean and self-respecting task, finished without fatigue.

Clothes should be turned right side out when they are taken off. That is the first step toward efficient laundry-work. It is easier to turn the sleeves when removing a garment than after it is mixed with other wet clothing.

Whether or not clothes should be soaked before washing in the machine depends upon how dirty they are. If extremely dirty clothing is not soaked, allowing the dirt to become loosened before the machine starts its work, it will require a longer period of time for the washing. Likewise, very dirty clothing soaked in cold or tepid water without soap will have to be washed longer than if soap were used to dissolve the grease and soften the dirt.

The following directions are used with satisfactory results in the household of one woman who is careful to a degree in all of her housework:

(1) All linen or any pieces likely to be stained with fruit, tea, or coffee are examined, and stains removed before wetting the garment.

(2) All table-linen, all bed-linen, all curtains, and all body-clothing are separated into piles; the dirtiest of body-pieces are also kept separate.

(3) If hot water is plentiful, tepid water is used for soaking (otherwise cold water), and the water covers the clothes thoroughly. (If clothes are not soaked they are always wet with *cold* water before the washing is started, since to turn hot water on dirty pieces is likely to result in setting the dirt-stains.)

(4) Soap-powder, or liquid soap, is put into the water and a good lather formed before putting the clothes into it.

(5) Very badly soiled parts, such as cuffs and neck-bands of shirts, are rubbed with soap.

(6) When the water is hard a softening-fluid or -powder is added to it. (There are several good ones on the market.)

(7) The clothes are left to soak for a couple of hours ordinarily, tho if more convenient they are soaked overnight. To soak some kinds of dirt too long, however, tends to make it in too firmly.

(8) After soaking, hot water is run into the machine, a small amount of soap added, and the clothes run through the electric wringer, when the current is turned on and the machine started.

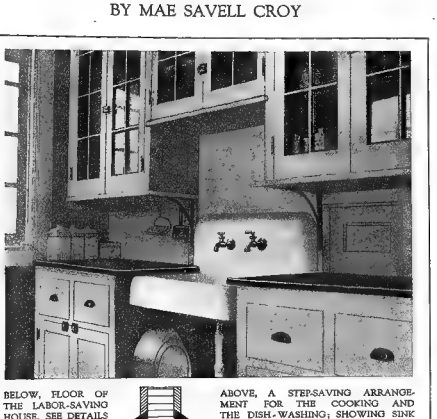
(9) While the water runs into the machine through a pipe in the side of the machine, the lid is kept on to prevent steam rising and settling on walls and ceiling.

(10) After a period of time, from ten to twenty minutes, depending upon how soiled the clothes are, the machine is stopped, and the clothes run through the wringer into a hot rinsing-water. (If the washed clothes were not badly soiled, the same washing-water does for the next lot of clothes by adding a little more hot water.)

(11) While the first lot of clothes are being rinsed the second lot are washing in the machine, and while the second lot are being rinsed the third lot are washing.

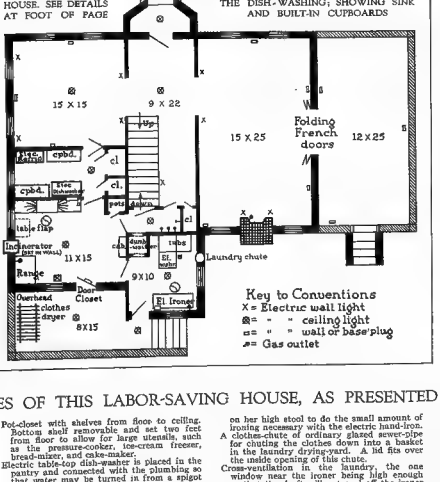
(12) In rinsing the clothes the hands are not put into the water. The clothes are plunged up and down by means of a plunger or stick.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



BELOW, FLOOR OF THE LABOR-SAVING HOUSE. SEE DETAILS AT FOOT OF PAGE

ABOVE, A STEP-SAVING ARRANGEMENT FOR THE COOKING AND THE DISH-WASHING; SHOWING SINK AND BUILT-IN CUPBOARDS


15 X 15
9 X 22
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12 X 25
Folding French doors
cl.
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A distinctive way to bake Premium Ham

Cover the butt end of a Premium Ham with cold water, heat slowly and simmer gently, allowing 20 minutes for each pound. Then remove the rind and—here's the special touch—spread mustard over the ham fat and sprinkle generously with brown sugar. Stud the top with cloves and bake for an hour in a moderately hot oven.

This you'll find a most appetizing dish.

Premium Ham to start with. Ham that's carefully selected for fine texture and for tenderness. Ham that's given a special sweet mild cure, then smoked over hardwood fires with patient skill till the premium fullness of flavor is secured. This ham with its layer of fat made spicy sweet by the mixture of mustard with sugar that caramelizes in the baking!

Can't you imagine it on a platter—how impatiently the family will await its serving?

Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Swift
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Special Brand Pure Lard

Look for this identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

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Fruit Salad

One cup pineapple (diced or crushed), 2 cups white grapes (halved and seeds removed), 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces; ½ cup Diamond Walnut meats, chopped; ¾ cup apples, chopped. Serve with Golden Salad Dressing.

New Holiday Delicacies

Add Walnuts to Old Favorites

Here is a secret which chefs know and use. It will make your Holiday dinners even more attractive and inviting than usual.

It is fine also for adding variety to favorite foods at all seasons. It is this—add a few crisp, plump, delicious Walnuts to your recipes.

They give a new and delightful flavor which is just the appealing change you want.

Serve at Christmas

Try them in Holiday salads, cakes, desserts and dressing for fowls. They make a wonderful meatless meat loaf. In fact, their uses are almost limitless.

In addition to their delicious flavor, Walnuts are very nourishing. They are over 96 per cent pure nutrition.

For example, they provide 3180 calories—the scientific measure of food value—to the pound, three to four times as many as most meats and vegetables you serve.

Selected from 4,000 Groves

The superior Walnuts, hand-sorted, crack-tested and selected from the output of 4,000 California groves, are called Diamond Walnuts. They give more meats per pound and yet cost no more than ordinary kinds.

They are thin-shelled and contain big, crisp, flavory meats which are excellent for all purposes.

To be absolutely certain of this satisfactory quality ask your grocer to fill your order from the big sack marked with the Diamond trade mark, like the one on this page.

Walnut Oatmeal Cookies

Four tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons lard, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 5 tablespoons milk, 1¾ cups rolled oats, 1 cup Diamond Brand Walnut meats (chopped), 1¾ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, 50 Diamond Walnut meats (halved).

Cream butter and lard together and add sugar gradually while beating constantly. Add egg well beaten, milk, rolled oats, chopped Diamond Brand Walnut meats and flour mixed and sifted with salt, soda, cinnamon, cloves, and allspice. Drop from tip of spoon on a buttered sheet, one inch apart, place Diamond Brand Walnut meat half in center of each, and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes.

Walnut Chocolate Sundae

One square chocolate, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons corn syrup, ⅓ cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 quart vanilla ice cream, 1 cup Diamond Brand Walnut meats.

Melt chocolate over hot water, add butter, corn syrup and pour on gradually the water. Remove from over hot water, bring to boiling point, add sugar and boil five minutes, cool slightly and add vanilla. Put a scoop of vanilla ice cream in dessert glass, pour chocolate sauce over ice cream and sprinkle generously with coarsely chopped Diamond Brand Walnut meats. Serve at once. This sauce may also be served over plain cake.

California Walnut Growers Association

A Purely Cooperative, Non-profit Organization of Over 4,000 Growers
Our Yearly Production More Than Forty Million Pounds

Los Angeles, California

DIAMOND Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The can contains halves for topping and facing, as well as pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected halves for table use and fancy dishes.

MANY recipes just as tempting as those on this page are contained in the revised edition of "100 Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. You may have one on request. Address Dept. 707.

DIAMOND

DIAMOND *California* WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

WHAT THE BUTCHER HAS TO SAY

An Authority Gives His Popular Talk on Lamb and Pork in the Fourth of Our Marketing Articles

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

YOU will remember that in our November number Mr. Edward Thurston, of the Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, talked about buying meat and explained the different cuts of beef and veal, where they are found and how they are best used. We said that in an early issue this well-known marketman would tell about lamb and pork in the same interesting way. Mr. Thurston believes that the one who buys the food for the family should have a wide knowledge, and he has taught many people (both men and women) about meat through his demonstrations and his talks to various groups of students and members of women's clubs.

Speaking of lamb, Mr. Thurston says: "I find among the many people who come to our market or order over the telephone that most of them limit their families to a few favorites, such as rib- and loin-chops and legs of lamb. This helps to make certain cuts of lamb expensive. The fore quarter, which is so delicious, is neglected. Parts of the shoulder are as tender and full of flavor as the best of the hind quarter. In Armenian restaurants the meat close to the shoulder-blade furnishes tender cubes of meat which are broiled on skewers and called 'shish kebab.'

"Lamb is always in the market, but is at its best in May and June, for it is then most juicy and tender, with the flavor that only real Spring lamb has. As the season advances it becomes cheaper, and about the Fourth of July costs less than at any time during the year. From then on lamb should be most often served.

"Lamb a year old is called yearling lamb Many people prefer it to Spring lamb because of the richer flavor and heavier cuts.

"Lamb that has passed the yearling stage is mutton. I find that my customers do not buy nearly as much mutton as they should for economy's sake. There is no good reason why mutton should not be as popular here as in England

"The cuts of lamb and mutton are the same, but there is such a difference in the flavor, texture, and price that the housewife should know how to distinguish between them. The flesh of lamb is fine-grained, firm, and a deep pink. The fat is hard and white, and the parchment-like membrane can easily be stripped from the outside fat. The bones are streaked with pink, and the knuckles are rough and pinkish in color. Mutton is darker than lamb, and the flesh is firmer. The bones are white, and the joints white and smooth.

"There are some people who object to the so-called 'strong flavor' of mutton and even insist that lamb has a flavor which they do not like. So when a roast of lamb is suggested as being an economical purchase they say, 'Oh, no, I never serve lamb at my table; it has such a "woolly flavor."' Any taint or strong flavor that lamb or mutton may have is largely due to improper dressing of the animal or to the parchment-like covering just under the hide which has not been removed. This is a rather rough and oily membrane known as the caul or fell.

"In some States there is a law requiring the abattoirs to remove the caul before shipping to the market. When the marketman does his own butchering the housewife must be doubly certain to see that this has been done. After the caul and excess fat have been removed there is still a parchment-like covering that is easily pulled away from the meat. The butcher usually strips this from the chops as he prepares them, but not from the stewing-pieces, legs, or shoulders. This covering hardens when cooked and gives the meat a rather disagreeable flavor.

"So look over all lamb and mutton that come into your kitchen, and remove this if it has not already been done.

"You should know the cuts of lamb and mutton just as well as of beef.

"A lamb carcass is first split in two lengthwise and then each side is divided into fore and hind quarters, the division coming between the fifth and sixth ribs. This leaves eight ribs on the hind quarter.

"The cheaper cuts of lamb and those which the marketman most frequently finds difficulty in selling are from the fore quarter, and include the neck, shoulder, shank, and breast. Housekeepers so seldom ask for anything but a leg of lamb, or kidney-chops, that we marketmen sometimes wonder if women realize that a lamb has four legs. Have you ever tried a rolled shoulder of lamb? This includes the fore leg. Have it boned, rolled, and tied in shape. This makes a delicious oven roast that is easily carved, and so appeals to the man of the family. If you like cold roast lamb you will have almost perfect rounds for serving. When the fore quarter is boned, always take the bones, for they make a good soup-stock foundation. At the present time (late Autumn) shoulder of lamb is selling for twenty-two cents a pound and leg of lamb costs forty cents a pound—a saving well worth considering. Have you ever tried shoulder-chops? These are the most economical of any of the lamb-chops.

"A fore quarter from a three-months-old lamb weighs about six pounds, and it is a saving to buy the whole quarter if your refrigerator is large enough and keeps food well. The neck is good to use in stews, potpies, fricassees, and croquettes; the shoulder for roasts, chops, and stews; and the shank is excellent for broths and soups. Breast of lamb is comparatively cheap, and is suitable for broiling or braising, or it may be stuffed, rolled, and baked.

"From the hind quarter come the more expensive parts, the leg and the loin. The leg is separated from the loin at the hip-bone, and the loin from the shoulder at the sixth rib. The loin includes the rib- and kidney-chops and also the flank. One thrifty housewife who comes to me, always buys the leg and loin, getting the whole piece at a flat price—usually the loin is more expensive than the leg. She plans to use the loin as chops for one meal, and keeps the leg for two days before serving it as a hot roast.

"It is more economical to purchase for the small family a short leg of lamb; that is, the leg without the loin section. Chops from the loin section are known as kidney- and rib-chops. Sometimes the loin is used for a roast, but we think it rather too expensive. Ribs are most often cut into chops, allowing one rib to each chop. For special occasions these chops are often 'Frenched'; that is, the meat is scraped away from the bone to the point where the eye of the chop begins. Your marketman will gladly do this for you.

"The most attractive of all roasts is the 'crown,' which your butcher will form for you from the rib-chops. This roast usually takes from twelve to twenty-four ribs, depending on the number of people you are serving. Have your butcher cut half of the ribs from one side and half from the other, so that the roast will be evenly shaped when finished. The flesh is scraped from the ribs just as with French chops and the two sections shaped into half circles and fastened together, with the ribs on the outside. The tip of each rib is capped with a cube of salt pork to keep it from burning. The trimmings are put through the grinder and used as the foundation for forcemeat or stuffing to be baked in the center of the roast.

"There are two special cuts of mutton that are very popular. One is the English mutton-chop, which is about three inches thick and is cut from either the loin or the ribs. The other is the saddle of mutton, which is the whole of the loin section before the animal is split into sides. When the saddle is carved it is cut into slices parallel to the backbone. This roast is very attractive in appearance and delicious in flavor, and is very suitable for a large dinner.

"There are many of the so-called extra portions of both lamb and mutton that are economical and delicious and which your family will enjoy. Do not forget them when marketing. Hearts, liver, brains, tongues, and sweetbreads are all good. Lamb's sweetbreads are quite small and not often to be found in the large markets, but if they can be obtained are usually inexpensive and are particularly nice for creamed dishes and salads. The kidneys are also a great delicacy when split and broiled or made into a stew. Lamb's liver has a very fine flavor, and usually costs much less than calf's liver."

AND now for some "inside advice" by Mr. Thurston concerning pork products.

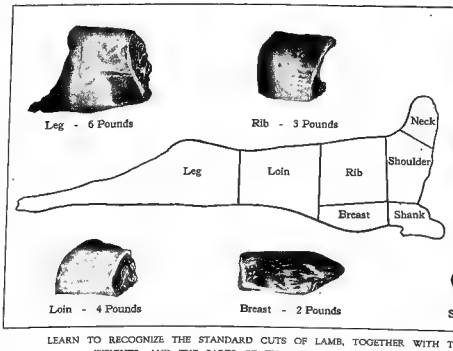
"It is the wise buyer who puts pork and pork products on her market list during the Winter months, for pork is best at this time. When buying pork, always ask for meat from a young animal so that it will be sweet and tender. The flesh of good

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

SHOPPING AROUND FOR MEAT

THE modern butcher-shop is a regular department store, carrying the main lines of beef, pork, lamb, and veal, and a variety of side-lines in the form of "cuts of meat." It remains the job of the buyer to select the meat for her family's dinner from this array of cuts. Just how well she can accomplish this depends upon how much she really knows about meat and how well she and her marketman co-operate. Most butchers are glad to help their customers to vary the old round of steaks, chops, and roasts and are willing to explain the ins and outs of buying.

Consult your butcher. There are bargains for the woman who knows.



LEARN TO RECOGNIZE THE STANDARD CUTS OF LAMB, TOGETHER WITH THEIR AVERAGE WEIGHTS, AND THE PARTS OF THE CARCASS FROM WHICH THEY COME

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One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.
LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL
LORAIN
LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL

Why Some Women Like to Bake

FIND a woman who seldom has a baking-failure and you'll find one who really enjoys baking. Nobody enjoys work that only now and then brings successful results.

Home-cooking grows monotonous if new dishes are not occasionally introduced. Women know this, yet fear to try new recipes. Why?

It's easy to follow mixing-directions. The trouble is not there. Trouble starts when carefully-mixed ingredients are placed in the oven of a stove by one who has no knowledge of the *exact* Time and Temperature that should be used, or in an oven with no means of registering and controlling the heat when the exact Time and Temperature are known.

Now, baking-powder bread is easy to mix. When properly baked it is delicious. But, it's difficult to bake baking-powder bread to the center without burning the crust. However, with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, both center and crust can be baked *perfectly*.

Also, if you own a Lorain-equipped Gas Range it isn't necessary to let the dough stand in the pan twenty minutes before baking, as most recipes recommend. Instead, you put the loaf right in the oven.

Then again, it requires about one hour to bake a loaf of baking-powder bread. With an old style gas range it is necessary to open the oven door several times during that period, to regulate the heat, and opening the door only *increases* the chances of failure.

With a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you merely set the Regulator at 300 degrees. Then you close the oven door and go where you please until the hour is up. Neither bread nor burner will require any attention during the baking period. Sounds very wonderful, doesn't it? And it is wonderful.

Thousands of dealers now sell Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. Go to the nearest dealer and ask to be shown how whole meals can be cooked in the oven at one time while you're miles away. Ask about Lorain oven canning. Ask how the most delicate and delicious desserts can be baked without ever a failure. Ask for the names of women who own Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. They'll all tell you how pleased they are.

And, when you buy a new stove be sure it's a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. There's only one Lorain. You can tell it by the Red Wheel.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 61 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest makers of gas ranges in the world

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AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 61 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your latest booklet. I have checked my favorite stove.

Name_____ Address_____

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- ☐ CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
- ☐ DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
- ☐ DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
- ☐ NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
- ☐ QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
- ☐ RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Recipe
Lorain Date Bread

Set the Lorain Red Wheel at 300 degrees. Light the oven. (Freshest only if the stove-directions call for preheating.) Then place the date-bread-mixture in the oven and let it bake *without attention for 2 hour.* The ingredients of Lorain Date Bread and the method of mixing it follow. Level measurements should be made when measuring the ingredients.

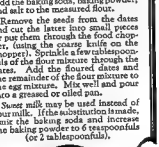
1 egg	*¾ cup baking soda*
½ cup sugar	*4 tsps. baking powder*
1¾ cups sour milk	*1 teaspoonful salt*
3 cups flour	*2 pkg. (or 20 oz.) dates*

Break the egg into a mixing bowl, add the sugar and sour milk and mix.

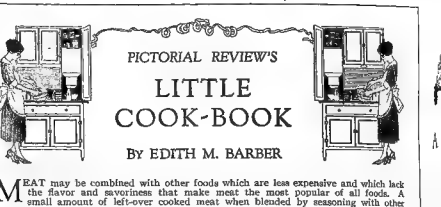
Sift some flour (preferably pastry), measure 3 cupfuls of the sifted flour. Add the baking soda, baking powder, and salt to the measured flour.

Remove the seeds from the dates and cut the latter into small pieces or put them through the food chopper, (using the coarse knife on the chopper). Sprinkle a few tablespoonfuls of the flour mixture through the dates. Add the floured dates and the remainder of the flour mixture to the egg mixture. Mix well and pour into a greased or oiled pan.

Sweet milk may be used instead of sour milk. If the substitution is made, omit the baking soda and increase the baking powder to 6 teaspoonfuls (or 2 tablespoonfuls).



This Recipe Prepared Especially for American Stove Company
by CARLOTTA C. OREER
Head of the Department of Foods and Household Management, East Technical High School, Cleveland, and Author of "Textbook of Cooking", "Food and Victory", "School and Home Cooking".



PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

MEAT may be combined with other foods which are less expensive and which lack the flavor and savoriness that make meat the most popular of all foods. A small amount of left-over cooked meat when blended by seasoning with other materials will give us a satisfying dish, while a small amount of uncooked meat will go even farther as a "flavoring."

MEAT COMBINATIONS

THE clever housewife will utilize every scrap of meat which comes from the butcher's, and she will also make sure that every scrap consists of "Trimmings" of all sorts will of course go into the soup-stock, and the tougher ends of the cuts, such as the "tail" of the porterhouse, for instance, may be ground and used for such dishes as Kenderton Hamburg, Spaghetti with Meat,' or American Chop-Suey, where the flavor of the previously uncooked meat goes a long way in making a savory dish.

After meat has been cooked it has lost more or less of its natural flavor and must be carefully seasoned and combined with such piquant foods as tomatoes, onions, cheese, or herbs, providing the interesting tang which will call for a second helping. Hash, for instance, which may have acquired a bad name, may be restored to favor by the art of the cook.

Frizzled Beef

¼ Pound Dried Beef	3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat	2 Cupfuls Milk
	Pepper

TEAR the beef into pieces. Melt the fat in a frying-pan and cook the beef in it a few minutes. Sprinkle with the flour and pepper, stir well, add the milk, stir until it boils, and boil one minute.

Sausage

WHEN sausage is in cases, each should be pricked with a fork before cooking. Place in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) in a dripping-pan and bake until brown, or cover with water in a frying-pan, cook fifteen minutes, drain, and brown. Small sausages may be placed in nests of biscuit dough and baked in a hot oven. "Bulk sausage" should be formed into cakes and fried or baked.

American Chop-Suey

¼ Cupful Rice	2 Chopped Onions
3 Medium-sized Potatoes, Diced	½ Pound Chopped Beef
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat	2 Cupfuls Tomatoes
	Salt
	Pepper

BOIL the rice ten minutes, add the diced potatoes, and cook until soft. Melt the fat, add the onions and meat, and cook until brown. Drain the rice and potatoes and mix with the meat, add the tomatoes and seasoning, and pour the mixture into a greased baking-dish. Bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until brown. Left-over cooked meat may be used.

Kenderton Hamburg

½ Pound Hamburg Steak	Salt
	Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Dripping	3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
	2 Cupfuls Milk
	5 Slices Toast

MELT the dripping in a frying-pan, add the meat, and cook until light brown. Sprinkle with the flour and seasoning, stir until smooth, add the milk, and boil three minutes, stirring constantly. Serve on toast.

Squash with Meat

½ Pound Mutton	Pepper
1 Chopped Onion	1 Sliced Carrot
3 Tablespoonfuls Fat	1 Sprig Parsley
4 Cupfuls Squash, Cut in Cubes	1 Sprig Thyme
	1 Bay-leaf
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour	2 Cloves
1 Teaspoonful Salt	1½ Cupful Water
	1 Cupful Tomatoes

CUT the mutton into small pieces and brown with the onion in the fat. If Winter squash is used pare before cutting into cubes. Add the squash and stir until it is well mixed with the fat. Sprinkle with the flour, stir, and add the other ingredients. Cover and cook slowly thirty minutes on top of the stove or in the oven (350 degrees F.).

Baked Cutlets

¾ Pound Chopped Veal	1 Egg
	2 Cupfuls Flour
¾ Pound Chopped Salt Pork	½ Cupful Milk
	1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Soft Bread-crumbs	Pepper
	1 Tablespoonfuls Butter

WORK together the pork and veal and add the other ingredients. Shape into five forms, dot with butter, and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) half an hour. After the cutlets begin to brown baste occasionally with hot water. Serve with a brown or a white sauce.

LEFT-OVER MEATS

Meat Croquettes

1¾ Cupful Cold Chopped Meat	1 Teaspoonful Onion-Juice
1 Cupful Thick White Sauce	Nutmeg
	½ Cupful Dried Bread crums, Rolled and Sifted
Salt	
Few Grains Cayenne	
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-Juice	1 Egg, Diluted with 2 Tablespoonfuls Water

MIX the sauce with the meat, add the seasoning, and spread on a plate to cool. Shape, dip in crums, egg, and crums again. Prepare more crums and egg if necessary. Fry in deep fat and drain on paper.

Thick Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter	⅛ Teaspoonful Salt
	Pepper
½ Cupful Flour	Paprika
1 Cupful Milk	

MELT the butter, add the flour and seasoning, stir until smooth, add the milk, and cook until thick, stirring constantly.

Baked Spaghetti with Meat

½ Pound Spaghetti	½ Cupful Bread-crums
1 Cupful Milk	1 Egg
1 Cupful Grated Cheese	1 Small Green Pepper, Chopped
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter	1 Teaspoonful Chopped Onion
1½ Cupful Chopped Cold Meat	1 Teaspoonful Salt
	⅛ Teaspoonful Nutmeg

COOK the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Place in a greased baking-dish, add other ingredients, sprinkle with the cheese, and dot with butter. Mix the other ingredients together and spread over the top. Bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until brown.

Ham Flakes

1½ Cupful Noodles, Broken in Pieces	1 Cupful Milk
	½ Cupful Canned Peas
Salt	
Pepper	1 Egg
½ Pound Boiled Ham, Cut in Small Pieces	1 Tablespoonful Butter

COOK the noodles until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and mix with the ham, seasoning, milk, egg, and peas. Dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) twenty-five minutes. Spaghetti may be used in place of the noodles.

Lamb with Jelly Sauce

10 Slices Cold Lamb or Mutton	2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
	1 Glassful Tart Jelly

MELT the butter in a frying-pan and in it place the slices of cold meat. Cook two minutes and add the jelly. Let just come to a boil and serve at once. Currant or mint jelly is delicious for this sauce, or a mixture of left-over jellies or jams may be used.

Corned-Beef Hash

1 Cupful Chopped Cooked Corned Beef	Salt
	Pepper
1 Cupful Potatoes	½ Cupful Milk
2 Chopped Onions	2 Tablespoonfuls Fat

MIX the ingredients and place in a baking-dish, and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) twenty minutes or cook in a heavy frying-pan until the milk is absorbed, stirring constantly. Let brown on the bottom and fold like an omelet. If cooked in the latter way more fat may be added to the hash as necessary.

Scalloped Ham with Potatoes

¾ Pound Ham, Cut in Inch Pieces	1 Quart Sliced Raw Potatoes
Pepper	2 Cupfuls Milk

ARRANGE the potatoes and the ham in layers in a buttered baking-dish, sprinkling each layer with pepper. Add the milk and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until the potatoes are tender. If necessary add more milk. Raw ham or left-over cooked ham may be used in this recipe.

Chicken Scramble

6 Eggs	1 Teaspoonful Onion-Juice
½ Cupful Milk	
1 Teaspoonful Salt	1 Cupful Diced Cold Chicken
1 Tablespoonful Minced Pimiento	2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

BEAT the eggs slightly, add the milk, seasoning, and the chicken. Melt the butter in a heavy frying-pan and pour in the mixture. Cook over a low fire, stirring constantly until the eggs are just set. Be careful not to overcook them.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE NORMAL BABY AT ONE YEAR OF AGE

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Your report and letter about little Paul's first birthday have just come, and I think he must be a very normal and lovely baby. Here are the answers to your questions this month, according to number:

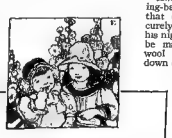
1. "Will you please tell me just what a normal baby should weigh and measure and some of the other physical and mental points in the development of the average normal baby at one year of age, so I can see if my little Paul is really a normal child?"

Ans. The weight of an average normal boy at one year is 21 pounds according to Dr. L. E. Holt, or 21½ pounds according to the Government table. The height is 29½ inches; circumference of head, 18 inches; and the chest, 18 inches. There should be six teeth, the two lower central incisors and the four upper incisors.

Baby should be able to stand by holding onto the sides of his pen, and often to take a few steps by holding onto something. Some babies walk a little alone at this age, but many do not walk until they are nearly fifteen months old. Never urge babies to do any of these things. Usually they can say "Mama," "Dada," and possibly one or two other short words. They often can tell where their eyes, nose, and mouth are, and can shake a "By-by" and play "pat-a-cake." They can tell where the household pets are by pointing each one out in turn, and will bark about when they see their hats and coats, as they know this means going out.

2. "Does Paul need two naps a day now? Please tell me a good schedule to follow at one year of age."

Ans. No, one nap is enough. Mothers usually plan in the following manner: 6 A. M., warm milk to drink; 8 A. M., strained fruit-juice, followed by nursery chair and bowel-movement. Babies then usually play in crib until 9 or 9.30 A. M., when they have a tub-bath. Second feeding is given at 10 A. M., followed by nap in open-window room or out-of-doors in baby-carriage until 1.30 or 2 P. M. At 2 P. M. they have their dinner, after which they again go out-of-doors and remain until 4 or 5 P. M., depending on the season and climate. They then come in and play in their baby's pen until it is time to be undressed and sponged off at 5.30 or 5.45 P. M. They then have their supper, with warm wrapper and shoes on, sitting at a little nursery table for this, and go to bed by 6.30 for the night. At 10 P. M. they are taken up and placed on the chamber for a minute, then put back at once to go right off to sleep again until 6 A. M. No milk is taken at 10 P. M., but a drink of water may be given if wanted. Some mothers like to give the sponge-bath at 7.30 or 8.30 A. M. and the tub-bath at 5.30 P. M., depending on the convenience of each household.



3. "Will you please tell me just what to feed Paul now?"

Ans. Paul should now begin to take whole, undiluted milk, and from a cup, not a bottle. It should still be warmed a little; no sugar or anything else need be put into it. The milk should still be certified.

6 A. M.—Eight ounces of warm milk and a piece of zwieback should be given.

8 A. M.—The strained juice of one sweet orange (no sugar), or pineapple-juice or prune-juice or strained apple sauce or grape-juice (about two tablespoonfuls of any one of these, working up to four tablespoonfuls *gradually* if they agree).

10 A. M.—Three level tablespoonfuls of a well-cooked cereal, with little whole milk and a pinch of salt; six ounces of warm milk to drink; piece of dried whole-wheat bread, with very little butter on it.

2 P. M.—Six ounces of mutton or chicken broth, with rice or barley or arrowroot to thicken these a little; or else six ounces of a vegetable soup, or else two ounces of beef-juice poured over two tablespoonfuls of well-cooked rice, or else the whole of a fresh, coddled egg; a piece of unsweetened zwieback, six ounces of warm milk.

6 P. M.—Dried bread and milk, or else three tablespoonfuls of junket and milk, or else milk-toast, or else three tablespoonfuls of a cereal jelly; one whole-wheat or Graham cracker, eight ounces of milk to drink.

All articles mentioned should be alternated so that as great a variety may be had during one week as possible. I will enclose a diet-list for you, planned out for every day in the week and advise you to go *exactly* by this. Any other mother wishing this diet-list will receive one, provided she sends a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request. Recipes for the different foods mentioned will also be sent on request, if the return-envelop accompanies the letter.

4. "Should I take Paul out in all kinds of weather now, and at what temperature should I keep his nursery this Winter?"

Ans. No, not in cold, bitter winds, snow, or rain, or if the temperature is much below twenty degrees F. On such days he should be aired in the house. In the daytime his nursery should be kept at sixty-eight degrees F.; at night it may go to fifty degrees or even lower, if there is some heat in the bedroom to keep off dampness and chill, and the baby is well covered.

5. "How can I keep Paul covered at night? I pin him in with large safety-pins, but he crawls out on top of the covers, and I fear he will catch cold."

Ans. Use a large sleeping-bag or "Baby Bunting" that can be buttoned securely up to his neck over his nightgown. This should be made of good quality wool material, like eider-down cloth, or else it might be made from an old pair of wool blankets. The Pattern Department has a good pattern (No. 7039) for this. Write that department for it. *Do not* write and ask me to send it to you.

6. How shall I take care of Paul's six little teeth?

Ans. Get a small, soft tooth-brush; night and morning moisten this brush in water, then *dip* it into a little precipitated chalk. Gently brush the teeth both vertically and horizontally, so that any particles of food are removed; then dip the brush in fresh water and brush the teeth again. *Try* to teach the baby to rinse his mouth with a little fresh water, as soon as he can understand what you mean.

Now, Mrs. N——, please write to me again when Paul is fifteen months of age, and I will add something else to his diet. Make a full report then on the yellow blank I enclose as usual. A report every three months during the baby's second year is expected if you wish to earn the pretty certificate at the end of his first two years of life. You have not missed a single report thus far and will receive the certificate at the end of the course if you continue to be as faithful during this second year as you have been during the first year. Good-by, then, for the next three months. I hope Paul will keep well during all of this time.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

What is Mother's greatest obligation?

WITH Mother's help, the child can build her own mind. But Mother alone must lay strong foundations for the child's body by choosing the right food. This is Mother's greatest obligation.

Dr. Holt, Dr. Wiley and other scientific friends of children have taught us much about food. We all know oatmeal is the ideal cereal, but how many realize the great *difference* in rolled oats?

In choosing, the safe way is to specify H-O (Hornby's Oats)—the only oats thoroughly steam-cooked and pan-toasted in the old-fashioned way.

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Slip on and off like a coat

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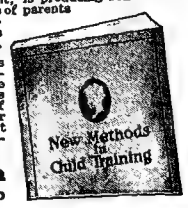

The Parents Association
Dept. 551 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

WHAT THE BUTCHER HAS TO SAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

pork is fine-grained, a faint pinkish color, and well mottled with firm white fat. Do not accept pork that is dull and dry-looking or that has yellowish lumps in the flesh or the fat.

"Pork is first split in halves, but the sides are divided into sections instead of fore and hind quarters. The most important parts are probably the hind leg or the ham and the loin. Most housekeepers are so accustomed to buying cured hams that they do not know that there are fresh hams from young porkers. A fresh ham is an excellent choice when a number of people are to be served.

"THERE is no great difference in the tenderness of the different cuts of pork, but the shoulder is coarser-grained than the loins and hams and has more fat in proportion to the amount of lean meat. You can buy a shoulder of pork, have it boned, and rolled ready for roasting or boiling. A picnic ham is a shoulder of pork which has been boned and rolled and then smoked. It has practically no waste.

"Loin of pork includes the ribs and the chyme. The chyme is considered the better purchase for a roast as it has the pork tenderloin. Chops from either chyme or ribs are good.

"At the present time pork loins are in such demand that the tenderloins are rarely removed. But if you can obtain them in the market, do so, for they are a delicacy well worth having. A fair-sized tenderloin weighs a pound. It may be prepared for broiling, either by splitting lengthwise, but not quite through, and then opening, or a large tenderloin is often cut in fillets like a beef tenderloin.

"Spareribs, fresh and salted, are among the most popular of the pork dishes. They are cut from the lower part of the ribs and are inexpensive. There is, however, so little meat compared with the amount of bone that one pound should be purchased for each person to be served.

"The flank and brisket are both used for bacon, and the brisket is sometimes corned, and called brisket pork. The fat back is made into salt pork.

"There are very few suggestions that I can make about buying cured hams. But I would advise that you try standard brands, and that you keep right on trying until you finally discover one that pleases you in both flavor and texture. There is a great difference of opinion as to how salty a ham really should be. This is a matter of personal taste.

"If you plan ahead and find that you can use one, a whole ham is a good buy. The ham can be cooked whole or, as is sometimes done, divided and the butt end baked or boiled. The center may be baked, boiled, or used in slices, and the shank boiled, and the rind used for seasoning.

"People have educated their tastes to the center cuts of ham, which are the most expensive, leaving a surplus of ends which must be sold at a lower price. They contain delicious meat and are less expensive than the whole ham per pound.

"Bacon should be firm and fine-grained. But one family prefers fat bacon with only flecks of lean and another lean bacon that cooks 'crisp.'

"Sausage is a cold-weather food and, as such, is always popular at this time of year. The best sausage is made from the loin, but pork blades or fresh shoulder furnishes good sausage meat. Most of the sausage in the markets is made from pork trimmings.

"EXTRA portions of pork are fully as delicious as those of beef and lamb. Pork heads are an important product. The entire head is used for headcheese. The cheeks may be corned, and are cheaper than backs or brisket. Young pork liver is very delicate in flavor and is a good substitute for calf's liver. Such extra portions as pigs' feet, tails, jowls, and brains, while in demand, are never expensive, and if used only occasionally, help to keep down the food budget.

"Women come to our market and say, 'I wish some one would invent a new animal. I am tired of the round of steaks, chops, and roasts of beef, lamb, and pork. Tell me something different.' From long experience I can say that what is needed is not a new animal but a better understanding of the comparatively little used portions of those we already have—which, if properly prepared, do much to vary the menu."

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF MACHINERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

(13) If a machine with a wooden cylinder is used the cylinder is rolled around, bottom side up, after finishing, where the air passing through the perforations soon dries it. It is not necessary to remove the cylinder after each washing, tho where water is hard it will be necessary to remove it to scour the tub of the machine occasionally, say every month or six weeks. If a metal cylinder is used it will likewise have to be scoured.

THE washing is done with a view to hanging it out readily, and like pieces are kept together, since it is easier to handle all the sheets in rotation, all the towels, etc., than to handle them haphazard. And in hanging them out the ironing is borne in mind. They are hung as free from wrinkles as possible, and like pieces still kept together.

If the clothes are taken down and rolled up before they are quite dry, dampening will be eliminated, tho most housewives prefer to have their clothes dried thoroughly by the sun.

A few suggestions applied while ironing on the ironer makes this task simple and easily performed.

(1) While the iron is heating, usually requiring about ten minutes, wipe the table of the machine perfectly clean and see that it is free of all dust and that the machine has enough oil (very little being required).

(2) Iron thin pieces first, before the machine is very hot.

(3) The first time a piece goes through the machine it is important that it be smoothed and held firmly. This makes putting it through the second time very easy.

(4) When a gloss is desired on table-linen the right side should be against the iron as it goes through. For a domestic finish have the wrong side against the iron as it goes through; iron table-cloths lengthwise.

(5) In ironing small pieces use first one end of the roll and then the other, or one end will cool off while the other becomes too hot.

(6) Have a pan of water and a clean cloth at hand for dampening any dry spots.

(7) Place several napkins in a pile together and iron them alternately on different ends of the roller before folding the first one; then put all folded ones through at one time.

(8) To feed the closed end of the pillow-slip through the ironer first will prevent wrinkles.

(9) Smooth towels carefully as they feed through the first time to prevent the corners coming out longer than the center.

(10) Place all embroidered pieces over an old bath-towel and feed the towel and embroidery through together. This will bring out the embroidered pattern beautifully.

(11) Start all straight edges, such as of towels, bureau scarfs, handkerchiefs, etc., by laying the edge perfectly smooth and straight on the roller before starting it to roll. The edges will then be straight when the ironing is finished.

(12) In ironing round pieces start with the straight way of the goods running with the roll. The second time, vice versa. Round pieces correctly ironed on the ironing-machine never ruffle.

(13) Whenever a garment has a seam, fold on the seam.

(14) When a wrinkle appears stop the roll and go back over the wrinkled part. If necessary redampen it with a cloth dipped in water.

(15) Learn to iron sitting on a high stool and save energy which would otherwise be expended needlessly.

THE efficient use of the dish-washer becomes a habit, and it is well to start a good habit at the beginning. It is easier to do the work the right way than the wrong way, and a few hints on how to start right are not superfluous for the average woman.

(1) Wash dishes in hot, but not boiling hot, water. Extremely hot water is likely to cook and harden egg and cream sauces.

(2) Rinse the dishes in very hot water if you would avoid having to dry china and wish a beautiful luster on glassware and silver. There is no danger of boiling water cracking dishes unless applied while they are very cold.

(3) Place all silver handles down to prevent prongs of forks sticking through perforations and coming in contact with dishes or wheels.

(4) If water is very hard use a softening-powder or some softening-fluid.

(5) Avoid having too much water or too much soap. Too much water does not splash and clean as thoroughly as the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

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Pickles in Patterns

Just one example of uniformity in food preparation

EXAMINE closely a jar of Heinz pickles. They look good to eat, yes—but note the arrangement of the contents. Everything placed *just so.*

Now look at another jar. It shows the same uniform pattern. You can't tell them apart. And any number of jars, each packed by a different girl, show the same orderly, tasteful arrangement.

The neat, prim, white-capped "Heinz girls" do this very skillfully and rapidly. Visitors to the Heinz spotless kitchens marvel at their deftness.

This uniformity in packing is proof of a still greater thing—the uniformity of the products which are packed. It speaks volumes for the care in sorting and selecting.

And the Heinz principle of uniformity goes still further. It is uniformity of grade and quality as well as of size—uniformity in every phase of preparation. Any one jar of pickles or any one can of beans is exactly as good as any other jar or can. The uniform quality and taste of each of the 57 Varieties is something which can always be depended upon.

The reason is not only high standards of food preparation—but cheerful loyalty to these standards by the men and women who do the preparing.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF MACHINERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

correct amount, and too much soap makes a soft cushion of lather and prevents the necessary splashing for cleaning the dishes.

(6) Leave the lid of the machine open after using that the inside of the machine may dry.

(7) Remember that your maid's time is valuable enough for you to pay her for it. Get the most out of it. Have her use the dish-washer, and spend time on some task that otherwise you might have to perform.

(8) Not to connect the dish-washer with the plumbing means only seventy per cent. efficiency.

(9) All dishes should be placed in a dish-washer in such a way that the soiled part *faces* the paddle or splasher; otherwise it will require a much longer time to clean them.

ANY one is likely to think the vacuum cleaner just a vacuum cleaner, but if it is treated like a human being it will clean like a human being. A woman can keep her house clean with the use of the electric cleaner or she can have it only half-way clean. It all depends upon how she uses it.

(1) Keep the cleaner itself clean and free from dust. This is not difficult, since little dust flies while it is being used.

(2) When emptying the bag do so on a large piece of newspaper. Fold the newspaper before there is a chance of spilling the dirt and dust.

(3) Clean systematically: draperies, picture-molding, and walls before bookcases, chairs, and rugs. Some dust may fall on the objects below.

(4) When using the blower, do so as the first of the cleaning steps, as some dust will be blown to other objects.

(5) Clean both sides of a rug occasionally.

(6) Have the electric current turned on only while the cleaner is being used. To leave it for fifteen minutes while letting the iceman in means that much more wear on the cleaner and an increase, tho slight, in the electric bill.

(7) Keep a brush clean by combing it or by cutting hairs and threads and pulling them out.

(8) See that there are no holes in the bag to let the dust through.

(9) Keep the cord off the floor; otherwise it will have to be cleaned.

(10) A vacuum cleaner should not be run too fast over anything being cleaned, for the suction does not have a chance to pick up all dirt. Most women make this mistake.

(11) Follow the instructions that come with the machine in regard to oiling it. Instructions vary somewhat for different kinds.

(12) Handle a vacuum cleaner as if it were a piece of machinery, not a block of wood. Do not thump or bang the cleaner around.

To apply just such timely precautions as these makes of housekeeping an interesting and more or less scientific profession, while to fail to apply them leaves woman's work in the class where it has been for so many years—the drudgery class.

A POST-OFFICE PARTY THAT IS DIFFERENT

BY LAURA V. HAMNER

INVITATIONS should be sent out on ordinary postal cards. They may be informal notes or may indicate the form of entertainment by taking a departmental tone as follows: "A special delivery of mail for you has been granted by the local postal service, said delivery to be made at the residence of Mrs. Jonathan Barns, 420 Appleton Avenue, at 6 P. M., Thursday, November 23, 1924. Notify Mrs. Burns at once that you will meet the carrier at that place and time."

The reception-room need not be changed to suit the party, ordinary decorations being used, since the guests expect to receive a surprise only in the form of mail.

The dining-room may be made to suggest a post-office by having hung on the walls signs such as are used in the lobby of a post-office: "Mail your Christmas parcels early," "Books of stamps may be bought here," "Register your valuable mail," etc. These may be made or may be borrowed for the occasion. Let the maids wear suits that suggest a mail-carrier's uniform. Each should carry a mail-pouch.

Place-cards should be postals addressed to the several guests. A conundrum to which the hostess has the correct reply should be written on each card. These should by preference be suggestive of the postal service: What general is the most popular of our day?—General Delivery. How can the postmaster afford to sell thirteen two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter?—Because a cent and a quarter is twenty-six cents.

Besides the place-cards nothing but the centerpiece should be found on the table. A four-sided framework made of cardboard forms the design for the center of the table. This would represent four windows, each facing a different way. These may be stained dark, with the names of the windows chalked in white above them: Registry, Postal Savings, Money-Orders, Stamps. In the center of this framework flowers may be placed, a pot-plant being the most feasible.

WHILE the guests are reading the conundrums and guessing the answers to them as they are read, the maids bring in napkins in their carriers' pouches, and distribute them to each guest. From these same pouches next are taken parcels that have been sealed with red sealing-wax and marked "Registered" and addressed. These upon being opened should be found to contain the silver to be used in serving the dinner. Plates, goblets, and other necessities may then be brought on a service-tray or a tea-wagon.

The first course is then served, and with it the guests receive a bit of first-class mail. This is preferably a letter from some one not present, and contains jokes and references that are of interest to all at the table. These are to be read and enjoyed while the course is being served and while the second course is being brought.

With the second course a magazine or newspaper should be delivered to each. This should be a typewritten or mimeographed sheet prepared for the occasion, and can give scope to much originality on the part of the editors.

Third-class matter should be distributed with the third course. Boneless circulars and advertisements on how to reduce, how to keep young, various beauty hints, etc., may be secured and used for this course. Much amusement may result from having these addressed so as to produce misfits, such as the thin-as-a-knife woman getting instructions as to methods of reducing flesh. Or the hostess may leave this entirely to chance distribution. Since photographs also are classed as third-class mail, it would be a pleasing feature to have kodaks at the home and the hostess, with an autographed message on each, given out to be kept as souvenirs. Of course each should be wrapped and labeled "Third-Class Mail."

WITH the fourth course parcel-post packages containing *eats* should be distributed. Prunes, whistles, tiny dolls, chestnuts, candy, walking-canes, and similar things will furnish amusement. An apt inscription in each will also add to the fun.

During the entire dinner letters marked "Special Delivery" should be brought in at unexpected intervals by a small boy. These may also be *eats*, being invitations to parties to be given in 1930, suggestions as to what records not to play, a list of common errors in speech, with a tiny mirror accompanying them, or anything of this kind. These, too, may have come from absent friends, being planned for by the hostess in anticipation of the event.

When the maids bring cards or posters saying that "Leap-year holiday" now begins and that patrons of this office will now line up and receive their mail at the general-delivery window," the guests discover a "General Delivery" sign over the door leading back into the reception-room. As the guests line up and pass out they are given at this door souvenirs of the occasion. These may be books of stamps, with place and date written on them, and may also be banded tickets to a theater party that has been planned to follow the dinner should there be any special attraction at the theater. If progressive games have been planned for the evening, this is a happy time to hand out the score-cards. Thus the guests immediately find places at the tables, and the fun will go on without a moment's interruption.

This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin, cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids Nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 946

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Keep the kiddies in sturdy, happy health by giving them plenty of home-baked foods made wholesome with RUMFORD, the Phosphate Baking Powder.

Phosphates are vitally necessary to growing children—to grown-ups, too. RUMFORD phosphates add actual nutriment, bring out the full, delicious flavor of materials by thorough leavening, and make *all the nourishment* in the food readily assimilable.

And remember, *dependable* RUMFORD never spoils a baking!

A wealth of helpful suggestions for preparing appetizing, wholesome home-baked foods, are in "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking"—a booklet, sent FREE on request.

RUMFORD COMPANY
Dept. 15 Providence, R. I.

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the wholesome

baking powder

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THE STORY OF CHRIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

and asked him what all that clatter was.

"Thy brother has come, and thy father has killed the fatted calf because he hath received him safe and sound."

These words were like a thrust at his heart. He turned pale, not with pleasure, but with rage and jealousy. The old envy boiled up inside. It seemed to him that he had all the right on his side, and he would not go into the house, but stayed outside, angry.

Then his father went out and entreated him. "Come, for your brother has come back and has asked after you, and will be glad to see you, and we will feast together."

But the serious young man could not contain himself, and for the first time in his life ventured to reprove his father to his face.

"Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandments: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends; but as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

With these few words he discloses all the ignominy of his soul, hidden until then under the pharisaic cloak of good behavior. He reproaches his father with his own obedience, he reproaches him with his avarice—"You have never given me even a kid"—and he disowns him, the loveless son, for being a too-loving father. "This thy son." He does not say "brother." His father may call him as he as son, but he will not recognize him as brother. "He hath devoured thy living with harlots." Money that was not his, with women that were not his; while I stayed with thee, sweating on thy fields with no recompense.

But the father pardoned this son, as he did the other son: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

THE father is sure that these words will be enough to silence the other. "He was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found. What other reasons can be needed, and what other reasons can be better than these—great that he has come at he has done, that he has spent my money on women; he has dissipated as much as he could; he left me without a greeting; he left me to weep? He could have done worse than that and still would have been my son. He could have stolen on the streets, could have murdered the guiltless; he could have offended me even more, but I never could forget that he is my son, my own blood. He was gone and has returned, was disappeared and has reappeared, was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again. I ask nothing else, and to celebrate this miracle a fatted calf seems little to me. Thou hast never left me, I have always enjoyed thee, all my kids are thine if thou askest for them; thou hast eaten every day at my table, but he was gone for many days and weeks and months! I saw him only in my dreams; he has not eaten a single piece of bread with me in all that time. Have I not the right to triumph at least this day?"

Jesus stopped here; He did not go on with His story. There was no need of that; the meaning of the parable is clear with no additions. But no story—after that of Joseph—ever came from human lips more beautiful than this one or ever touched more deeply the hearts of men. Interpreters are free to comment and explain that the prodigal son is the new man purified by the experience of grief, and the older son the Pharisee who observes the old law, but does not know love. Or else that the older son represents those who do not understand the love of the Father welcoming the pagan altho he was wallowing in the foul loves of paganism and had lived in the company of swine.

JESUS was no maker of riddles. He Himself has said at the end of the parable: "More joy shall be in heaven over one sinner who repents than over all the righteous who vaunt themselves in their false righteousness; than for all the pure who are proud of their external purity; than for all the zealots who hide the aridity of their hearts by their apparent respect for the law."

The truly righteous will be received in the Kingdom, but no one ever doubted them: they have made no one tremble and suffer, and there is no need to rejoice; but for him who has been near perdition, who has gone through deep suffering to make himself a new soul, to overcome his bestiality, who merits his place in the Kingdom the more because he has had to deny all his past to obtain it, for him songs of triumph shall arise.

"What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing, and when he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."

"Either that woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece doth not light a candle and sweep the house and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I have lost.'"

And what is a sheep compared to a son returned to life, to a man saved? And of what value is a piece of silver compared to one astray who finds holiness again?

DON'T MISS AN INSTALMENT

EVERYBODY is reading this profoundly moving "Story of Christ," written by a brilliant young convert to Christianity; superbly illustrated from the work of the great painter Tissot, who was similarly inspired; perfectly translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

To the courtesy and hearty co-operation of the Brooklyn Museum of Fine Arts, which owns the paintings here reproduced, Pictorial Review and its many readers are indebted for the pleasure of an acquaintance with Tissot's beautiful interpretations of Scripture.

The next instalment, to be entitled "Little Children," deals with some of the most beautiful passages in the Master's life. The instalments need not be read in sequence to be understood; each is complete in itself.

SPOIL THE CHILD—IN MODERATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

them; and the child has a very great deal to teach. Chiefly the child has the power to teach them imagination, which is the source of justice and the foe of cruelty, conscious or unconscious. Book-work is at least as important as heart-work in this transcendently delicate matter. And the raw material of brain-work is here in many days and weeks and months! I saw him only in my dreams; he has not eaten a single piece of bread with me in all that time. Have I not the right to triumph at least this day?"

Jesus stopped here; He did not go on with His story. There was no need of that; the meaning of the parable is clear with no additions. But no story—after that of

I doubt whether it ought to be so regarded. If one life is frustrated in order that another may flourish the net gain to humanity is not very appreciable—especially when, as not infrequently happens, the second life fails to flourish according to plan. Supposing that the older generation through the centuries sacrificed itself to the younger, the result would be an eternal stultifying of mankind and the permanent suppression of self-development.

PARENTS should be clever enough to attend to the child's welfare and their own welfare simultaneously. If they prove incapable of this double feat they are imperfectly equipped for parenthood and deserve not praise for lofty ideals, but censure for narrow-mindedness. Why should the child count more heavily than the parents? There is a happy mean even in parental devotion, and when it falls into extravagance it is a reproach.

The child should be shifted from his central godlike position gradually, in proportion as his perception grows. When he has come to realize and know that he is the chief person in the household, then he should cease to be the chief person. Many parents keep him on the throne in fact, while pretending to him that he is not on the throne, that indeed he is the lowliest of the lowly and of no consequence whatever. Such a course is futile and mischievous, and the way to it comprises acts of superficial severity.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

HOME-MADE salad dressing costs less, of course. You also know the quality of the materials you use, when you make it yourself. And you can exactly suit your own taste as to seasoning.

Here is a recipe for a *quick* home-made mayonnaise that you can make in a minute or two.

1 egg
½ teaspoonful dry mustard
½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful lemon juice or vinegar
2 cupfuls Wesson Oil

Place the whole egg in a bowl, put in the dry ingredients and add the lemon juice or vinegar. Beat these together a few seconds with a Dover egg beater and add a small amount of Wesson Oil. Beat until the dressing begins to thicken. Then add the oil in larger amounts until the dressing is of the desired stiffness.

This mayonnaise is seasoned very lightly. If a more piquant dressing is preferred increase the seasoning to taste.

This mayonnaise can *really* be made in *less than two minutes* by the clock.

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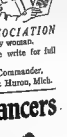

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SPOIL THE CHILD—IN MODERATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Every child who is the center of a household is infallibly aware of it, and no amount of assurances to the contrary, no strictness of discipline, will change the conviction and the habit of mind which necessarily springs from the conviction. He will be merely puzzled, annoyed, and alienated by the unpleasant and pain-giving attempts to repudiate the truth of that which is hourly obvious to him.

All of which brings us to the great question of disciplinary strictness versus spoiling. It is a commonplace that within the last quarter of a century disciplinary strictness in the treatment of children has largely yielded to spoiling. The change is not quite a novelty, for in the memoirs of every period you will find parents saying that *they* were never spoiled as they spoil *their* children, and that discipline is going to the dogs, etc. In fact, all the usual parental lamentations! There can, however, be little doubt that the change has been very much accelerated within our own time, tho perhaps less in Great Britain than in the other chief countries of the world.

I am in favor of spoiling in moderation, not only because the increase in spoiling is the result of a more scientific understanding of child psychology, but because I hold that a positive duty of parents is to make childhood happy. They have other duties, but no more important duty and no duty in which failure is more poignantly regrettable. Childhood is preeminently the age for happiness, and an unhappy or a tedious childhood infuriously affects the whole of life. I would sooner see a happy child than a child who never, never told a lie. And the spectacle of a bored child is not rendered less tragic to me by his marvelous attainments in industry, punctuality, cleanliness, politeness, or quadratic equations.

I admit that spoiling does not invariably result in the happiness of the spoiled. A child may be unhappy as the direct consequence of his spoiling. But such spoiling has evidently been excessive and continuous. Intermittent spoiling in a moderate degree does more good than harm. A child ought to have frequent holidays from disciplinary rules of all kinds; and I would give a child half a day a month for the free expression of his individuality. The parents should not always be on top. They should abdicate at intervals, and resume government when sufficient damage has been done and sufficient experience acquired.

It is astounding but true that the most conscientious parents are apt to forget that their children are quite as human as themselves. What is the objection to spoiling? What lasting harm does it do? The dictionary definition of "to spoil" is to injure the character by indulgence of spoiling. The evils attendant upon spoiling pass away at adolescence. One hears that spoiled children have fine manners. They sometimes have. For a few brief years they are capable of being a dreadful nuisance to the friends of their parents. What then? The affliction subsides as the child grows up.

Britons consider that both American and French children are spoiled. But in the sequel are the manners of American and French adults inferior to those of British adults? I think not. The frightful consequences of the most extreme and persistent spoiling are quickly curable by the method of dispatching the victim to some colony to keep his end up unaided. Spoiling is a superficial matter. Besides, I would not advocate excessive spoiling. I specifically deprecate it. What I suggest is a decent spoiling, with error, if error there is to be, in the direction of generosity.

But there is spoiling and spoiling: spoiling for the sake of the child, and spoiling for the sake of the parents. The parents may spoil a child out of sheer laziness, or from lack of faith in the power of their own individualities against the power of the child's individuality. And so they will purchase peace with dishonor, as a rich Government will buy off a poverty-stricken opposing general.

"Give the kid the chocolates, for Heaven's sake!" cries the exasperated and exhausted father; the mother sighs and gives. The kid snatches and smiles; turmoil suddenly ceases.

"I have won," says the child to himself, even tho he can not yet talk. And he has his first glimpse into the dishonest of human nature and comprehends the meaning of corruption.

This spoiling is shameful; it is shocking; it depraves the home; it suppresses trouble while preparing more trouble.

Again, parents may spoil a child from their own vanity. The child, for example, likes to show off; they are aware that it is bad for a child to show off; but they are proud of the most wonderful infant ever born and they let him show off; nay, they encourage him to show off. This is odious, and it has the added disadvantage of boring all the friends of the household and breeding duplicity in those friends who are obliged to feign a delight which assuredly they do not feel. Often only a high state of civilization prevents such displaying children from being murdered where they recite or sing by adults whom their infantile performances have rendered homicidal.

But the worst kind of spoiling is that in which the parents indulge for the soothing of their consciences. Having thwarted the child for their own convenience, they are seized with remorse—not enough remorse to induce them to stop the thwarting, but enough to induce them to make some attempt "to make it up" to forbid the child to develop his individuality in directions which may be disagreeable or inconvenient to them personally. That is to say, they will morally imprison the child. Then they glance at the cage, and they exclaim:

"This cage looks very dull. Let us gild the bars."

And they gild the bars, and coo to the prisoner: "See how the bars glitter. Aren't we kind to you? Do not say after this that we do not love you."

Is this a fanciful picture? Not at all. It is simply a description of the case, for example, in which mama says:

"No, my dear Mary. Your father and I can not consent to your going in for art (or medicine, or a not-rich husband, or whatever it may be); but you shall have three new frocks and more pocket-money and we will do everything to make you happy. We sincerely want you to be happy."

By which is meant: "We want you to be happy—in so far as your happiness does nothing to impair ours."

This is spoiling at its vilest. And it is still much practised, particularly in the most refined circles.

"The child *ought* to be happy!"

There is no more futile phrase than this. Do you suppose that the child is unhappy from naughtiness, from contrariness, or because he prefers unhappiness to happiness? Happiness can not be a question of "ought." If a child is unhappy for long, the sole explanation is that the parents have been either not clever enough, or not unselfish enough, to make the best of the child's life—and therefore of their own lives. The child has to be fitted for the world, and it is necessary to employ some plan for that purpose. But the plan must be adapted to the child and not the child to the plan—within reason of course. A child will be proportionately better happy is being day by day unfitted for the world, let the parental plan be as wise as it may.

IN REGARD to the bringing up of children, there are one or two points which altho they may seem to be of minor importance are just as universal in their application as anything before mentioned.

The first is that parents are apt to look upon their children as mysteriously "different" from other children. Each child is unique just as every adult is unique, but children do not differ from one another in the manner which parents suppose. In salient characteristics—those characteristics with which principally parents have to deal—all children are roughly alike; and the view to the contrary is a superstition engendered by pride and anxiety in the parental mind.

All schoolmasters are familiar with the parent who more or less openly wants to give specific instructions about his or her perfectly unique child. That kind of parent indeed is in a large majority among parents. Schoolmasters listen with what politeness they can muster to the remarks of the parent whose tone says: "At last you have got your work cut out—here is my precious child that I am confiding to you."

And having listened they callously go their own way. And schoolmasters are justified in so doing. The chances are a hundred to one that the schoolmaster knows much better than the parent how to get the best out of a given child. He knows better because his vision is quite unprejudiced, and because he has had far more experience.

The parent may know something about a few children during a few years—it is a prodigy among modern parents who knows something about a dozen children!—but the schoolmaster has attended thousands of children, during half or two-thirds of a lifetime. He thinks about children all day, and often the worried man has to dream about them all night; he sees all round them and through them; and in any conflict of opinion between himself and the parent, he is almost certain to be in the right.

Again, many parents wrong-headedly imagine that they can cure their children of certain traits which all other children have and which are inconvenient to parents.

They can not, in fact, effect a cure, but not usefully—harmfully. Noise and restlessness in the house, for example. What can be more annoying to a finely strained and sensitive parent than a little band of shrill monsters who won't keep still? But truly refined and sensitive parents are not to be parents. Parenthood is a job for the sturdy and insensitive. It is commonly rather a rough trade, this. To make a noise, and they have to move violently about. They have an excess of energy which must find vent. The parent who is forever exhorting in a hushed voice: "Quietly! Quietly now!" ought to have made inquiries about the real nature of children before becoming a parent—and then decided to go into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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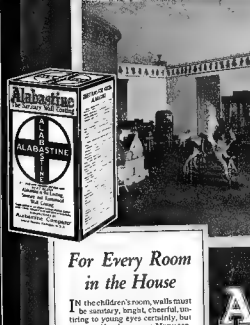

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SPOIL THE CHILD—IN MODERATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

monastery. The children of whom it is admiringly said by the parents of other children: "You never hear them," are being martyrized, stunted, and imprisoned.

Then there is the dreadful, the everlasting, the insatiable, the appalling inconvenient curiosity and the devilish argumentative disposition of children. Also highly troublesome to parents! A torment to parents which endures for fifteen to eighteen years at least! But children are educated by two concurrent methods. They are educated by parents and teachers, and they are self-educated.

The two methods are for the most part mutually antagonistic, but one is just as good and as necessary as the other. The curiosity and the argumentativeness constitute the child's self-education. There is nothing naughty or futile about them, nothing meet for reproach. The parent who snubs curiosity and argumentativeness is unrighteously shaking his duty for his own relief. The parent who ends an argument by the mere exercise of authority is despicable—and detectable, too, in the sight of the child. For the youngest child is well aware that a man who stands on his dignity must be a man of short moral stature. The insight of children into the psychology of parents is uncanny, in all probability superior to the insight of parents into the psychology of children.

I SHOULD like to warn parents that even with the most enlightened efforts and the most conscientious application they will not accomplish a very great deal toward the perfecting of their imperfect children. They can implant good habits which will help in the future to protect the child against bad habits. Thus if they choose they can, in the majority of cases, implant the habit of industry—a wonderful compensation for all sorts of defects.

They can inculcate good manners. They can teach the child to think scientifically, showing him that every cause has a consequence and that every consequence has sprung from a cause. They can demonstrate to him practically that dishonesty in any form is not ultimately profitable. They can open his eyes to the endless wonder of the world. And they can foster whatever sense of humor he possesses.

They can do all these things a little, and perhaps one or two of them to a considerable degree. But they can not change, they can scarcely modify, the fundamentals of his disposition. They can not make him strong if he is weak, nor unselfish if he is selfish, nor artistic if he has small feeling for beauty, nor cheerful if he is melancholy, nor steadfast if he is changeable and wayward, nor social if he is solitary, nor communicative if he is reserved—no more than they can make him lovely if he is plain.

ALL appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, a human infant once born is much more like marble than putty. The parents must make the best of *him*, and not repine because they can not transform him into somebody else. Many parents waste irreparable years in trying to turn children into other children, instead of getting to work on that which exists before them.

Every child has an instinct of direction in life. That instinct is always in the end right for that child. Two courses are open to the parents. They may endeavor to support the child in the indicated path. Or they may endeavor to change the path, either because their prejudices or their comfort disapproves of it or because they think they know better than nature.

The second course is merely idiotic.

CHANCE: *By Elsie Singmaster*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

them and went through the house. From their excited exclamations he judged that their discoveries were important.

Twombly, left with him, looked him over curiously. Shabby and unshaven the Adams was, his academic air was not altogether lost.

"You say you were passing by?" Twombly said after a while.

"That's what I said," answered Adams briefly.

"Where were you going?"

"What do you propose to do with me?" asked Adams in return.

Twombly looked at him still more sharply. He was not accustomed to well-modulated voices. Perhaps this was some long-sought and famous criminal, some educated Raffles, the capture of whom would make them all famous.

"We're going to Trenton to Trenton," he said. "You ain't no ordinary bootlegger."

Adams closed his lips. Formidable and perplexing as his predicament was, his course for the present was clearly indicated—he must hold his tongue. Twombly pushed forward two chairs.

"You can sit down," he said, seating himself. "You look like a decent rascal."

Adams said nothing. He undertook to lift his hand to his head, and he was immediately filled with ferocious rage. He was shackled, handcuffed! The blood rushed to his face; in imagination he saw himself lifting his hands and bringing both his laden fists down upon the stupid face beside him. But with a terrific effort he conquered the dangerous impulse. His vengeance must be sure, not retaliation. He sat listening to the trampling of feet, averting his eyes from the body on the floor, watching the hungry rats which continued their feast.

The four searchers returned to the kitchen, and one who seemed to be their chief gave his orders. He and Kieffer would remain here on guard, Alwine and Pomeroy and Twombly would escort the prisoner to Luray station, and Twombly would take him on by train. Then Alwine and Pomeroy would return to Luray, report by telephone to Trenton the impending arrival of the prisoner, and return, bringing with them the coroner and his physician. They discussed a motor journey to Trenton for Twombly and the prisoner, but it was deemed unsafe on account of the poorly marked roads, the heavy snow, and the rising wind, which drove the flakes against the window as tho they were pellets of shot.

ADAMS'S heart leaped as Twombly unlocked one of his handcuffs, and his left hand was freed. But it was only so that Twombly might lock it upon his own left wrist, thus shackling Adams to his side. Alwine and Pomeroy left the kitchen, and in a moment drove the large car to the door. Adams was helped to a place on the rear seat. On one side sat Pomeroy; on the other, in unavoidable and hateful proximity, Twombly. The car got slowly under way, and the officers, who were in many respects amateurs, called to one another loud and nervous farewells.

In the Luray station the loafers stood paralyzed, their mouths open, staring at Adams as tho he were a prize animal at a show. Twombly bade one of them go home and bring some bread and coffee for him and the prisoner, promising him with an air of indescribable importance to "reconvene from the State." The man, returning, brought with him men and women and children, who filled the station.

Suddenly there was a sound, the distant, doleful whistle of a train. Adams nerved himself for fresh humiliation. When it came it was of a nature which he did not anticipate. With a flourish as tho he were performing some gymnastic exercise, Twombly put his hand into his pocket and drew out a revolver, ugly and black, and held it on his knee. His precautions were wasted—Luray was merely a flag-station, and there being no passengers either arriving or departing, the northbound train lumbered heaving past, its bell clanging, its whistle shrieking. It was the train which Adams had expected would carry him back to safety and freedom. But he was now bound southward.

THE train came in half an hour, and, guarded into it by Twombly, whose revolver was again in evidence, he sat down with eyes closed. It was not because of that he should rouse himself from the numb, unbelieving lethargy which was as much of a shackle upon his mind as the handcuffs of a shackle upon his hands and wrists. He decided that on arriving in Trenton he would ask that the city's best lawyer be sent to him. Until he came he would say nothing, and to him he would relate every detail of his situation. He recalled with agonized embarrassment the name of a professor of English in nearby Princeton, an elderly and distinguished author, who had once been his guest at Abingdon. Abingdon! He saw the quiet hill, not in darkness or in the storm which raged about him here, but bright and still and golden in the morning sunshine. He stood looking down upon the lake and the gables of Mrs. Ayer's house. At this moment, if he could but be freed himself, he would have leaped from the train, hoping for death.

He remembered presently that they might search him before he could take counsel with any one, and he began feverishly to review his possessions. He had, he believed, nothing on his person which would identify him. Both his coat and suit had been bought several years ago in New York in a large shop. Both his cash for them; he was custom-size and there had been no alterations—through them his identity could not be traced. There was, however, in his purse the check for his bag left in the New York station, and in his bag were handkerchiefs and a shirt marked with his name. There was also, he believed, a note-book. Fortunately this check was in a pocket on his left side, next

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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The recipes below are furnished by Conklin & Partridge to illustrate some of the many tempting uses of DEL MONTE Spinach.

SPINACH BENEDICT—Poach eggs, allowing 1 egg for each serving. Heat 2 cups of drained DEL MONTE Canned Spinach, add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Arrange the spinach on serving dish, make depressions in top and place a poached egg in each.

LUNCHEON SPINACH—Drain and finely chop 1 cup of DEL MONTE Canned Spinach. Make ½ cup of thick, well seasoned white sauce, and while it is hot add ¾ cup of grated cheese and beat it until it melts. Add the sauce and 3 well beaten egg yolks to the spinach and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake 35 minutes.

JELLIED SPINACH SALAD—Thoroughly drain and chop 1 can of DEL MONTE Spinach and to this add 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon onion juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and 1 chopped sweet pickle. Bring the liquid drained from the spinach to the boiling point and pour into 3 tablespoons gelatine that has been softened in ¼ cup cold water. Garnish the bottom of a mold with slices of 2 hard cooked eggs, pour in a little of the gelatine mixture and stand in a cold place until firm. Put in the spinach, pour in the remainder of liquid and set aside until firm. Serve with mayonnaise.

SAVORY SPINACH—Drain 1 can DEL MONTE Canned Spinach. Chop 2 slices bacon and fry until brown, add 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 3 cooked potatoes, diced, and 3 tablespoons vinegar. Stir until hot and serve.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP—Add 1¼ cups of finely chopped DEL MONTE Canned Spinach and the liquid from 1 can of the spinach to 1 cup of thin well seasoned white sauce. Bring to the boiling point just before serving. One tablespoon of chopped onion may be added if desired.

SPINACH SOUFFLÉ—Chop 1¼ cups of DEL MONTE Canned Spinach and add to ½ cup of thick well seasoned white sauce. Pour on to 2 well beaten egg yolks, add 1 teaspoon grated onion, and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish and bake 30 minutes.

SPINACH WITH CALIFORNIA SAUCE—Melt 2 tablespoons of fat, add 3 tablespoons of flour, 1 teaspoon of mustard, 1 teaspoon of salt, and ¼ teaspoon of pepper, and when thoroughly mixed add ½ cup of vinegar and ¼ cup of liquid drained from the spinach and 2 tablespoons of sugar. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add 1¼ cups of chopped DEL MONTE Canned Spinach and cook until the spinach is thoroughly heated.

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GOOD HEALTH is always a welcome guest at your table; but how often is "he" there? How often does "he" stay out of your dining room because you left out something in the kitchen? Do you ever have the uncomfortable feeling that many of your meals are "health-shy?" Or, have you found—as thousands of housewives are finding—that such a simple thing as prunes can swing the balance of health into your daily menu?

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SUNSWEET
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PRUNES

Sunsweet Prune Upside Down Cake
[Pictured below]

Wash and soak Sunsweet Prunes in warm water to cover several hours. Drain, remove pits. Beat 1 egg till light, gradually add ½ cup sugar; beat till creamy. Measure 1 cup sifted flour, sift again with 1 teaspoon baking powder. Add to egg mixture alternately with ½ cup milk or water. Beat well; add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in an iron frying pan. Spread ½ cup brown sugar evenly over pan, add ½ cup chopped walnuts. Cover with prunes then pour over the cake batter. Set in moderate oven and bake about 25 minutes. Turn upside down on serving plate.

Sunsweet Prune Charlotte
[Pictured below]

Prepare 2 cups prune pulp (cooked, pitted Sunsweet Prunes rubbed through a coarse sieve.) Add 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Soak 2 tablespoons gelatine in ½ cup cold water until dissolved; melt over hot water; add to prune pulp; mix well. Whip 2 cups cream; fold into mixture. Pour into wet mold; chill until firm. Unmold; serve with whipped cream.

Sunsweet Prunes with Tapioca

Soak ½ cup pearl or minute tapioca in 2 cup of cold water 1 hour or more. Drain, add 2 cup hot water, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter. Cook in double boiler until transparent. Butter a baking dish, cover bottom with cooked, pitted Sunsweet Prunes, then cover with the tapioca. Bake in moderate oven about thirty minutes. Serve with cream or custard sauce.

Sunsweet Prunes with Rice

Pack hot boiled rice in buttered cup. Turn out at once into individual cereal bowls, surround with drained cooked Sunsweet Prunes, serve with sugar and cream. With coffee and buttered toast this dish makes a complete, wholesome breakfast.

Sunsweet Prune Betty

Two cups cooked, pitted Sunsweet Prunes; 1 cup toasted fine bread crumbs; ½ cup hot prune juice; ½ cup orange marmalade or juice and grated rind of orange; 1 tablespoon butter. Butter baking dish. Cover bottom and sides with bread crumbs. Add layer of prunes, layer of marmalade and layer of crumbs. Continue until all are used having last layer crumbs. Break butter into bits; sprinkle over top. Pour hot prune juice over all; bake in medium hot oven about 15 minutes.

Sunsweet Prune Juice

Wash Sunsweet Prunes, cover with warm water; let stand over night. Heat very slowly to simmering point, cook until tender; don't boil. No sugar is required. Pour off juice, straining through fine sieve. The prunes left can be used for prune desserts requiring prune pulp—such as prune whip, prune charlotte, prune cake filling, prune custard, prune velvet, prune chantilly, etc.

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CHANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

the aisle and away from Twombly—he would manage somehow to extract it and throw it away. This intention relieved him, giving him a specific act upon which to fix his mind.

The five or six persons in the car exhibited a constant restlessness. Adams and his guard sat near the rear, and they walked frequently past them to the door. Adams saw them past and repass, tho he did not look up. At the stations a few persons got on covered with snow. The conductor or brakeman or the passengers as they left whispered to the newcomers, and they entered staring. From the other coach a few men and even a woman entered. Adams sat next the aisle, and this position created a mistaken notion which gave him a moment's grim amusement.

"The prisoner's bigger than the guard."

Each of the entering passengers complained about the violence of the wind. When their excitement over the presence of a criminal and his guard subsided they reminded one another of the famous blizzard of '88 and of other great storms, prophesying loss of life and property. The train had been making difficult headway for about an hour when a man entered gasping, his coat plastered with snow, announcing that telephone communication was cut off both north and south. The train was supposed to be at Trenton at ten o'clock, but at nine it had made less than a third of the distance. The engine was old, the drifts almost impenetrable. The crew were anxious and the passengers irritated.

"We won't get in till midnight," said a voice from the front of the car.

"We may not get in at all. We may stick in a drift and freeze," said another.

The conductor, coming down the aisle, turned furiously upon the speaker.

"If you'd shut up we might get along faster."

Twombly rose and looked at the conductor threateningly, and Adams lifted his hand and held it across his eyes.

War has begun could be the worst indignity of all. It seemed to him absurd that the car was rocking, and he believed that he was nauseated. The quarrel was on; he pressed his hand against his eyes. Twombly became suddenly brutal.

"If you want to spend the night with a dangerous criminal, then just poke along!" he shouted. "You tell the engineer——"

But his message did not reach the engineer, or even the conductor, who stood close beside him. Adams was not mistaken—the car was rocking. There was a twisting motion, a loud roar, a crash, the rending of wood, the shattering of glass, a wailing cry, the tossing of bodies in the air, and then complete silence and darkness.

ADAMS was aware, first of all, in slowly returning consciousness, of a tremendous weight upon his whole body. He opened his eyes and saw darkness; he blinked, knew that he should awaken in a few moments and find himself in his own bed with this dreadful confusion and pain resolved into a feeling of delicious comfort and security.

But the moments passed; the darkness did not lighten, nor the weight remove itself. It was, he realized with horror, the body of a man resting upon his body as Elisha rested upon the Shunamite's son, and he was fastened to him by his right hand. His mind recalled a historical fact before it perceived the conditions of the present. Was he a helpless partner in some hideous *voyade*, and had he been consigned, bound inseparably to another human being, to some ghastly dungeon or to some fearful pit? He touched the face pressed to his own—the flesh had no resilience, he believed the man was dead.

He began to hear voices and cries—did they belong to victims like himself? He groped frantically about with his free hand, but could touch no solid substance. He felt, however, the delicate sting of tiny ice crystals, and, with circumstances behaving that he lay under the open sky, brought him out of his confusion into realization of where he was. He remembered the events of yesterday, the events of to-day, and last of all the rocking of the train, plunging, he supposed, into a drift.

His first conscious motion was toward freeing himself, not so much from the heavy body as from the hateful shackles. He had no sensation whatever in his right arm, and this gave him hope that it was not broken. Twombly's pocket gaped under his hand; he explored it, touching with reluctance the soft body, and found the bunch of keys which Twombly had used with such a cruel flourish. He suspected that on Twombly's body there rested a heavy mass of debris.

Nervously fumbling for the flat, narrow key which belonged to the handcuffs, he dropped them all and was rendered almost unconscious by terror. Exploring for them, and eventually finding them, he orientated himself. The car had toppled to the left; he lay upon the right wall. The opposite side-wall now formed the ceiling, and the débris piled upon Twombly's body was composed of seats wrenched from their fastenings. The snow drifted in through windows above instead of beside him.

At the instant when his icy fingers tightened at last upon the slender key he heard a voice shouting hysterically.

"Are you all dead? Are you all dead?"

An answering and equally hysterical cry was in his throat, on his tongue. But by a mighty effort of his will he checked it. When he was free, then he would answer. He held his breath; he pressed with the cold keys upon his throat. The shout was repeated; then there was silence. Listening with sharpened ears, he heard a distant, hoarse panting and recognized the heavy breathing of a locomotive. Either their own was still upright or else rescuers had arrived. Despairing of finding any one in the wreck alive, they might go away until daylight. He must extricate himself and show himself unshackled to the rescuing party. Unprotected in this uninhabited, storm-beaten wilderness, there was small chance of surviving until morning.

HE PASSED his hand with the greatest difficulty between his throat and the breast pressing upon it. He could not tell whether his right arm was flung out or whether it lay folded across his body. When his exploring fingers reached it he could have cried for joy. He pushed the key into the hole, pressed back the spring, and thrust the steel circlet away. When he reached it he could move his fingers—he made a little whimpering sound of happiness.

Slowly he drew his head and shoulders from beneath Twombly's body, and shoulders and lay exhausted, his body cruelly twisted. When a measure of strength had returned he drew out his abdomen, suffering excruciating pain. He was held now only by his legs. He lay panting, not daring to move until he should have gathered sufficient strength to exert one mighty pull. He heard cracklings in the woodwork, and in the direction of the engine car a loud crash. He could not tell what precariously balanced structure overshadowed him. He gathered all his strength and pulled out his legs and feet.

He whimpered again when he felt the snowflakes on his face. Motion gave him acute discomfort, but it was merely a general misery and not a localized pain. He could turn his head, move his hands and feet. He lifted himself to a sitting posture, and presently he stood up. His head and shoulders passed through a window-opening; he could see ahead gleaming lights and hear anguished cries. He stepped on the end of an upturned seat, tested its firmness, and lifted himself upward. As he sprang the whole structure beneath him seemed to collapse. He listened as tho this new burden might cause even Twombly's cold lips to protest. But there was no sound.

Having rested for a moment upon the horizontal side of the car, he slid down, landing in deep snow. He was conscious of a heavy pressure on his head and put up his hand. He still wore his hat, pressed low upon the forehead. He removed it, and having passed his hand round inside it, molding the crown as tho he were to step from the upper door, he replaced it. He was quivering from head to foot, but of that he was unconscious. Bending his head to meet the blast of wind and snow, he crept along the bottom of the upturned cars toward the lights and voices. Within the other cars was silence like that which he had left behind.

The lights, he saw as he advanced, were not those of a moving train, but the gleam from the fire-box and the headlight of their own engine. The voice was not that of a cruelly maimed passenger, it was that of the wholly sound fireman, who stood weeping in the cab. He wept like a child or a hysterical woman, calling upon God to help. Beside him stood the engineer, turning over and over in his hands a match-box. As Adams drew near he conscious of nothing but this frail object; neither of the accident nor of his excited companion, nor of the wind, and least of all of any duty.

FOR an instant Adams stood regarding them. Was it possible that these alone were left of the passengers and crew? But he could not yield to the regret and horror of a natural, tender heart. If ever the dead must be forgotten in the interest of the living it was at this moment. To these men he was a stranger; they had not seen him shackled to his guard. He approached them, shouting to them as he walked. He swung himself up on the step, and the fireman saw him. His cries ceased, but his mouth remained open. Adams had a fantastic notion that the hoarse panting of the engine came through this yawning throat.

"Wake up, here!" he said sharply.

The fireman gulped, gave a single moan, and began to resume the appearance of intelligence. Adams laid a rough hand upon the engineer.

"Wake up! What are you doing?"

The engineer blinked. Into his face there dawned the light of recognition.

"How did you get out?"

"I crept out the window. Have you explored the train?"

"Yes."

"Thoroughly? You're sure there's no one else alive?"

"I don't know."

"Then let us see."

They fought their way along the upturned cars, shouting, listening, shouting again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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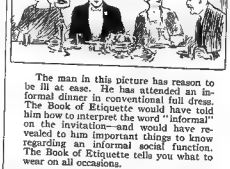
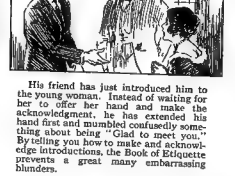
Do *You* Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?



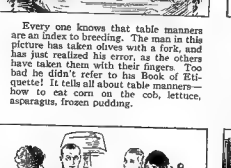
The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.



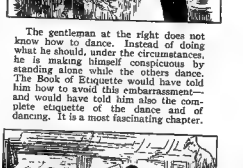
His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.

She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.

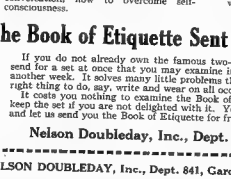
Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the dressing room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.



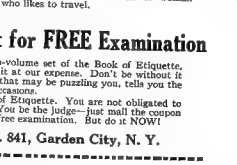
Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.



The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuously by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.



Often she has longed to meet this noted man, to speak to him, to ask him about her own ambitions. But now that the opportunity has come, she is self-conscious and overawed. With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, she might have avoided this embarrassment, as it tells you the right thing to say, how to create conversation, how to overcome self-consciousness.



It is the first time she is traveling on a sleeping car. She holds a ticket for a lower berth. She has taken the seat facing backward. From watching others she realizes her error. The subject of travel etiquette is covered exhaustively in the Book of Etiquette, and there are many valuable hints for the man or woman who likes to travel.

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CHANCE: By Elsie Singmaster

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

"You get up there and creep along the top and lower your lantern through the windows."

The engineer obeyed willingly the welcome bidding of authority. Adams clambered with him, suffering intolerable pain. He could trust no eyes or ears but his own. When he was satisfied that in the old cars, their lower sides splintered like kindling, remained no living thing, he led the way back to the engine.

"Have you any idea how many passengers there were?"

"Yes, sir. The conductor came forward at the last station. He said everybody was out except four passengers and a sheriff's deputy and a prisoner. They were handcuffed together. Now the engineer had his moment of hysteria. He began to scream, "Help, oh, help!"

"Hold your nose!" commanded Adams. "Can you run your engine to the next station?"

"I guess so."

"Then come on."

The engineer climbed to his cab; the fireman seized his shovel. It was fifteen minutes before they got out. The engineer talked incessantly. He had been in the employ of the road for almost forty years. This was the first time he could know what had happened. The whole train had seemed to rock, then the engine and the coaches had lighted themselves, but the cars had gone over.

"Are you ready?" interrupted Adams.

"I can't shovel any more," answered the fireman weakly. He squatted down in the corner of the cab and hid his face.

ADAMS took the heavy shovel. He saw that on his wrist and hand were congealed and frozen blood. He remembered the gloves in his pocket and put them on.

"Let her go," he said roughly.

The engine lurched from side to side. The engineer continued to mutter, the fireman to sob with gasping intakes of breath. Adams had only his hurt simultaneously into speculations about the cause of the disaster.

"I never had an accident in these forty years," wailed the engineer again. "Perhaps I'll lose my pension."

"Watch your engine and don't talk," ordered Adams. "How far is it to the next town?"

"Ten miles. It's Griggsby; only a little place."

It occurred to Adams to look at his watch. The time which had passed since he had stepped aboard the train seemed an eternity, but it was still only half past eleven. The storm howled more fiercely; the engine labored more heavily.

Griggsby was like Luray, a flag-station, and the little building was dark. No blowing of whistle or ringing of bell could rouse a human being from slumber. Adams got down and, carrying a lantern, took a few steps in the direction of the station, until he came upon a telegraph-pole slanting diagonally across his path at the angle of a well-nigh prostrate wire still at the base, and only the wires held it. A few more blasts of wind and this pole and perhaps miles of poles would collapse.

"No telegraph," he said, returning. "How far is Trenton?"

"Fifteen miles."

"There are no other trains on this track?"

"No. Never."

Exhausted, Adams drove the fireman back to his post. He quelled with fury all essays at speech. He was not safe; he still had grave dangers to encounter. If Pomeroy and Alwine had reached Claymore and had telephoned to Trenton there would be guards waiting the train on the station platform. Could he not see from them his bruised wrist and his consciousness of being the object of their stern gaze without himself opening his mouth? Even as these overwrought men shrieked out their foolish thoughts? He could not think clearly; he could not reason that there was no escape against those for detection. Least of all, he realized with terror, could he present a brave front or answer a question quietly. He realized now that his teeth chattered and his body quivered. Would it not be better to jump off the train do if were to death? Faces seemed suddenly to look at him—the face of Myra, the shrewd face of Henderson, the white, pitiful face of Mrs. Ayer. He put up his hand to brush them away, and he saw lights before him, and the engine, with frantically blowing whistle and jangling bell, they had come to a stop along a platform.

AT ONCE a man in overalls sprang up the steps of the cab, oaths flowing from his lips like water from a spout. At him, as tho he were outside himself, Adams heard himself yelling in return.

"If about the wrong place get her out quickly and talk afterward!" he shouted as he stepped down. "Take charge yourself. These men are done up."

The newcomer seized the lantern. Other train-hands came running. Adams could tell in all his confusion that no one was on guard, that this was a station roused, if not from sleep, at least from drowsiness. His mind quickened; he saw that on the other track, headed in the other direction, a train waited. He leaped up the steps, across the connecting bridge, and plunged down to the opposite platform. There he laid hold on the step-rail of a car as the it were a life-line flung to a swimmer battling with waves. He swung himself up and entered the car.

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He was at last bound northward. Beside him was the door of the lavatory, and he stepped in, seeking a mirror. He leaned forward. There was, thank God! no blood upon his face. His growth of beard was uglier, his face was deathly pale, his eyes gleamed. He tried to smile and he rubbed his cheeks. He went back and sat down and paid his fare. It was one o'clock, and he would reach New York soon after two.

He began to think of little, unimportant details. In the New York station was his bag—he felt in his pocket; his check was still there. He took it out and looked at it, finding a childlike amusement in the number, which was 13. In the station there were dressing-rooms where one could shave and bathe. He could have an abundance of hot water and, if one wished, a double order of towels. There was a beautiful dining-room where one could sit at a table and drink coffee and eat grapefruit and hot rolls. There was a news-stand where one could buy magazines. The *North American Review* would be out this morning, and in it was one of his own articles. Being clean and shaven and with a fresh linen magazine under one's arm, one could go back to one's own place. There was peace and sunshine there, and a clean bed. Suddenly a foolish smile spread over his face. There were beds in New York, hundreds of beds, thousands of beds. He laid his head on the back of the seat and closed his eyes. He asked neither for love nor for fame—all he wanted was sleep. At this moment he had been offered escape as an alternative he would have chosen sleep.

He believed that his eyes had been closed for merely a second when the conductor shook him heavily and bade him get out.

"Think I can hold the train here till your valet comes to dress you?" he roared.

He got in answer a smile as foolish as his question. Adams caught kind-natured banter fell upon ears which heard it as tho it were the utterance of the chief humorist of the ages.

ON SUNDAY afternoon at half past three Mr. Ayer's car crossed the campus. He had been to church in the morning, and he was still dressed in churchgoing clothes. He rejoiced in their cleanness, in their newness, and in their almost clerical air. There had been another fall of snow which, to light, covered all with immaculate whiteness. Across the snowy spaces drifted the faint sound of music. The vesper service began at four, and the organist was preceding it with a half-hour's recital. The organist loved the great instrument and the dim chapel with its stained glass and carved and fine brasses, and he often began to play early and continued long after the service had closed.

Adams was not going to vespers, but to the president's office, where a task waited him. His stop was pronounced, his head bent meditatively as he walked side by side. He was still tired, tho he had slept all of Thursday and all of Thursday night and a part of Friday in Mrs. Ayer's car. Friday night on the train, and a large part of Saturday and Sunday in his own rooms. He believed that he should have enough sleep and that he should never have enough of sitting in his quiet rooms or of listening to the music floating overhead, of looking at the trees, the vine-covered library or the blue lake. He could not be president, but he would not have to leave Abingdon. He was on his way to write to Mr. Payne to decline his offer gratefully but finally. The question had been settled for him, not by his experience, recent or remote, but by his own exhaustion. He was too old, too easily undone. He felt as tho he should never recover again the vitality he had. All he asked was to stay here quietly.

He passed students coming from the fraternity buildings near at hand at the edge of the campus and citizens coming up from the town. He believed that he spoke to them all, but in reality he was too very few. His mind was upon his letter; he could not wait to write and dispatch it.

He smiled to himself a little cynically as he thought of Mrs. Ayer. He had recovered his common sense—her attentions were those of duty, not of love; she was kind to him because he had been a friend of her husband and because he was lonely. He wished that he had declined her invitation to supper before he went away. Now he would have to go to her house. Henceforth he would mix social relations with his acceptances; he did not wish to be her beneficiary. He was free, but even if Mrs. Ayer loved him he could not marry her—probable, he could not ask her to marry him. He could ask no one to marry him unless she knew the bare facts at least of his history, and he could tell no one his history unless he were first sure of her love.

The office was cool, and, having lit a fire on the hearth, he sat down and wrote his letter with his own hand. He did not possess, he said, the qualifications of a college president. He was a student, not an executive, and it would be a mistake to select him for the position or for him to accept. He expressed gratitude for the honor and devotion to Abingdon and the hope that he might continue to teach here for many years. He wrote simply, but without pause and, having finished, he addressed the letter and sealed it

Then he sat down on a divan before the fire. It was only a little after four and he was not due at Mrs. Ayer's until seven. On his desk, piled up with mail at which he would not look until morning, was a parcel of books from London for which he had been eagerly expecting—presently he would open it. Meanwhile he would sit here for a few moments, contemplating his future, which would now run quietly on, he believed, like a smooth stream, to the end. He was thankful that his large book was finished; it would have been difficult to pick up again the threads which he had been spinning so long. His mental condition had been utterly changed. He had lived in uneasiness and anxiety; he was now to have peace. The past had threatened him daily; the past was now entirely put away. He was so profoundly grateful for the security which had by so many strange chances been given him that Mrs. Ayer became as the she had never been.

HIS peace lasted for only a little while. It was shattered first by a boldly trembling, and he rose, seeking to get control of himself by using his will upon it. Through the west windows shone the last horizontal rays of the sun; to the east stood gilded walls and towers. But he fixed his eyes rather upon the shadows thickening in the corners of the room.

When he had got his body under control he sat down. He had a dozen plans for articles and even for several small books in which he would use his time to good effect. He gathered in his preparation for larger work or for teaching. Upon one of these he would fix his attention. But his trembling and shaking began again, and with it came at first vaguely, as tho the eye of his mind were uncertain like his body, and then as if gathering force and firmness, a host of torturing visions.

He saw himself sitting in his room reading Myra's awful letter and its enclosure. He saw himself plodding through the snow, his enemies watching him. He saw the face of Myra; he heard the voice of the contractor mutter. He felt the cold snap of the iron on his wrist, and he drew back his cuff and looked at the bandage which covered his wound. He knew—he was certain that he would feel forever—the hateful weight upon his prone body. Hitherto he had been strong or asleep; now he believed that he would never again have sound sleep, but would live over and over through all his years the events of these hideous days. If there were a living soul in whom he could confide, he believed he could rid himself of the horror, but there was no one in whom he could confide.

He bent his head presently upon his hand and closed his eyes to fight back the pressure of tears. He reminded himself that thousands of other men had their secrets and had lived lonely lives. The room grew darker, the firelight faded. He placed wood on the fire and walked up and down with his shoulders set and returned once more to his seat. He heard the clock strike five and the chimes began to ring—that meant that the vesper service was over and every one gone from the hill. It would be abandoned until morning, as lonely as his own soul. He felt that he deserved a reward that he had conquered himself, gained strength and courage, but he knew now that his battle was only begun. And he leaned his head on his hand. He heard a knock at the door, but he did not answer. He believed he had turned the latch. If it was Miss Mallory she would go away.

BUT it was not Miss Mallory. The knock came again gently, then the knob turned. He looked up and saw Mrs. Ayer standing in the door. Her soft eyes gleamed in the firelight above furs; then her expression was at once merry and uneasy. Furs framed her lovely face; she held her muff as tho it were a cushion. Many persons had loved her in vain; none had ever remembered her with bitterness.

"I passed you on the walk and you didn't see me," she said, without advancing. "You looked unhappy or worried and I was anxious about you. Then as I was going home I saw a faint light and I thought perhaps you'd come down with me now."

Adams did not rise for her to enter. He knew suddenly that whether or not Mrs. Ayer cared for him, he loved the ground upon which she stepped. He looked at her confused and speechless.

"You haven't seen me for months," she reminded him brightly. "Have you forgotten me?"

When Adams still did not answer she looked alarmed, then gently entered and crossed the room to his side and bent over him. She laid her arm across the back of the divan and put her hand on his shoulder.

"My dear," she said breathlessly. "What ails you?"

Adams reached up and laid his hand on hers. He had felt the embrace of lust and the quick thrust of hate, but this tenderness was new. For an instant it possessed him, was flood of strength, almost unmanned rubbed him of strength, almost unmanned rubbed him of strength. Then the stream of his blood quickened; his muscles seemed to harden; a magnetic current, healing, strengthening, passed through him. He felt pride in what he had accomplished, contempt for what he had made of himself, confidence

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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Thousands of Beautiful Women prove that A MINERALAVA SKIN never ages

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BEAUTIFUL KYRA, the Assyrian dancer, star of the new Winter Garden, whose lissome body and wonderful skin are the admiration of the women to whom she teaches physical culture, voluntarily says:

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Kyra.

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MINERALAVA is a natural lava—its name, MINERAL-LAVA, shows what it is exactly. Perfected by noted chemists of Europe and America there has been added to this product of the earth certain minerals of high medicinal power, making it the finest natural beauty producer in the world. It is unlike and far superior to any beauty specific ever offered to seekers after the grace and charm of Youth.

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Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted skin specialist, explains that the human skin has two layers, the outer called the Epidermis; the inner skin called the Dermis.

As the outer skin flakes and falls away day by day it makes way for the appearance of the under or baby-skin—the clear, beautifully-tinted and velvety skin as of a little child. It is this skin that needs to be stimulated and nourished so that when it is born, it shall be clothed in beauty free from all blemish.

Skin-malnutrition is what causes wrinkles, crows-feet, blackheads, coarse pores, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin. These all come from under-nourished and impoverished skin, unable to resist the evils that attack it.

MINERALAVA is the positive remedy for skin-malnutrition. It corrects the blemishes you can see, but at the same time it works constantly on the under skin. It nourishes and stimulates this to a ripe and lovely texture so that as the old skin flakes away the baby-skin is there ready to take its place—newborn and beautiful.

Enthusiastic women declare that:

A MINERALAVA SKIN NEVER AGES!

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In spite of its original high cost MINERALAVA is to-day at the service of all women at $2.00 a bottle. Each bottle contains enough for eighteen full treatments; a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment.

THE EASY APPLICATION

Apply MINERALAVA to the face and neck with the soft brush that comes with every bottle. It forms a dainty and fragrant mask which dries in ten minutes. As it dries you feel the medical ingredients penetrating the pores, re-vitalizing the tissues; strengthening the tiny muscles; stimulating the circulation. The pleasant feeling of contraction, the mild and gentle pulsation beneath the mask convince you how effectively and positively it is doing its work of creating a new beauty.

Wash off the mask—look into your mirror—and note the wonderful improvement!

SOME VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIALS

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251 West 19th Street, New York.

Gentlemen:—The results of Mineralava have exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I find that it leaves the skin firm, velvety, smooth and glowing with natural color. By stimulating the circulation existing blemishes are diminished and large pores become inconspicuous. I feel as if my face were clean for the first time since it came fresh from the Creator's hands.

Miss ADRIENNE BATTEY,
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Gentlemen:—The very first application of Mineralava convinced me that this remarkable Beauty Clay has virtues far exceeding what you claim for it. My skin feels young and fresh like a baby's. It has restored to me the natural complexion which generally belongs to a very young age. Now that I know it I shall never be without it.

Mrs. GEORGE BONNEY,
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Gentlemen:—Mineralava is all you claim for it and more. Its remarkable work in clearing up the complexion and removing wrinkles and all blemishes from the skin is almost unbelieveable until it has been tried. It is a wonderful blessing for women.

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H. W. THRUSH,
Box 794, San Francisco, Cal.

THE VOICE OF THE EXPERT

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"Before I would consent to endorse MINERALAVA I kept the name of each purchaser of this Beauty Specific over a period of three months. I offered to refund the purchase price to all who were not satisfied with the results; to anyone who could say that MINERALAVA had not performed all and more than was claimed for it. I found that 97 per cent of these first purchasers of MINERALAVA became steady users and enthusiastic endorsers of its potent virtues. There was not one single user who asked for the return of money. No other beauty preparation placed before the people has ever held such a record."

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In order that the greatest number of people may realize the tremendous advantage and benefit to be derived from the MINERALAVA treatment, we have placed on the market a TRIAL TUBE at 50 cents. Use this trial tube as directed and we are certain that no woman in search of that crowning glory, beauty, will fail to get the full eighteen treatments in the $2 bottle, and award MINERALAVA a permanent and honored place on her dressing table.

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I perfected this Restorer for my own use—to restore the color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. And though I am no longer young my abundant hair is still admired. So I know from experience that it is folly for any young person to let gray hair brand them as "getting old." It is equally unnecessary for those who are older to let gray streaks and silver threads increase the look of age.

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Fill out coupon carefully. Use X to tell color of hair. If possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter. Then when you know that your gray hair can be restored safely, easily and surely, get a full sized bottle from your druggist or order direct from us.

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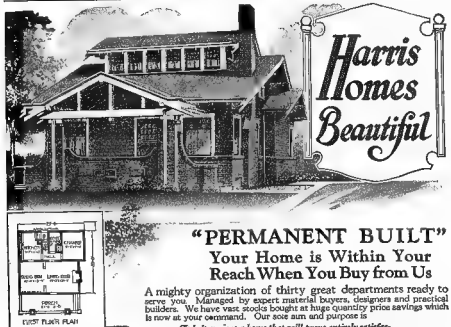

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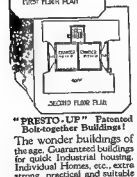

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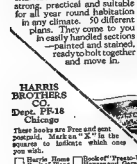

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CHANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

for the future. He rose and took Mrs. Ayer's muff away from her and held her at arm's length by both hands.

"You frightened me," he said as the two were amused at himself. "I was thinking about you. I wanted to tell you that I had loved you for years. I doubted whether the fact would have any importance for you."

The color deepened in Mrs. Ayer's cheeks, but her eyes were bright and steady.

"You speak very foolishly," she said. "You are neither dull nor blind."

Adams still held her far away.

"There is something I shall have to tell you," he said slowly.

Mrs. Ayer read his misery.

"Will it hurt to tell?"

"Fearfully."

"Then don't tell."

"You'll trust me?"

Mrs. Ayer bent her head; then she looked up. "You are entirely free, and you love me?" she asked simply.

"I am entirely free and I love you," said Adams. "It was an incident of the long past, known to no living being."

"Can you forget it?"

Adams studied the floor. "Yes," he said at last. "I can forget it entirely."

"Then forget it quickly," said Mrs. Ayer. "Now let us go home."

Adams put on his overcoat. Mrs. Ayer had lost her composure.

"This was a wild trick," she laughed nervously, stepping out into the hall.

"Were you really anxious about me?" asked Adams.

"No," she confessed shamelessly "I wanted to see you. But what would Abingdon say?"

Adams closed the door and reached for her hand. "It is none of Abingdon's business."

At the outer door he halted, remembering his letter to Mr. Henderson Payne declining the presidency of Abingdon College.

"I'll be back in an instant," he said, and hurried away.

He unlocked the office door and fumbled for the letter and mailed it in a queer place —on the faintly glowing brands on the hearth. It caught instantly, flamed up, and was transformed into a shriveled brown skin. He replaced the screen and slammed the door behind him and ran down the hall like a boy. Mrs. Ayer was waiting in the darkness, standing motionless exactly in the spot where he had left her, and he put both arms around her and laid his lips to her warm, smooth cheek.

MRS. DEY'S FOURTH HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

bigger than you. You've been taking the only way to get rid of this excess sex baggage, marrying these thick-necked cavemen. Isn't it so?"

She made no answer.

"You know it's so." He went on. "You don't regret these mistakes."

"In a way no one regrets mistakes. You always seem to get something out of them."

"Exactly," he said.

"But have I got to go on doing this sort of thing?"

"Certainly not. You get indeterminate sentences. Take Rose— From what I hear—"

"I've been seeing her in Paris," she broke in. "She's horribly changed. You never would have known that she'd had any looks."

"Is she happy?"

"She said she was happy."

Holmwood saw the beaten, hungry look come into her eyes. "Well, Rose had an uncommonly bad time of it. Eight years with Jim Belwood was enough to work out any woman's soul. What sort of man has she married?"

"She's very nice; quite intelligent and kind; one of those upper middle-class Englishmen. I believe he's an architect."

"There you are!" he said with a laugh. "There's nothing like 'em when you're ready to be good."

SHE looked up at him with a dancing, misty laughter in her eyes. "Is this a provocation?"

"Naturally. It's the obvious, logical thing for you, my dear.

"How young you are, George!" A sigh of weariness came with the words.

"How? Why?" he demanded.

"Can't you see that I'm finished?"

"I shouldn't say so to look at you."

"When I have the courage I'll give you a good look in strong light. That will finish you. But, joking aside, George, I'm done for as far as the old life is concerned."

"That's why I want you to try an architect. You're ready to come into port."

"No; no more marrying. I'm through."

There was a pause. "Were you serious when you said that life beats us into finding our souls?"

"Surely; I attribute to a sense of values, a kind of moral relativity."

"But do you think we have souls?"

"Perhaps; I don't know. It may be a name for a point of view that we acquire. It doesn't matter what you call it."

"But what do you make out of religion?" she demanded.

"I suppose it's a necessary institution. You couldn't have civilization without it. The church is the world's ballast."

"Yes. I've heard that. I suppose it's true, but I mean a personal religion. I don't mean going to church; I don't get anything out of that. What I mean is, do you think there's anything that can make you happy, and show you what you ought to do and help you to do it?"

"I think there's character," he answered, "the built-in moral action."

"No, that isn't what I mean. I mean something—" she broke off. "There was a man I saw something of in Paris who put it to me in a way that made it clear, only I don't seem able to hold it."

"Who was he?"

"The idea was," she went on, "that there's a part of God in everybody, and if you just let that have a chance to do everything for you, everything comes out all right."

"It sounds simple," he said. He was wondering why she had ignored his question.

"Yes, it sounds simple," she echoed, "but one needs to be helped."

They drove on in silence. As they swung through Flushing she glanced at the clock. It was just five. "Are you going by Roslyn or Westbury?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter which," he answered. "I rather thought it would be pleasanter by Roslyn. Why?"

"Nothing; only we might stop at Alice Whiteley's and get tea."

"All right," he assented. "You haven't seen Alice yet?"

"No, but she telephoned. I said we might look in. How is she?"

"Better-looking than ever."

"She's a dear."

"You know she's become the reigning beauty?"

"So they tell me. It's funny, isn't it?"

"How funny?"

"You know what I mean. She was awfully popular as a girl, but she never had any especial attention till after she married."

"You couldn't be expected to understand Alice," he said with mock severity. "She's a good woman. She could marry and be happy from the start."

"And be true to Prescott."

"Exactly."

Isabella laughed her low, chuckling laugh. "She's missed a lot of fun."

She's missed a lot of trouble, and she's having her fun now," he said removingly.

"I suppose so," Isabella assented. "Anyway she's the salt of the earth."

The conversation died away and the car sped on. It was nearly half past five when he swung into a long winding drive, climbed a hill through a covert of dogwood, and brought up on the graveled court before the Whiteley's Georgian house. A footman let them in and ushered them through to the terrace, where the tea-table was set. In the garden below where the tulips had been, roses were breaking into bloom. The little fountain was playing. Beyond, the view gave over miles of hunting country, with the blue Sound glistening in the afternoon sun.

"Mrs. Whiteley was here a moment ago," said the man. Almost as he spoke she appeared through a trellis of ramblers.

"Isabella!" she screamed, and ran forward with her arms open.

A MOMENT later Pryne followed. He was in tweed from collar to heel, but for the rest was in tweeds.

Holmwood nodded. "Eternally Pryne," he thought. "I wonder what Prescott thinks about it?" Pryne might be the fad among the ladies of fashion, but one wouldn't want him from the door-step.

Pryne bowed civilly and offered his hand to Isabella. They seemed to have met before.

They sat down, and Alice began to pour tea. The two women were launched in the running fire of chatter which always amazed Holmwood. Had Isabella seen Rose? Had she seen Belle in London? Had Freddy behaved himself in Paris? It went on endlessly, an amazing way to meet a lifelong friend who had been away two years! "I'm sure he hasn't," Isabella would be just then, Pryne said, thoughtfully drinking his tea. Occasionally he glanced off at the view. Twice he answered questions which Alice included him in the conversation. To Holmwood he gave the impression of a man interrupted and unpleasantly waiting for the interruption to end.

The chatter went on, a pure dialog. Yet it was a charming picture; Alice, like one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

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MRS. DEY'S FOURTH HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

of Sir Joshua's blue-eyed duchesses; Isabella, American in type, difficult to define, impossible of description, one moment in a gale of bewildering spurits, reckless, defiant, eyes glittering, color high as if the excess of life and sex within were bursting through the flesh; the next subdued, meek almost, years older, with the suggestion of little lines about the corners of her mouth, and the haunting of tragedy in her eyes. Whichever phase it was, she was amazing. And then the setting, the rose garden, the kept turf, the fountain, the view, the sense of good taste and luxury, the golden afternoon light.

It was a scene Giorgione would have painted. Even Pryne belonged in the composition, the equivalent of the monk with the viola.

SUDDENLY Isabella rose. "He's got to drop me and go on to the Watsons'," she said, indicating Holmwood. "You'll call me up in the morning?"

Alice assented. The two women kissed again. Isabella gave her hand to Pryne, and they were on their way to the car.

She was silent as they rolled down the drive.

"Well," said Holmwood, "that's over. How ever do you ladies do it?"

"Do it?" she echoed.

"All this torrent of society chit-chat when you're both over twenty-two."

Isabella laughed and was silent again.

"Queer bird Pryne," Holmwood ventured as they turned into the Highway. "What's Alice doing with him?"

"I suppose she finds him interesting. A good man is rather a novelty!"

"Is he good?"

"Ask Alice," she answered.

The car sped along, and there was no more talking. As they reached the gateway of the Lenox place Holmwood broke the silence.

"Can't we do something to-morrow afternoon? Suppose we drive down the Island and have tea?"

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "We'll see. You know Aunt Carrie; I have to consider her a bit. She may have something on."

"Well, fix it if you can," he said.

As the house came in sight she looked up at him. "That was Frank in the window with you this morning?"

"Yes."

"How does he seem?"

"About as usual."

"Is he drinking much?"

"I don't know. I never see him except at the club, and nobody drinks there any more for the best of reasons."

"But do you think—?" she began and hesitated.

"No, I don't," he answered, reading her thought. "I think he notices sometimes that he's lost a decorative piece of furniture that once belonged in his house; that's all."

"I hope so," she said as if to herself.

A moment later they had stopped, and the Lenox servants were gathering in.

She waved to Holmwood from the steps, smiled in a way that gave him a momentary thrill, and he was driving off again. A curious depression had settled on him. He was bilious, he told himself. Driving tired him.

SUNDAY lunch at the Lenoxes' was coming to an end. It had been a dismal function for Holmwood. Eighteen or twenty people, all chattering at once, too much food for the middle of the day, himself thrust between two women who bored him, and Isabella far away on Bronson Lenox's right.

As Mrs. Lenox marshaled the women to the drawing-room she caught Holmwood's eye and beckoned to him.

"I want to see you before you go," she said.

He acquiesced and went back to the table to smoke and drink his coffee. Twenty minutes later the men moved into the drawing-room. Mrs. Lenox rose and appropriated him. "I want you to advise me about a pergola for the west garden," she said, and led him out. He caught Isabella's eye as he disappeared. She was regarding him with an air of speculation.

As they went down the turf carpet along the border of perennials Mrs. Lenox glanced about her as if making sure they were alone. Suddenly she stopped and faced him challengingly. "George," she demanded, "why don't you marry Isabella?"

He looked at her a moment, taken aback by her abruptness. "I'd like to, of course," he said, "but I thought you and Bronson were opposed to the marriage of divorced persons."

"We are; but what can we do? You know Isabella."

"I don't quite understand," he said after a pause.

"It's perfectly clear. She's come home meaning to marry again. I can tell; I know her; it isn't the first time."

"And you think I'm the most suitable object?"

"Exactly. She's always been fond of you."

Holmwood smiled. "Do you think she's got me in mind?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Lenox emphatically. "That's why I'm talking to you. I want to warn you to wake up. You take things too easily, George. Isabella's the kind of a woman who wants to be mastered."

"And you want me to be masterful?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you're all wrong," he retorted. "Isabella needs to choose her next husband and take the moral responsibility for it."

"Moral responsibility?" She looked at him vaguely.

"Exactly. That's the only thing that will keep her going straight. She's always enjoyed the luxury of being mastered and having her decisions made for her. If she's going to be happy she's got to stand on her own feet."

"I don't think you know Isabella as well as I do," Mrs. Lenox said dryly.

"Possibly not," said Holmwood. He tossed his cigar into the flower-bed.

"The trouble is," she went on, "if you don't do something she's going to marry Father Pryne."

"Pryne?"

She nodded.

A tremor went through him. He felt his breath come quick. "But she hardly knows him!"

"She's been seeing him in Paris for two months. He came back on the steamer just ahead of her."

"Did your sister write you this?"

"Yes. Kitty says they're mad about each other."

"But he belongs to a celibate order!"

"He can get out of it."

"Yes, but not without getting out of the church and giving up his job."

"If Isabella wanted him to get out he'd get out. You know it."

HOLMWOOD made no reply. His mind was on the scene at Alice Whiteley's. It was all explained now, the stopping in there for tea, Pryne's attitude, Isabella's ignoring of him.

"The scandal would be frightful," Mrs. Lenox went on. "With Bronson a vestryman at St. Michael's, think of our position! And then, when she got tired of him!"

"You think she'd get tired of him?" Holmwood asked mechanically.

"You know she would. She's only thirty-eight. And he hasn't a penny. You've got to think of these things, George. Isabella never had but fifteen thousand a year and she's gone into her capital. She wouldn't take anything from Franklin. They can't manage on that."

"No, they can't manage on that," he repeated.

"You see it's a serious matter. I've tried to get Bronson to speak to her, but of course he won't. There ought to be a law against a woman marrying more than three times."

"Well?" said Holmwood.

"What I want you to do is to do something," she continued. "She's fond of you. I know that. My own opinion is that she wanted to marry you when she married Frank Dey, but you let her drift away from you."

"Yes, I must do something, of course," Holmwood murmured. "I'm very much obliged to you for telling me all this. It's rather a surprise." He laughed dryly. The interview was over.

They went back in silence. Holmwood half a step behind. As they entered the drawing-room the conversation stopped. A dozen people rose. The men were impatient to get to the tennis-courts. The room cleared except for the Wetherbees, who were intimates.

Holmwood crossed over to Isabella. She had remained standing. "We can get away now," he said.

She shook her head. "I've got to chuck, George. One of these miserable headaches is coming on. It means bed."

He looked at her suspiciously. "You don't think if I drove slowly the air would do you good?"

"You there's only one thing and that's bed. I know." She pressed her hands to her temples and sighed wearily.

"Well," he said with a touch of chagrin in his voice, "when am I going to see you?"

"You go back to town in the morning?"

"Yes."

"I'll call you up at the office." She held out her hand. "You've been such a dear," she said. "You don't know what it means to me, George."

He looked at her searchingly, and she met his look with innocent, trustful eyes. "Good-by," her voice died away with a note of tenderness. "To-morrow about eleven."

REMORSE seized him. He felt like a brute "Take care of yourself, dear," he said in an undertone. "I do hope you catch the headache early."

"It isn't anything really," she said bravely. "It will be all right in a few hours." He released her hand, turned, and said a perfunctory good-by to Mrs. Lenox and the Wetherbees and made his way out.

At the foot of the drive he turned his car into the road leading to the Watsons'. Before he had gone a mile he stopped. They were having tennis there, and there would be numberless people at tea. He shrank

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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MRS. DEY'S FOURTH HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

from it. He would go back to town. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to think.

The habit of Holmwood's life had been a cautious, reasoned one; cold and fishy, some of the women called it. He had offered himself to a succession of women, exactly as he had told Isabella, with the idea that the appropriate one would recognize the appropriateness of the union. He put the responsibility on them. His rejections left him always with a sense of relief.

But all this had been apart from his relation to Isabella. She stood always as the symbol of romance.

He saw now that he had come to a parting of the ways. The road of habit stretched on monotonously into the future. Isabella was not upon it. If he was to gain her there must come a new, an active principle into his life. As Mrs. Lenox had put it, he must do something. He knew in his heart that if he had "done something" eight years before Isabella would have married him. He could recall the scene; they were sitting at tea in her house in Seventieth Street. He knew now what he should have said. She was ready, waiting, and he let the moment pass. And then Frank Dey had married her.

Now by some freak of Fate the scene had been set again and he was armed by experience. Yes, he must "do something." He must be masterful and take her as Dey had done. Whether Mrs. Lenox had exaggerated the situation with Pryne he could not be sure. He thought it probable that she had, and yet there was doubtless a foundation for her alarm. Pryne, despite his ascetic vows, was a man in whom passion merely slumbered. He was a man who would adventure and take.

HOLMWOOD had turned back toward Manhattan, had repassed the entrance to the Lenox place, when a limousine bore toward him and swept by. As they passed he saw Pryne, sitting in it alone. A gust of jealousy swept him. It was all clear. Isabella's headache by now had gone. Pryne was on his way to her by appointment.

The impulse to go back and confront her, and drag her away with him surged up. But he only drove faster and, turning into the road to the right, drew up before Alice Whiteley's door. Her rumabout was parked on the gravel ring, and as he stepped down he saw her come out of the house with a tennis-bat under her arm.

"Are you coming in?" she asked.

"Not if you're off."

"I'm in no hurry," she said without enthusiasm. "Come in."

"We can talk just as well here. Where were you going?"

"To the Watsons'. I thought you were stopping there."

"I'm supposed to be there. . Where's your priest?"

"Pryne? Oh, I sent him off on a round of tea-parties."

Holmwood looked at her suspiciously. Then he said abruptly, "Does he want to marry Isabella?"

"I suppose every man wants to marry Isabella," she answered. "But he's a celibate."

"He can get out of it."

"I don't think he'd do that, do you?"

"Yes."

Alice gave him a quick glance. "Do you want to marry her?"

"I'm going to," he answered.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "When was this decided?"

"I've decided it."

"Why, Cary," she said, "you amaze me. Don't tell me you're turning caveman."

He made no retort. "How much do you know about Pryne's interest in her?"

"Me? I?"

"Yes."

"Why, I find Pryne very helpful; does my soul good; he's very understanding. I imagine Isabella finds him the same way. She met him in Paris when she was down on her luck, and I fancy he helped her. What makes you think he'd marry her?"

"Nellie Bleeker thinks so."

"And she wrote Carrie Lenox and Carrie told you?"

"Yes."

"Well, she'll never marry him; I'll tell you that now."

"What makes you think so?"

"You're tiresome, Holmwood. How should I know why I think so. I just know she won't; that's all."

THEIR eyes met, and Holmwood experienced relief. Alice was in earnest. She had that mysterious intuition that women have for women and he trusted it.

"Feeling better?" she laughed.

He nodded.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"I was going to town," he answered. "Perhaps now I'll go back to the Watsons'."

"Then you can drive me over. I'll have them send a car for me. I hate driving these roads on Sundays."

"Good," he said.

She disappeared into the house to give her orders and he climbed back into the driving-seat. A moment later she joined him. They drove in silence for a time. Then she said suddenly, "Does Isabella ever talk to you about Frank?"

"She asked me how he was, whether I saw anything of him."

"I wonder if she knows he's stopped drinking?"

"Has he?"

"Prescott says he hasn't touched anything since she left him."

"Kidneys begun to bother him, I dare say."

"Why do you dislike him?"

"Why? Good God! He's insufferable. How she ever stood him eight years!"

"He isn't so bad when you know him. It's shyness that gives him that manner. He isn't that way with women."

"Would you like to marry him?"

"No; but I tell you he's quite sweet. There's something pathetic about him."

"Oh, Lord!" said Holmwood.

"Well, there is," she insisted. "He's lonely, I think. He told me last Winter he never went anywhere; stopped in his rooms and read."

"The man never read a book in his life," Holmwood said vehemently. As a mentality he's zero. That's the reason why Isabella couldn't stand him. In his way he was decent enough to her as far as I can find out, but he bored her to extinction."

Alice made no reply, and they went on to the Watsons' where the Sunday afternoon tennis was in full swing.

MONDAY morning Holmwood motored himself to town and was in his office by ten. "I don't want to be disturbed by any one this morning," he told his secretary. He shut himself in his office and waited for Isabella to telephone. During the night he had decided upon immediate action.

It was nearly half past eleven when the office operator told him Long Island wanted him. He ordered the call put on and waited. Then Isabella's voice reached him. It sounded weary and plaintive.

Yes, her headache was better, but she felt slack, depressed.

When could he come down? he asked. She didn't know. She was really too miserable to see any one, but she thought on Friday she would be up to coming to town.

Would she lunch with him?

She couldn't do that; she didn't expect to come up till after lunch. She had to go to the Trust Company and sign something and she'd be at the Lenoxes' at quarter to four. She could only give him half an hour, but it would be good to see him. Then she said she felt horribly guilty at keeping him so long during business hours and rang off.

THE week slipped away and Friday came. At one o'clock he left his office. "I sha'n't be back," he said. He crossed over to the avenue, debating where he should lunch. The thought of the curry that Dey had recommended came to mind and he turned his steps north to the club. As he reached Fifty-ninth Street the cross-town traffic was opened. He stood on the curb waiting for the stream of motor-vehicles to pass. Suddenly he saw Dey sitting groomed, imperturbable, and bovine in a taxi that swept by.

The man's calm irritated him. What right had he to it? On what was that bloated self-respect founded? Holmwood had called a woman's name in the taxi had swept by. Dey was taking her to lunch, of course; one of his affairs in the half-world where he was precisely at home. In a man of his age it was disgusting! And yet Holmwood knew that his condemnation sprang from envy of Dey's possession of the thing he was searching in himself. The cross-town traffic ceased and he went on to his club.

At quarter to four one of the Lenox men servants admitted him and conducted him to the drawing-room with the furniture encased in its Summer covers of white Holland.

Isabella rose from a sofa and gave him her hand.

"I do admire prompt people," she said. "Not as examples."

"As conveniences. I was just thinking what a convenient person you were, George. I don't see how I ever get along without you."

"I don't understand it either," he answered. "Listen, there's an entire future to make use of me."

"Is this another proposal?"

"Naturally."

"Goodness!" she exclaimed; "all this attention will be turning my head. Tell me," she went on irrelevantly, "have you been seeing much of Alice Whiteley?"

"I haven't seen her for months," he answered. There was a shade of annoyance in his tone. He had meant to avoid their old ground of sentimental banter, which he knew now led nowhere, yet he had grasped to it as soon as she had entered.

She misinterpreted his tone. "Have you been fighting with her again?"

"No; I just don't see her. How are you, Isabella?" he went on. "Have you got rested?"

"I've done nothing but eat and sleep since I landed."

"And your soul?" He felt the flippancy of his question as he uttered it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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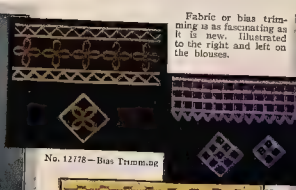
Decorative Ideas that Are New, Smart, and Practical

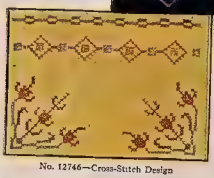
No. 12778 —Fabric or Bias Trimming Shown on Blouse

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12778, blue only, 40 cents, furnishes design in fabric trimming suitable for yokes and bodices.



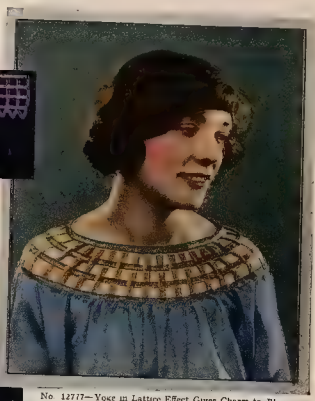
Fabric or bias trimming is as fascinating as it is new. Illustrated to the right and left on the blouses.

No. 12778—Bias Trimming



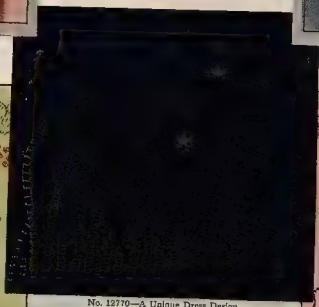
No. 12777

No. 12746—Cross-Stitch Design



No. 12777—Yoke in Lattice Effect Gives Charm to Blouse

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12777, blue only, 40 cents, furnishes a 4¾-inch border, 24 motifs, and design and shape of 3 collars.



No. 12770—A Unique Dress Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12770, blue or yellow, 50 cents, contains 3 yards of a 17½-inch border.

No. 12704—Reading Design for Gown or Blouse

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12704, blue or yellow, 35 cents, provides 3 yards of each of the 4¾- and 2¾-inch borders. The above was worked in beads and silk.

No. 12771 —Beads and Metallic Threads Combined

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12771, blue or yellow, 75 cents, furnishes 4 yards of a 21-inch border, for beading or a combination as above.

No. 12772—Peasant Cross-Stitch Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12772, blue or yellow, 50 cents, provides 4 yards of a cross-stitch border 12¾ inches wide, worked in colors.

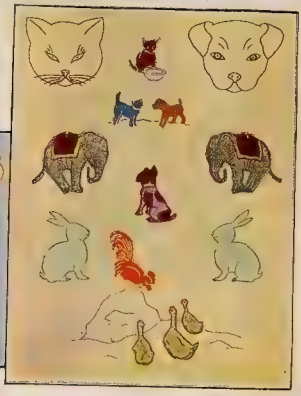
No. 12682—Animal Appliqués to Please the Kiddies

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents, furnishes 2 of each of the design illustrated, for appliqué embroidery. If desired these motifs may be worked in outline stitch. If appliqué is preferred the motifs should be worked in blanket stitch, long-and-short stitch, outline stitch, or running stitch. Colored chambray or linen is desirable for patch work, and 6-strand cotton is used for the embroidery, using 2 or 3 strands for the work

No. 12767 —Pansies Made Natural in Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12767, blue or yellow, 25 cents, provides single flowers and clusters which may be used for runners, scarfs, cushions, etc. Included in the design are 1 and a reverse of the large cluster, 4 duplicates of the small cluster, 2 and 2 reverses of the single flowers, and 4 of the baskets.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12746, blue or yellow, 40 cents. There are 8 yards of each of the 1¾-inch and ¾-inch borders, together with eight 5-inch motifs. An excellent design for runners, cushions and aprons.



No. 12683—More Appliqué for Children

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12683, blue or yellow, 25 cents, contains 2 each of the designs shown above, with extra patch pieces for appliqué. These designs may also be carried out with the plain embroidery stitches, in such case outline stitches are used. If they are worked in appliqué the embroidery may be carried out in blanket stitches; long-and-short, outline, or running stitches may also be used. Especially decorative and attractive are these animal motifs for kiddies' frocks.

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Attractive Embroideries that Supply the Artistic Touch

No. 12720—Appliqués on Dress 1002

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12684, blue or yellow, 25 cents, provides a large assortment of designs for appliqué embroidery, one of which is shown below on child's rompers 9014, 25 cents, sizes 1 to 4 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents, furnishes attractive motifs for appliqué embroidery, with duplicates of 3, and reverses of 3 of them. Some of the motifs are illustrated on dress 1002, to the left, 35 cents, sizes 6 to 14 years. Making a pretty finish

No. 12684—One of the Motifs on Rompers 9014

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents, furnishes 11 charming motifs for appliqué embroidery, 3 of them with duplicates and 2 with reverses One is illustrated on dress at the left, the other shown on dress No. 1037, 30 cents, sizes 6 to 17 years.

No. 12720—Dainty Flowers in Appliqué on Dress 1037

No. 12773—A Peasant Cross-Stitch Design on Runner and Napkins

No. 279—Filet Crochet on Tea-Cloth and Napkins

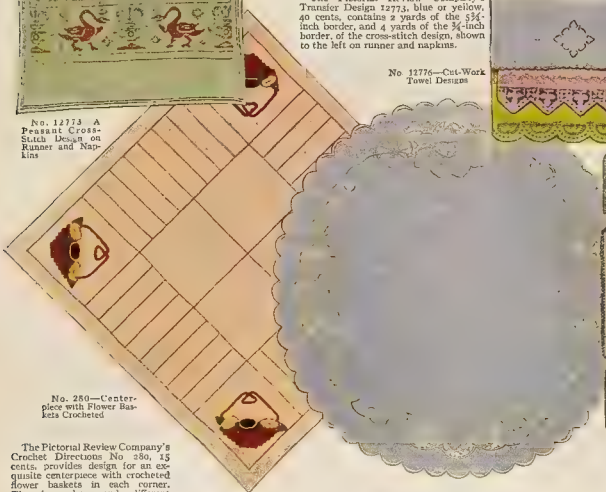
The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 279, 15 cents, furnishes directions for making the effective tea-cloth and napkin.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12773, blue or yellow, 40 cents, contains 2 yards of the 3¾-inch border, and 4 yards of the ¾-inch border, of the cross-stitch design, shown to the left on runner and napkins.

No 12776—Cut-Work Towel Designs

No. 12774—An Exquisite Scarf in Cut-Work

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12774, blue only 25 cents, furnishes design to fit a scarf 21½ by 45 inches or 21½ by 36 inches. Cut-work is employed in working the design, and centerpiece 12775 matches the scarf illustrated above



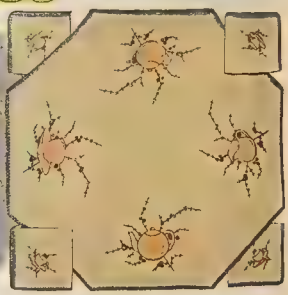
No. 280—Centerpiece with Flower Baskets Crocheted

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No 280, 15 cents, provides design for an exquisite centerpiece with crocheted flower baskets in each corner. Threads are drawn and a different color thread pulled through.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12776, blue only 25 cents Three of the most charming designs are furnished, with cut-work as their chief characteristic, illustrated above in center The design will fit towels 15 inches wide Scallops are supplied for both ends, and the work is carried out with white mercerized cotton No 18 Other stitches used are lazy daisy stitch for the leaves and tiny flowers stem stitch outline stitch and eyelets

No. 12775—A Centerpiece in Cut-Work Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12775, blue only, 30 cents furnishes design as above, for a center piece which measures 25 inches in diameter, and matches scarf 12774 shown above to the right The water lily used in this design is unsurpassed in simplicity and richness of effect, especially so when carried out in cut-work Eyelets, lazy daisy, outline stitch, and French knots are used in working the design Pearl cotton No 5 is used throughout it



No. 12727 –Japanese Design on Luncheon Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design. 12727, blue only, 25 cents, gives design for a luncheon set, originally worked in appliqué, but also appropriate for the plain embroidery stitches. The design contains 1 of each of the large motifs to be used for the cloth, and 6 of the small ones and saucers, for use on the 6 napkins. The Japanese flowers are worked as follows the daisies in "Mille Fleur" stitch the leaves in lazy daisy stitch, and the stems in outline stitch The motifs are appliquéd onto the cloth with button-hole stitches A hand crocheted picot edge is worked around it If preferred a lace design or a row of blanket stitches may be used to decorate the set Colors may also be used effectively

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Latest Neck Treatments that Make Smart the Season's Frock

1446—The Newest Drop-shoulder Yoke
1352—The Popular Draped Frock

Dress 1218

Dress 1446

Dress 1421
Embroidery 12748
Monogram 12755

Dress 1352

Dress 1332

Dress 1408

Dress 1425
Embroidery 12718

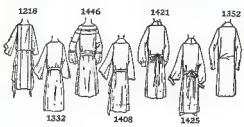
1408 Featuring the Simple Cascade Side Drapery

1218—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch dante (plum) crêpe—⅛ yard wide fur banding—1⅞ yard narrow fur banding—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Fur banding, which is so popular as a trimming this year, is applied to the oval neck and also to the flowing sleeves. The panels fall gracefully and extend in points below the hem-line.

1446—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch black chiffon velvet—⅞ yard 40-inch gray Canton crêpe. Fagoting joins the velvet to the Canton crêpe and gives a smart touch to the frock.

1421—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch brickdust (henna) duvetyn—½ yard 18-inch vesting—2⅞ yards narrow braid—2¼ yards fancy ribbon for sash. Embroidery, in design 12748, forms a deep border on the skirt of this frock, and the design may be carried out in running or outline stitches with rope silk. Bugle beads could also be used for this design. The monogram, design 12755, gives an individual touch to the frock and may be worked in raised satin stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



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Extremely Beautiful Costumes for the Informal Occasion

1448—Features a Snugly Fitted Basque, Laced up the Front in Peasant Fashion

1423—Shows the New Type of Bodice that Molds the Figure in Basque Effect

1448—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. As illustrated at the extreme left, size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch black chiffon velvet—⅝ yard 5-inch gold ribbon for vestee—2½ yards velvet ribbon for lacing—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. As illustrated below, size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch cyclamen (wine) Canton crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch beige Canton crêpe for cuffs—⅝ yard 36-inch allover cream lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1354—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch dune (gray) crêpe de Chine—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery motifs, in design 12749, are applied to the panels of this afternoon frock. The design may be carried out in running or outline stitches with rope silk.

1419—Uses Fabric-Trimming to Form an Attractive Open-work Yoke

Dress 1448

Dress 1354
Embroidery 12749

Dress 1452
Cross-stitch 12745

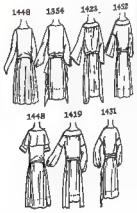
Dress 1423
Embroidery 12612

1419—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch red crêpe satin—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe satin for facing panels. The sleeve sections which are attached to the short kimono sleeves are gathered to narrow wristbands. Fabric trimming consisting of bias strips of self-material or braid forms a yoke on the waist of this frock. Side panels faced in a contrasting color hang below the lower edge of the skirt.

1431—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 38-inch navy embroidered crêpe for skirt and sleeve sections—1¾ yard 40-inch plain navy crêpe for waist and girdle. The waist which blouses over the wide girdle closes on the shoulders and under the left arm. Sleeve sections of embroidered crêpe, attached at a lowered shoulder line, are gathered to narrow wristbands. The front gore of the skirt extends out at the left side and falls in cascade style. Fashion favors the side drapery and it gives a softness to this chic frock. The girdle closes at the left side with a fancy buckle.

1423—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch java (brown) Canton crêpe. The side panels which extend below the hem-line of the skirt are rounded off at the lower edge. Embroidery, in design 12612, forms an allover effect and may be carried out in running stitches with rope silk. Bugle or seed beads in crystal, opalescent, jet, chalk or colored glass beads would also be very attractive.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



Dress 1448 Dress 1419 Dress 1431

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New Lights on the Latest Afternoon Frock Modes for Winter

1416—This Stylish Dress Easily Made in 2¾ Hours

1397—New Idea in a Modish Coat Effect Frock

1416—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch mousse Jersey tubing. Suitable for tubing or other materials. If fashioned of tubing there are no seams in the lower part of the dress, but to give a little fulness it is laid in plaits at the sides. Cross-stitching, in design 12745, gives a smart touch and would be most effective if worked in bright shades of silk floss.

1426—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch navy blue velspun—⅛ yard 5-inch lace banding. This smart-looking street frock of velspun is given an individual touch by the use of monogram 12756. The monogram may be worked in raised or flat satin stitch. Monograms are very much in vogue this season for decorating frocks.

1430—Popular New Style The Jacquette Blouse

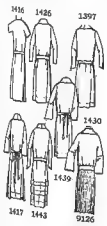
Dress 1416
Cross-stitch 12745

Dress 1426
Monogram 12756

Dress 1397
Embroidery 12612

Dress 1439
Cross-stitch 12719

1417—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch hollyhock (American beauty) duvetyn—¾ yard 40-inch wood-ash (gray) crêpe de Chine —¾ yard 18-inch lace vesting—2½ yards braid. Embroidery in design 12715 may be carried out in outline or running stitches.



Dress 1417
Embroidery 12715

Dress 1443

Jacquette Blouse 1430
Shirt 9126

1439—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch golden brown velvet—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vestee. The fronts of the dress are underfaced in self-material and roll over with the collar forming revers. A dainty vestee of Georgette crêpe fills in the deep V opening. Cross-stitching, in design 12719, trims the front of the dress and also the lower edge of the flowing sleeves. The design is very effective if carried out in bright shades of silk floss.

1897—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch dark brown velours. The frock in coat effect which is so popular this season closes at left side-front, and elastic is inserted through a casing adjusted underneath the dress. A belt of self-material is worn to conceal the stitching. The sleeves are long and close-fitting, flaring slightly at the wrists. An allover effect is given to the blouse by embroidery in design 12612 worked in outline or running stitches. Beading is also adapted for carrying out this design using either bugle or seed beads. Chalk, crystal, opalescent, steel, jet, or colored glass beads are popular.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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Costumes Especially Designed to Slenderize the Stout Figure

1443—A Stylish Costume that Would Be Most Becoming to the Large Woman

1417—A Frock Designed to Slenderize Even the 52-inch Bust Figure

Dress 1426

Dress 1248
Embroidery 12715

Dress 1425
Beading 12574

Dress 1219

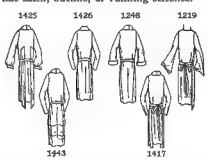
Dress 1443

Dress 1417
Cross-stitch 12745

1425—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch lead (gray) Canton crêpe—1¼ yard 4-inch lace for the over collar. Narrow side panels extend below the hem-line in points. Beading, in design 12574, is applied to the upper part of the panels and may be carried out in opalescent, chalk, crystal, jet, or colored glass beads. The design is also suitable for embroidery, worked in outline or darning stitches or in French knots. The lace gives a smart touch to the long collar which rolls back from the vestee of self-material. This frock is designed particularly for the woman of stout figure and the flying panels are a distinguishing feature.

1426—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch navy duvetyn—½ yard 5-inch lace banding for collar—¾ yard 3-inch lace banding for trimming vestee. The sleeves are long and close-fitting. Lace banding is applied to the convertible collar which turns back from an inserted vestee that is also trimmed with a narrower lace banding. A fancy belt of green leather is worn at a slightly lowered waist-line.

1248—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch pigskin (tan) tricotine—⅜ yard 18-inch cream vesting—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This smart street frock is in coat style and is fastened at the left side by two fancy buttons. A dainty vestee of cream batiste fills in the deep open front. Embroidery, in design 12715, trims the long shawl collar and may be carried out in flat satin, outline, or running stitches.



1417—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cyclamen (wine color) velours—¼ yard 18-inch cream organdy vesting. The deep open front is filled in with a dainty button-trimmed vestee. Narrow panels are stitched to the dress below the waist-line and extend below the hem-line. The long collar is trimmed with cross-stitching in design 12745. Silk floss may be used in working out the simple design and would be most effective in a contrasting shade to that of the dress. A novel girdle of bakalite, beads or ribbon may hold in the fulness at the waist-line. Canton crêpe, roshanara crêpe or any of the new crêpe fabrics are also suitable for this style of dress.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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For Sports Wear and Everywhere Are These Fetching Fashions

1379—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch marleen—4 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. The latest design is represented in this coat for serviceable Winter wear. Comfort and style are embodied in the raglan sleeves which are finished with turn-back cuffs. The large pockets have applied smaller ones and the flap buttoned over. The narrow belt holds in the waist-line fulness.

1485—Ladies' Riding Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 34¾ inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch broadcloth—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk serge for lining—⅛ yard 36-inch rubberized material for underfacing. No. 1488—Ladies' Riding Breeches. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check velours. There is pride in knowing one's habit is correct and adds to the pleasure of riding. The jacket which is semifitting shows the mannish collar which is rolled with the fronts of the jacket forming revers.

Coat 1378

Riding Jacket 1435
Riding Breeches 1438

Coat 1317

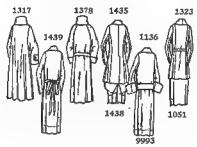
Jacket 1323
Skirt 1051

Dress 1439
Embroidery 12718

Jacket 1136
Skirt 9993

1469—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 18-inch vesting—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette, 1 yard lace edging for collar. Fashion demands straight lines and the long-waisted effect—a demand which is met in this smart frock. The embroidery in design 12718 trims the pointed pocket and forms a border on the skirt worked in silk floss in satin stitch. The long tight sleeves which flare slightly at the wrist are button trimmed. The narrow sash ties in a bow at the center-back. For practical wear this dress would prove of valuable service fashioned of serge—for dressy occasions crepella, a soft velvety material, is suggested.

1317—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch veldyne—4⅝ yards 36-inch silk serge for lining. This modish coat has a convertible collar which buttons close to the neck. The long one-piece sleeves have applied trimming straps which button at the wrist. Narrow is the belt which is adjusted underneath the back and closes at the center-front.



1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9993—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The suit in medium size requires 1¾ yard 40-inch matelassé—2¾ yards 40-inch velvet for collar and skirt—2 yards 36-inch silk for lining Jacket. The fronts of the jacket are laid in plaits while the lower edges are gathered to a straight hip band closing at the side-front. The combination of two materials is much in vogue and when matelassé and velvet join hands a handsome costume is the result. Quite indispensable to the Winter wardrobe is the jacquette blouse and this is designed from the double standpoint of beauty and service.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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Stylish Daytime Frocks that Appeal to Well-Dressed Women

Dress 1380

Dress 1439
Embroidery 12717

Dress 1200

Dress 1397

Dress 1434

Dress 1421

Dress 1419

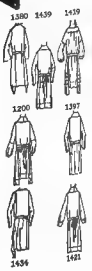
1380—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch duvetyn. Strips of material trim the flowing sleeves and also the side gores which are inserted at the waist-line and extend in deep points below the hem-line. The center-front is slashed at the neck, and the edges held together by link buttons.

1439—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch chiffon velvet—¾ yard 4-inch lace banding for collar—1¾ yard 8-inch fur banding. A dainty lace overcollar is worn over the collar of self-material, and the deep U opening is filled in with an embroidered vestee. The design, 12717, may be worked in flat satin stitch with rope silk floss. The sleeves are long and close-fitting, flaring slightly at the wrists. The fulness at the waist-line is held in with a narrow sash of self-material.

1434—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—3 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores. The skirt of this frock drapes gracefully and the front gore extends out forming a cascade effect falling below the hem-line in a point. A fancy cabochon is fastened at each side-front and one is placed on the left shoulder.

1419—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections. Pegoting joins the waist to the oval-shaped yoke and also the sleeve sections which are of tan Georgette crêpe to the short kimono sleeves. The side panels that hang below the hem-line have three applied trimming-bands. Elastic is inserted through a casing underneath the dress. A sash of self-material, trimmed with rings, defines the waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



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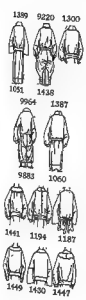
In the Realm of Blouses There Is One for Every Occasion

1389—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—4¼ yards insertion. This blouse is fashioned after the manner of the Jacquette blouse with the fulness confined by a hip-band and the fronts crossed in surplice effect. The narrow insertion outlining the collar is the only trimming required. No. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch serge. This is a simple, plain tailored skirt that one will find especially serviceable for wear with separate blouses.



1187—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe satin—3⅜ yards insertion—2½ yards ribbon for tie-strings. Blouse is slashed and closed at the center-front. The petal-like outline around the lower edge is one of the charming features about this overblouse. Insertion is used to trim the front, and give it a narrow panel effect at the same time. The narrow belt of ribbon starts at each side of the front, holding the fulness in place and ties in a bow at the back. Sleeves favor the three-quarter flare style.

9964—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch satin. This slip-on blouse is very appropriate for sports wear and boasts the latest novelty of the season—the embroidered monogram which in this case is selected from design 558 and carried out in satin stitch with white silk floss. No. 9883—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed. The closing is at the sides and there is a neat tailored pocket inserted at each side of the front. The fulness across the back is adjusted by means of darts and straps. The lower edges of knickers are gathered to wide cuffs.

1387—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 18-inch allover lace. Charming in its simplicity is this decidedly smart blouse of Georgette and sheer lace. Its fronts are crossed in surplice effect, finished with rolling revers and a very becoming collar. The back of the blouse extends over the shoulders and is joined to the gathered fronts. The sleeves are just full enough to be pretty and have neat little bands of the material at the wrists. No. 1080—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch satin charmeuse. The skirt is the popular wrap-around style and closes at the left side-front. This skirt harmonizes beautifully with the blouse of Georgette.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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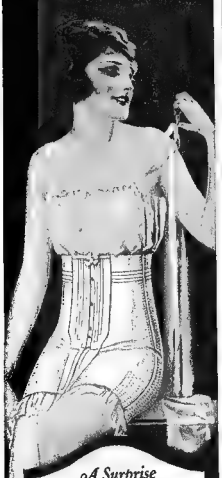
TREO GIRDLE

The all-elastic corset



A Surprise For You!

IF you want a delightful surprise—try on a Treo Girdle. Then—for the first time—you will realize the full style possibilities of your figure. You will be charmed with the supple, youthful lines, the grace and poise it imparts to you. You will be enthusiastic over the extra becomingness it gives to your pretty new dresses.

That is why fashionable modistes all recommend the Treo All Elastic Corset. They know it shows the present styles to the best advantage.

Only the Treo Girdle has the **"Feature Strip"** of elastic at the top which holds in the diaphragm and supports the small of the back, two very important functions that a corset should exercise for physical reasons, as well as for style. In addition, the Treo has the **"Anchor Band"** of elastic at the waist which prevents the girdle from slipping up or sliding down. Don't forget these exclusive features that distinguish the Treo from conventional models. The Treo Girdle is made ENTIRELY of the best surgical elastic web, and there is no lacing whatever, and yet it allows perfect freedom of motion, yet is what makes the

Tendencies of the Newer Styles in Lingerie and Aprons

Nightgown 1451 Nightgown 1257

1451—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch batiste—2¾ yards edging. This simple nightgown has long sleeves gathered to narrow straight bands, and the closing is arranged through an applied plait. Lace edging or a narrow frilling may trim the high round neck, applied plait, and the wristbands. For cool nights this nightgown would be more comfortable if made up in flannelet, either striped or plain.

1257—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards washable satin ribbon for bows. The nightgown slips on over the head, is gathered at the neck edge and bound with self-material. The shoulder seams are left open part way showing the arms and finished with ribbon bows.

1391—Ladies' Combination Camisole and Pantalets. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch silk jersey—⅞ yard ribbon for shoulder straps.

1429—Ladies' Combination with Attached Brassière. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch silk jersey—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. This garment combines a step-in combination with a dart-fitted brassière. Dainty sprays of embroidery, in design 12175, trim the front of the brassière and also the corners of the step-ins. The design may be worked in raised satin and outline stitches in mercerized cotton or silk floss.

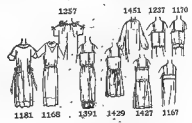
1427—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3¼ yards lace insertion for trimming and shoulder straps—3¼ yards lace edging—3½ yards satin ribbon. The combination consists of a camisole having a straight upper edge and attached four-piece drawers. The drawers are adjusted underneath the lower edge of the camisole which is scalloped. Dainty lace edging trims the camisole and also the lower edge of the drawers.

1181—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 27-inch chambray—½ yard 36-inch dotted calico. The apron slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders. Blanket-stitching outlines the applied yoke, cuffs, and the pocket trimming-pieces. Tie-strings which are attached to the front and back of the apron tie at the sides. This makes a serviceable apron for the housekeeper.

Camisole and Pantalets 1391

Combination with Brassière 1429 Embroidery 12175

Step-in Combination 1427



1257 1451 1237 1170

1181 1168 1391 1429 1427 1167

1108—Ladies' Slip-on Apron. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch check gingham. This apron is very simple, has a round neck, front and back, and large armholes. The apron may be worn over a dress or blouse.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Apron 1168

Brassière 1237 Brassière 1170 Embroidery 11339 Nightgown 1167 Embroidery 11569

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Important Items to Add to the Child's Wardrobe

8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch flannelet. The waist of the nightdrawers, with long set-in sleeves, has a high neck and closes at the center-back. The drawers, with stocking feet, are gathered and attached to waist-bands and button to the waist.

8395—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch flowered elderdown—⅝ yard 36-inch plain elderdown for collar and cuffs—⅛ yard ribbon for trimming collar. This bath-robe is very simple to make having a round collar, long one-piece set-in sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs and a square patch pocket. A sash of self-material or ribbon is drawn through side straps and ties in a bow in front, holding in the fulness.

1412—Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 29-inch cotton crêpe. Frogs are used for a fastening at the center-front. The front of the pajamas is cut in one-piece, a casing stitched underneath and elastic inserted to regulate the fulness at the waist-line. Elastic is inserted through a casing at the ankles to give a frilled effect and also keeps the pajamas from creeping up.

8572—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch lawn. The combination consists of drawers and an underwaist closing in front. The front of the underwaist and drawers are in one piece while the drawers section buttons to the waist at the back.

Nightdrawers 8108 Bath-robe 8395

Pajamas 1412 Combination 8572 Bath-robe 1388

1388—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch corduroy—1⅞ yard cord for girdle. A bath-robe of this type is an essential part of every young girl's wardrobe. Blanket cloth and elderdown are also suitable materials.

6600—Girls' and Juniors' Princess Slip. Designed for 10 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch batiste—3½ yards lace insertion—2½ yards edging—2⅝ yards lace ruffling—2½ yards ribbon. This dainty piece of lingerie slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders. Lace edging trims the round neck and the armholes and if a touch of embroidery is desired tiny sprays could be applied to the front of the slip.

8108 1412 1388 8395 8572 9456 1398 9300 1290 6600 1372

Union Suit 1398 Pajamas 9456

Middy Blouse 9300 Knickerbockers 1290 Princess Slip 6600 Knickerbocker Dress 1372

9300—Girls' Slip-on Middy Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch drilling—2⅛ yards braid to trim collar and cuffs—1¼ yard ribbon for tie. No. 1290—Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbockers. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch tweed. The knickers button at the sides and are gathered to a belt at the back. Wide knee-bands finish the lower edges.

1372—Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbocker Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch serge—1⅜ yard 36-inch voile for blouse—⅛ yard lining for pockets. The dress slips on over the head, has a U-shaped neck and large armholes. Wide knee-bands finish the lower edges of the side-closing knickerbockers. The blouse buttons at the center-front, has a Peter Pan collar and short set-in sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. Elastic or tape is inserted through the hem at the lower edge of blouse to regulate the fulness.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Rigaud's

COLD, TISSUE and VANISHING CREAMS

Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

1

Rigaud's Cold Cream (for cleansing)

Famous skin authorities advise against the use of water on the face. Women noted for beautiful complexions use Rigaud's Cleansing Cream. It should be rubbed into the face and throat, always with an upward motion.

2

Rigaud's Tissue Cream (for building firm tissues)

Pat this into your skin before you go to bed. Briskly pat it in—(don't rub)—with an upward motion.

3

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Misses' Frocks Feature All the Prominent Points of the Mode

Dress 1445

Dress 1418
Monogram 511

Dress 1422

Dress 1446

Dress 1420
Cross-stitch 12745

Dress 1448

Dress 1433

Dress 1436
Embroidery 12747

1445—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅛ yard 36-inch faille silk for collar and vestee. The dress closes at the left side of the inserted vestee which fills in the deep open front. The skirt has two deep tucks giving a tunic effect. Tiny novelty or smoked pearl buttons trim the long collar which frames the vestee.

1418—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch duvetyn—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—2½ yards fancy ribbon for sash 1⅛ yard narrow ribbon for trimming. Simplicity is the keynote of this youthful looking costume. The patch pocket introduces a monogram, which is so much in vogue. The monogram, design 511, may be worked in raised or flat satin stitches in rope silk. A fancy ribbon sash holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

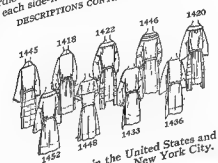
1422—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 36-inch filet lace for the yoke and sleeve sections. For the informal dance or afternoon tea nothing would be more attractive for the young girl than a frock of this type combining crêpe de Chine with filet lace. The sleeve sections, attached to the short kimono sleeves, are gathered to narrow wristbands. Side panels, adjusted at the waist-line, loop underneath the hem, and are given a tucked effect by applied bands. A cord girdle is worn around the waist-line.

1446—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2 yards 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for yoke, sleeve sections, and sash—1⅜ yard 5-inch fur banding.

1420—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1¾ yard 40-inch contrasting for yoke, cuffs, bands, and facing of panels. The waist is slightly bloused, and side panels, rounded at the lower edge, extend below the hem-line and are trimmed with applied bands giving a tucked effect. The flowing sleeves and the round yoke to which the blouse is gathered are given a smart touch by cross-stitching in design 12745 and may be carried out with mercerized cotton floss. Elastic inserted through a casing underneath the dress holds in the fulness at the waist-line and gives the bloused effect.

1448—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for sleeve sections. The dress closes on the shoulders and under the left arm. Sleeve sections of allover lace, attached to the short kimono sleeves are gathered to narrow bands. The skirt closes at the left side and the front gore is allowed to hang free falling softly in cascade style and extending in a point below the hem-line. The crushed girdle is trimmed with oval cabochons of bakalite at each side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



1436—The New Drape that Cascades Down the Side of the Skirt

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Permanent Wave Effect Now Quick, Cheap and Easy

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It is called Domino Curling Fluid. Nothing just like it has ever been known before. No occasion to do away with your tried and tested method of kids or silk curlers. But Domino Curling Fluid is something more, something different, something entirely unique. Use the same old kids or silk curlers if you wish but before doing so moisten your hair with just a few drops of Domino Curling Fluid—and, behold! A miracle of beauty will have been performed. Not only you, but your friends will be astonished at the sudden, beautiful transformation in your hair.

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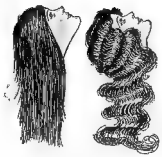
Just think what this means! No more costly fees to hairdressers. No more sitting for hours and hours undergoing the tortures of permanent wave methods. For in just a short time, in your own home, you can now acquire charming wavy hair that your friends will always envy. Domino Curling Fluid is *just* what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

Natural—Not Artificial—Waves

No matter how straight, dull or unmanageable your hair may have been, just one application of this wonderful discovery will make it fall in soft, glistening waves and natural silky curls. It will give even the most lifeless hair a new entrancing lustre. Only one application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually *for a week or more!*



Watch the Amazing Transformation!

No matter how straight or dull your hair may be you will be simply astonished at how Domino Curling Fluid makes it soft, wavy and charming. No more torturous electric treatments. For just one application of Domino Curling Fluid will make your hair delightfully fluffy and curly—and keep it so for a week or more.

If you have experimented with newfangled "permanent wave" methods, you undoubtedly know how injurious they are to the hair. Not only do they often kill the natural lustre and life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves *too artificial looking* to be beautiful.

But how different is Domino Curling Fluid! This remarkable preparation contains the very elements needed to make your hair *naturally* wavy, and *naturally* curly. That is why it always adds a new charm, youthfulness and beauty to one's appearance.

Don't let your beauty be spoiled by straight dull hair. No matter how you wear your hair, Domino Curling Fluid will beautify it immeasurably. No more straight wispy strands—no more straggly ends. For with Domino Curling Fluid your hair will *always* be neat, well dressed, dainty and charming. Try it once—and you will be amazed and delighted with the results.

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So that every one may test this wonderful new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is $3.00, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only $1.45 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

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Freeman's

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Describes and illustrates baby and maternity goods of every kind. Shows 54 styles of Mite embroidered flannelette baby shirts, 18 styles of separate articles, robes, hoods, bands, bootees, sacques, undervests, shoes, mothers' bed jackets, nursing aprons, etc. Suggestions and directions for marking baby's things. Lists of necessary articles for expectant mother. Many other valuable features. Copy sent free on request.

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Set of 17 Mite-Form Patterns for baby's first year, 11 of 17 patterns for baby's first year, 11 of 17 patterns for baby's first year, 11 of 17

Practical and Good-Looking Are Children's Apparel

1394—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 ⅛ yards 27-inch chambray —⅜ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for trimming. This little bloomer frock is sure to please the kiddie. The dress has long shoulders, is slashed at the center-front, and bound. The side-closing bloomers are gathered at the upper edges to waistbands and at the lower edges to kneebands of contrasting chambray.

1450—Child's Dress. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size 3 requires 1½ yard 40-inch voile—2¼ yards ribbon for trimming. The dress is gathered to a round yoke at the back and is slashed in front to give a yoke effect. Sprays of embroidery, in design 12175, trim the front of the frock and also form a border. The design may be carried out in flat or raised satin and outline or stem stitches. Mercerized cotton floss may be used in white or in pale blue or pink.

Bloomer Dress 1394 — Dress 1450 Embroidery 12175 — Coat 1406

1406—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch velours—1 yard fur banding—1½ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. The coat may button high to the neck or the collar may be rolled with the fronts of the coat forming revers. The one-piece sleeves are finished with narrow turn-back cuffs.

Rompers 1453 — Coat 1375

1453—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen. Blanket stitching outlines the Peter Pan collar and the patch pockets. The one-piece sleeves are gathered to narrow wristbands.

1375—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch camel's hair—1½ yard 36-inch sateen for lining. This mannish looking coat buttons high to the neck and is finished with a round collar. The two-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

1462—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires ¾ yard 54-inch check worsted—1⅜ yard 54-inch serge—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—1⅛ yard lace edging. The combination of check worsted and plain velours makes a very good-looking school dress for the young girl.

Coat 1377 — Coat 1413

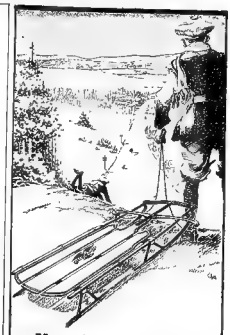
1390—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check—⅜ yard 54-inch flannel for collar, cuffs, pocket trimmings, and sash. The dress is slashed at the center-front and bound, finished with buttons and loops. Elastic is inserted through a casing underneath the dress to regulate the fulness. Smart are the frocks designed for little girls and the combination of checked and plain flannel is in keeping with fashion's decree.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Dress 1442 — Dress 1390 — Dress 1424

1394 1450 1406 1453 1413

1375 1377 1442 1390 2424



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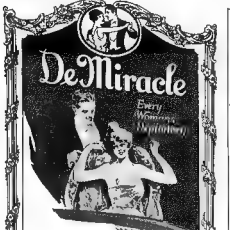

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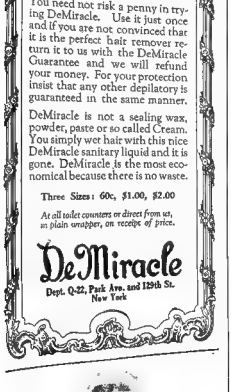

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

1852—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch dark green velours—⅜ yard 54-inch krimmer cloth for collar. The sleeves are long and close-fitting. The closing is arranged at the left side under the bakalite ornament. The fashionable side drapery is a very smart feature of this afternoon frock. Soft and graceful are the lines which give the slender silhouette.

1392—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch black roshanara crêpe—2⅛ yards 1⅝ inch braid—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Rows of narrow silk braid are used as a trimming on the bateau neck, the flowing sleeves and the skirt, thus giving a distinctive and interesting touch to this frock.

1408—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch muffin (tan) jersey cloth—1⅛ yard 40-inch muffin (tan) Canton crêpe for waist—¾ yard 18-inch cream vesting—1 yard 5-inch fur banding for cuffs.

1425—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch comet (blue) duvet de laine—⅝ yard 5-inch fur banding for trimming panniers—⅜ yard narrow fur banding for cuffs. An elaborate embroidery design, 12718, trims the vestee and also the long collar of this frock. The design may be worked in flat satin and outline stitches, in silk floss matching the color of the dress.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

1462—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch woodash (gray) satin Cross-stitching, in design 12745, worked in coral floss trims the round yoke and the flowing sleeve sections which are left open. New is the basque which fits the figure snugly and is very youthful and smart.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

1443—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black roshanara crêpe—⅝ yard 18-inch cream lace vesting. Smart are the novelty girdles now worn and the waist-line is here defined by one made of marocaine.

1430—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards navy (green) satin 36 yards silk braid to trim crêpe—10 yards 2-inch plaiting for collar, cuffs and hip-band. No. 1428—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch black Wogue combined with a plaited skirt forms a very attractive afternoon or street costume.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

1443—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black roshanara crêpe—1¼ yard écru lace for vesting—1¼ yard fancy banding for lace vesting—1 yard écru lace banding for cuff—material trimmed with green ribbon of self-colored braid with green oblong ornaments holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

1219—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch gold-rich black satin—2¾ yards 36-inch gold-rich for facing—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. Gathered heads outline the oval neck, slashes in sleeves and the front edge which crosses over to the left side.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

1393—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 25 inches. 1061—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch satin for jacket—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. The fronts of the jacket are lined with the material forming revers. A line of stitching is used on the collar and revers.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

1441—Ladies' Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 34, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch embroidery 2⅝ yards lace insertion. Band, in design 12750, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches in mercerized silk floss. Embroidery always gives charm to lingerie.

and the inserted section where glimpses of the satin are seen through the slashes. The long sleeves are gathered to narrow wristbands. Narrow side panels extend below the skirt.

1397—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch panne velvet—⅜ yard 36-inch lace for collar. Elastic is inserted through a casing adjusted under the neath the dress to regulate the fulness giving the popular effect.

1421—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yards silk braid—¼ yard 18-inch lace vesting.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

9220—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 27-inch piqué. Made in strictly tailored fashion is this blouse appropriate for wear with a riding habit. Monogram 552 is embroidered on the side-front in raised satin stitch with white floss. No. 1488—Ladies' Riding Breeches. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed.

1300—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard narrow lace insertion. Another variation of the popular blouse is given in this model. Bands of the crêpe are used to confine the fulness of both the waistsection and the sleeves. Lace insertion applied in tab effect makes a fascinating trimming.

1441—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch voile—3 yards narrow lace insertion. The becoming round shoulder-yoke is a feature of this blouse that is most charming, especially when it is treated as shown with a border of narrow lace insertion. The front and back are gathered to the yoke. The full sleeves are gathered to wristbands.

1104—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch satin. Although this model exhibits a row of self covered buttons down the front, the closing is, nevertheless, at the center-back. Double rows of stitching are used as a trimming feature on the front of the blouse to add to its charm. If a touch of color is desired, silk in a contrasting shade would be effective for the stitching. The youthful round collar is finished with blanket stitching.

1447—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe satin—⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for yoke. A scalloped outline has been given to the yoke of this blouse to add an interesting finishing touch. The waist is made of crêpe satin and trimmed with rows of wooden beads.

1449—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch satin—⅝ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar, cuffs and band. On the pocket of this very smart model a new boudoir is this very smart monogram. The one embroidered is one's monogram. The one chosen for this model is design 526. It is carried out in raised satin stitch with silk in a contrasting color.

1450—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2 yards 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2 yards fringe for trimming. Revers roll back becomingly from the V neck and are joined by a tie-string. The blouse closes to one side in surplice effect and has a deep one side in surplice effect and has a deep band of the crêpe binding the hips. The sleeves are wide, full and flaring.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

1397—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—¼ yard lace banding. The brassière is finished with shoulder straps and closes at the center-back. The front section extends below the waist-line forming an underlay to which garters are attached. Satin ribbon or lingerie tape could be used for the shoulder straps in place of self-material.

1170—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch heavy satin—¼ yard grosgrain ribbon for shoulder straps. A dainty touch is given to the brassière by the embroidery design 11230, which trim the front. Mercerized cotton or silk floss may be used in raised satin and working cotton or silk floss may be used in outline stitches.

1107—Ladies' Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch embroidery 2⅝ yards lace insertion. Band, in design 12750, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches in mercerized silk floss. Embroidery always gives charm to lingerie.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

1398—Child's Union Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch longcloth. The front and back of the waist are finished with bands. The shoulder extensions on the back of waist lap over the front and are finished with buttons and buttonholes for closing.

9450—Girls' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch flannelet. Cross-stitching outlines the V neck and short kimono sleeves.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

1452—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch faille crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting for yoke and sleeve-facing—1⅜ yard fancy trimming. A cord girdle with tasseled ends encircles the waist-line. Fancy braid trims the yoke of the snug fitting basque, one of fashion's latest whims.

1448—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch black velvet—⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the cuffs—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The lace collar may be scalloped to suit the individual taste and finished with a picoted lace edging. The waist is snug fitting while the skirt is very wide.

1436—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅝ yard 2½-inch fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and gores. The neck and front of the dress is cut in a touch of color by embroidery in design 12717, which may be worked in flat satin and outline or running stitches with colored floss. The fashion on dress expresses youth in every line. The side drapery is a new and distinctive feature and falls in cascade effect. The flowing sleeves are slashed and trimmed with a deep band of fur,

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

1225—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch men's wear serge—3¾ yards 36-inch lining for jacket—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waist-band. The suit consists of a box-pleated jacket and front-closing knickerbocker trousers. A serviceable suit for the school-boy.

1006—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Poiret twill—⅜ yard 36-inch white piqué for vest—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for back of vest, pockets and waistbands.

9519—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch black velveteen—¼ yard 36-inch dotted crêpe de Chine for overblouse—4 yards braid for binding scallops and sleeves. The lower edges of the overblouse, vestee, and skirt are scalloped in design 12567. The scallops are bound in silk braid, or strips of the dress material may be used.

1444—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—1 yard 36-inch linen for collar, cuffs, flowing sleeve sections, and the lower part of skirt, girdle and binding. Floral appliqué motifs, in design 12445, cut from colored linen trim the sleeve sections and also the skirt of the dress. The edges of the motifs are sewn down with fine running stitches in mercerized cotton floss.

9861—Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Cantrella—1¾ yard lace for collar. The sides of the skirt and the lower edge of the short kimono sleeves are cross-stitched in design 12745. Mercerized silk floss may be used in working out the design, the floss either matching the color of the dress or in contrasting shade to give harmony.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

1377—Boys' and Youths' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch chinchilla—2¾ yards 36-inch sateen for lining. The coat has three-piece raglan sleeves, and an inverted plait at the center-back which is stitched down part way. The wide belt is slipped through straps and closes in front.

1418—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch velours—1⅛ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. The raglan sleeves are finished with deep turn back cuffs. The convertible collar rolls with the fronts of the coat.

1424—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch serge—1⅛ yard braid to trim. Fancy braid is used to trim the neckline and the oddly shaped sleeves.

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MRS. DEY'S FOURTH HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

"I've made an interesting discovery about that," she announced. "I haven't say, - it's left out of me. You know some people have no appendix."

"I thought you were doctoring for it with Pryne."

"Well, I was when I thought I had one." "Is he off the case now?"

"Oh, my, yes!" she laughed, and then grew serious. "I wish you knew Pryne," she said.

"Why?"

"He's a very interesting person. I saw a good deal of him in Paris early in the spring. You know he believes absolutely in faith. He says you really could move a mountain if you just believed you could."

"Has he ever moved any?"

"No; but that's because all this scientific thought has made it impossible for him really to believe he could. Anyway it would be only a foolish stunt that he wouldn't do if he could. But he's done lots of things just as wonderful."

"Such as—?"

"Oh, cures and that sort of thing."

Holmwood smiled.

"You needn't laugh," she went on. "He cured one of my headaches in twenty minutes."

It was on Holmwood's tongue to say, "Yes, last Sunday afternoon," but he checked himself. "That's interesting," he observed.

"He really did a lot for me," she went on "Isabella," said Holmwood with a sudden energy, "I tried to explain your case to you the other day. You've had your bumps. That excess of the thing that makes you so amazing has been beaten out of you. God knows there are such experiences as you've had ought to be enough to beat it out of any one. What you need now is to come to port in calm waters and be content to obey the law."

"Perhaps you're right," she said slowly; "I'm trying to be good."

"I know I'm right," he went on. "And, Isabella, I'm the port. Perhaps you don't understand it, but I've been waiting for you for years. I'm in earnest, dear. I mean just what you mean to me. It's everything in all the best of me has wanted and has never been strong enough. leave enough to go after. Now I'm here and I want you to marry me."

HE PAUSED, his voice tremulous with an unaccustomed emotion. But even as his pulses throbbed he was conscious of himself standing, as it were, in the background, watching himself as a painter watches a new effect grow under his brush This bystander was debating whether now was the time to "do something," to be masterful. He rose and went toward her.

"You must come," he said. "You must marry me." His voice sounded strange in his own ears, but he kept on. "I love you, Isabella."

She sat silent, made no move, but watched him with grave, curious eyes.

He bent down, placed his hands on her shoulders. She made no protest, sat passive, still looking up at him. As he was about to kiss her on the mouth she moved her head.

He kissed her cheek and straightened up. She was still looking at him with intent, unsmiling eyes. "George," she said, "you know it would be a mistake. You don't love me."

"You know I love you," he said insistently.

"As you would a very good Chinese porcelain that you dust with your own hands once a month. Oh, dear, you're a friend, not a husband. Everything that's best men give to women you give to your work. You'd be mad if I married you. You'd hate me because I wouldn't stay on my teakwood stand. I know."

"You're wrong," he protested, but he felt his conviction slipping away. Another moment and he knew he was back where he had been in the morning, trusting to the intuition of the woman. Only his stood out.

"No, it's too late, years too late," she went on. "Probably it's always been too late. You couldn't have been you if you'd been meant for one of my husbands," she ended with a peal of silvery laughter.

IT WAS the laugh Holmwood never could resist. In spite of himself he smiled. The tension passed. "Are you never going to grow up?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "But it's possible. Perhaps I've grown up more than you think, more than I know myself."

"No," he said. "The gods have left something out of you, or given you something not given to normal women."

"Probably I am a freak," she answered. "But let's have tea. Press the bell; it's just to the side of the mantel."

He crossed the room, obedient. "But I can't have tea with you," he said with his finger on the button. "It isn't done, at a time like this."

"And why not?" she said sweetly. "You've got the rest of the afternoon and all evening for a broken heart. Really, George, if you refused to have tea with the woman who had rejected you where would you get your tea?"

He laughed.

A moment later the footman appeared in the doorway.

"Ten, please," she said.

Holmwood came back. She motioned him to the place beside her on the sofa. She held out her hand to him as he sat down. He took it and lifted it to his lips.

"Dear old George," she said softly. For a moment the hand rested lightly on his arm, then she withdrew to her corner.

A half-hour later she glanced at the clock. "I'm sorry," she said, laughing, "but you've got to go."

"Who's next?"

She laughed again.

It seemed years to him since the episode a half-hour before. The tension had passed, the atmosphere had changed as after thunder. "To come up soon and stop the night and we'll dine and do a play," he said.

"I'd love to," she answered. "I'll call you up."

He said good-by and made his way down-stairs. The footman, waiting in the hall, gave him his hat and gloves. As he stepped out he stood face to face with Pryne. For a moment their eyes met, and Holmwood saw the man's soul laid bare. Pryne had made his decision. He had cast off his priesthood and career. He had come to take Isabella.

Each nodded, and Holmwood went down the steps.

A stab of pain and humiliation went through him. He saw in a flash the futility of his emotional life, the emptiness of his charming things. His followness of his success. He had chosen appearances and lost the substance. He was a man no woman took seriously. But even his pain was momentary. Before he reached the avenue he was smiling bitterly. After all he was well out of it. He thought with amusement of Caroline Lenox. She would have seven fits. He went back to his office and tried the Ming vase in a new place.

A WEEK passed, then a fortnight, and Isabella had never called him up. He was not surprised. Life had been full for him, however. A commission for a great house and gardens in Bellingham had come in and he lost himself in the problem. For the approaching week-end he had chosen, from several invitations, to accept a party at Alice's. Her parties were always small, and there was a *cachet* about them. Only the right people were asked.

Saturday morning was so glorious that Holmwood decided not to go to the office even for the half-day. He was stale, impatient for the country. He telephoned asking if Mrs Whiteley were lunching in; if so, might he come down in the morning. A servant answered that she would be pleased to have him to lunch.

He arrived about noon and found her on the terrace stretched in a long chair, reading a novel.

"It was nice of you to want to come early," she said, "but I don't think I can take it as a personal tribute."

"Why not?"

"You knew Isabella was coming."

"No." His face clouded, and she looked at him doubtfully.

"She knew you were."

"I haven't seen her for weeks."

"George?"

"It's the truth."

"Well, she'll be here directly. We're going to have a nice party, just the four of us. Prescott isn't coming down for lunch."

"And the fourth?"

"Pryne of course. I've got to see fair play," she added, laughing.

Holmwood shrugged his shoulders. "Have they set a date for the wedding?"

"You're crazy!" she retorted. "He'd no more marry Isabella than he'd fly."

"Nowadays everybody flies."

"Not Pryne. Are you getting on badly?"

"It's all off."

"Well, you're well out of it, George. You know that yourself. She'd rearrange your house and you'd go mad."

"Probably you're right. Have you seen much of her lately?"

"Haven't laid eyes on her for a fortnight. What's she doing with herself? I tried to get her to go to Newport with me last week—we're going to open the house the first of the month—but she wouldn't hear of it."

"I tell you it's Pryne," he answered. "You won't believe me, but you'll see."

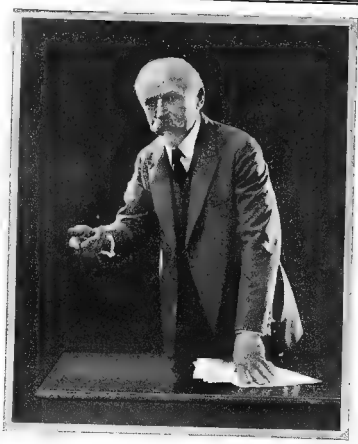
"I wonder," she said. She looked at him thoughtfully. "If he wants to talk to me you've got to disappear."

Holmwood nodded. A moment later a footman swung open the French window and Pryne came out upon the terrace.

ALICE rose and shook hands with him. The men nodded coldly to each other. Pryne sat down and began to talk of the situation presented by the unemployed.

Holmwood smoked in silence. He thought Pryne looked thin, the lines in his face deeper than when he had last met him. The man talked well, much to the points with an eager intensity, yet without losing the suavity and poise of a man of the world. Holmwood could understand the appeal that he might have for Isabella, adrift, soul-weary, and perplexed. She might easily do worse. He fell to thinking of her as an elderly woman, the background, the Lady Bountiful of some sort of new,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



"Constipation Causes Many Grave Diseases"

—Say Doctors

A DISTINGUISHED physician compares constipation to a thief who, unobserved, steals away the health we believe we are so carefully guarding. This steady sapping of vitality is the result of the continuous action of intestinal poisons upon the bodily organs.

At first their evil effects are not apparent, says a noted specialist of intestinal diseases. But as the slow dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so do the various defences of the body give way in time. All the vital organs suffer and the individual may become the victim of one or more serious diseases.

The brain and nerves show evidences of this poisoning in neurasthenia, chronic headache, neuritis, neuralgia and even paralysis. The skin becomes disfigured with pimples, blotches, eruptions and the like. The effect of this systematic poisoning upon the arteries is a gradual hardening and thickening of the arterial walls. The kidneys break down, causing Bright's disease, and the liver cannot function properly.

These are some of the evils which a recent congress of physicians and surgeons in London found were caused by poisoning resulting from chronic constipation.

Constipation can be avoided; not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for, in the opinion of an eminent authority, an inestimable amount of injury is done by these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way to overcome constipation. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as nature itself.

Lubrication

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MRS. DEY'S FOURTH HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

half-mystic, half-humanitarian church that Pryne might found. It would be a strange ending, yet stranger things happened.

He saw presently that Alice was getting her fill of the unemployed, but Pryne was bent on his subject. He had a scheme for raising money for an emergency fund and then of establishing a free employment agency with ramifications through the country, to the end of turning the tide of surplus labor back upon the land.

"I think it's wonderful," Alice observed without enthusiasm, "but do you think it can be done? These people like the big towns."

"Of course it can be done," Pryne insisted. He paused as the footman appeared again. The man was carrying a silver tray on which lay several unstamped letters, notes apparently that had been delivered by hand. He made his way to Alice and presented the tray.

"Excuse me," she said to Pryne. She gathered the envelops carelessly—there were three of them—and glanced at the writing.

The footman turned away.

"Wait a minute, Carson," she called. There was a note of panic in her voice. "Only one of these is for me. You're each honored," she added to her guests. "Isabella has been writing the whole family."

The man returned. She placed two notes upon the tray and he presented them successively to Pryne and to Holmwood.

"We might as well all read them," she went on as the footman withdrew. "She's probably chucking us."

She tore open the envelop she held and began running her eye down the page. Suddenly she gave a little scream and looked at the two men aghast. "She's marrying Frank Dey this morning!" she exclaimed. "By now she's married!"

Holmwood stared at her open-mouthed.

Pryne was the first to speak. "I'm very glad," he said quietly. "I'm very glad."

"I suppose it's the best thing for her to do," Alice went on. "Somehow it doesn't surprise me. Franklin's changed very much, and I suppose she's sorry for him. But what a woman! What a woman! Read your letters," she added.

A moment later she went to the bell-button on the flash of one of the long windows and pressed it.

Holmwood tore open his envelop. "Dearest George," the contents ran, "I want you to know among the first that I am marrying Franklin this morning. I proposed to him. You see I need him still, and I know you will understand. I have really tried to be good. You must come and dine with us soon. Lovingly, Isabella."

The footman appeared in answer to the bell. "Take a place off," Alice told him. "There'll be three; and serve lunch as soon as it's ready. I'm going to clean myself," she added to her guests, and went in.

Holmwood saw Pryne thrust his letter into his pocket. He could not have read more than the first page and there were several sheets. As Alice went in he stepped down into the sunken garden, traversed it slowly, and disappeared through the opening in the tall privet-hedge.

Holmwood watched him meditatively. Then he took out Isabella's note again and reread it.

BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"You are hardly more than a child," Hilary answered, sternly. "You don't know what your life is going to be, yet. You don't know but what, by the time you were ready to marry him, Konrad might not be involved with some other woman!"

"No, I don't," Dora answered, with unexpected serenity. "But I know this: I can not keep up this pretense with Craig any longer. I must be free. That's all I propose to do now. What will follow I can't tell, of course."

"Konrad has told you that he loves you?" Hilary asked, feeling old and inexperienced beside this poised child who was yet a wife of three years' standing, and who was so strangely sure of herself.

"That's what I wanted to tell you about," Dora said, her manner suddenly becoming less assured and more appealing. "I knew he did last Spring. I know he does now. But—he's a great lion, now, Sis. I almost never see him alone, and when I do—he's changed. Oh, not toward me," she hastened to interrupt herself, "I am still his 'golden Butterfly'; he still hunts me his 'golden Butterfly'; he still hunts me out—everywhere—but must see it? He has a different expression in his face when he speaks to me; and at his concerts he he speaks to me; and at his concerts he always looks toward me. But—but lately always looks toward I. But—but lately always there. Lately he—I don't know. You see, you're always there.

"He takes you as you do him, he turns to you for everything, and I know you want to said the other day that somebody had to look after him!—but, Hilary, you don't know how different it is! You never treat know how different it is! You never treat him—you'll excuse me, Sis, I can't—I can't accept just as a boy. I can't—I can't imagine a man kissing you, Sis, or your wanting him to! Craig said, when you had on the black gown the other night, 'What a wife she'll make some one, some day! Some one clean,' he said, 'who's as lucky as I am, in being her friend, before he is her lover!' Oh, no idea how he is her lover! Sis," went on Butterfly, admires you. Sis," went on Butterfly, admires you. "And you've no idea how often timidly. "And you've no idea how often I've wished that I could make him—I don't me. Hilary, you would make him—I don't mean now!—but I mean some day, years from now, adoring wife are all quite simply little, silly, adoring wife are all quite simply taken for granted, and people forget that I've ever been married before—you'd make Craig so utterly, wonderfully, completely happy——"

"Butterfly, please——!"

"SIS, that's what I've been trying to get my courage up to ask you!" Butterfly burst out, growing agitated, to kneel in a burst out, growing agitated, to kneel in a flutter of laces on the hearth-rug, and lift her arms about Hilary. "I dearest, I want you to know what this means to me—that you to know what this means to me—that it's my life. I dream of it. I think of it all day and all night—myself as Konrad's wife. And you can help me—nobody else can! Think of the places we would meet, Hilary, the great people we'd make to-gether! Why shouldn't I be—he says as Sabine Charpentier's daughter—he says I shall! In one of the wonderful talks we had last Spring—of course, there was no thought of my getting a divorce then! But just talking of the future, and of what I could do, he told me it was folly for me not to try at least for concert work, not to use the gift I have.

"Imagine it, Hilary! Paris for a few months every Spring, to get books and hear the new music; Summers in Norway or Holland or on the Russian coast, and New York in Winter. Wouldn't it be ideal? Wouldn't it make of my life just what we've always dreamed? And you'd be proud of me, Sis. You don't know how hard I'd work, how I'd practise! We'd have an apartment here, either the one he has now or a larger one—we'd refuse invitations to every one—except now and then a really big affair, or something we couldn't refuse —and we'd become known as the professional husband and wife who lived a dignified, ideal life, instead of rushing about with the fastest set in the city——"

Hilary was holding the slender, fragrant young creature close, with both hands laid lightly upon Dora's shoulders. Butterfly had never seemed more charmingly confiding, more sweet and loving, than now.

BUT suddenly Hilary saw under the earnest, businesslike air the real Dora. She saw the selfishness, the blindness, the cruelty that were all so largely a question of mere youth and ignorance—and for which many such young creatures had paid a bitter cost! So logical, so rational, so seemingly generous, was this enthusiastic plan; the world was full of pretty, passionate women with less than her gift!

"Oh, Hilary—Hilary!" Dora said softly, her color a little deepened, but her eyes half unaware of her half confusion. "It's no use explaining to you! You don't understand—you never will understand—what love is!"

"Now suppose, Butterfly," Hilary said presently, with her inner vision suddenly flaming, "suppose I told you that I did know what love is, in every fiber of my soul and body? Suppose I told you that I cared for a man so much that there was nothing else in my life except agony—agony—agony!"

She put the soft hands and the slender body aside, got to her feet, her eyes misting and her voice thick. But after a restless turn about the room she came back to her chair, and Dora, watching her aghast, leaned on her knees again.

"But Hilary—Hilary!" she whispered. "I can't believe it! And is it Craig?"

"Oh, Craig!" Hilary echoed impatiently, and with pain in her voice. "No, no, it's not Craig," she said gently. "It's Konrad."

And as she said the name a great wave of ecstasy and weakness and strange pride enveloped her, and she hardly cared what Dora thought, or even that Dora heard.

"Konrad!" Dora breathed, drawing back. Hilary looked at her bravely and simply. Dora's face had grown a little pale, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her lids narrowed, and about her mouth came the faintly hostile, faintly scornful lines that Hilary already knew. "Konrad!" she repeated incredulously, her breath coming

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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BUTTERFLY

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fast. "Why, but Hilary—but Hilary," she groped. "You told me—you told me—you laughed at the idea that there could be anything between you two!"

"I was wrong!" Hilary said simply. "I—I know better now."

"Hilary, you don't—you're not in love!" Dora said eagerly, after a stupefied silence in which her brown eyes had never moved from Hilary's face. "You—but I can't imagine it! I can't somehow—and he doesn't—I know he isn't in love with you!" stammered Dora unsteadily, with long pauses.

"No," Hilary admitted, "I don't think he is!"

"Then you just—then you just—but, honestly, it won't last, Sis," Dora assured her, relieved, but still anxious. "I know what you mean, I've felt that sort of thing hundreds of times! You couldn't be so calm if it were the real thing!"

"I'm not calm," Hilary confessed, quietly. "No, I don't want to deceive you, Butterfly. I love him. I'd die to give him happiness, even feel sure that his career would go on from one success to another! I'd live with him in a three-room cabin in Peru, if he wanted me to—I'd wash for him, and cook for him, and bear him children—I'd never want to see anybody or any place else! If his art failed him, I think I'd be glad. I think I'd like to agree to him how little it mattered! And if for some reason he wasn't legally free to marry me, I don't think that would make much difference either—"

She buried her hot cheeks in her hands.

Butterfly, distressed, locked her arms affectionately about her, and kissed the bowed braids.

"So that's that!" Hilary said presently, sitting up, and with a long breath.

"But, Sis, I don't see how his work could fail him," Dora protested, puzzled. "He makes a perfect fortune every year, and he's tied up for five years on that contract. It seems to me—"

"That was a mere figure of speech, Butterfly!" Hilary assured her, smiling in her sorrowful fashion into the brown eyes so near.

"As for children," Butterfly continued, a little nettled, "it seems to me that if there's one thing a professional man and woman don't want it's children! I'm a mad doctor's love his wife, he certainly isn't going to love her any more because there's a lot of babies, with measles and croup and all that, in the house!"

"It's a great interest, a great joy in common, Butterfly," Hilary submitted mildly. Dora was not listening.

"I'm glad you told me this, Sis," she presently said affectionately. "I never suspected it. I knew of course that Konrad and you were getting to be very friendly—but there's a difference, you know. I don't know that he loves me."

Dora nodded, "but I do know that if it were any other woman, even you, dearest, I couldn't stand it. I should kill myself! I'm—I'm my mother's daughter," she confessed, with a smile. "I'm made for other people. This—this is the one *real* thing that has come into my life. Sis, you'll help me manage it, won't you? You love us both. You'll always come first, always, with us both. You've been my mother, my guardian, teacher and inspiration all my life—help me now! You can see what it means to me—"

"Butterfly," Hilary began slowly, in a long silence, when the sudden tears upon Dora's lashes were dry, and they had kissed each other, "I'll love you always, think anything in this world keep me from him. But I don't think he does. I think he loves you, dear."

"Did he say so?" Dora's exquisite rainbow face hurt Hilary strangely.

"Almost that," she admitted, watching closely.

"Sis!" Dora cried, with a laugh and a sob. "But, Butterfly, I can't trust me, if you trust me," Hilary said, trembling, "you won't do this—now. Go with Craig to Mount Kisco, you were happy there as a little girl; you are the great lady of the town now; you can have anything you please! Try again, my darling! Give it a year's trial. No marriage could survive the atmosphere you're in now. But Craig deserves—"

"Craig is no more anxious for this ridiculous farce to go on than I am!" Butterfly said scornfully and impatiently.

"Dear, you are young. You'll be glad all your life if you take time, and prayer, and thought to this now."

"But what for?" fretted Butterfly. "I don't see what for. Would you wait if Konrad loved you?

"No, but then I am free, Dora."

"Exactly! And I mean to be free."

"And I have never loved any other man, dear."

"No, and neither have I! I was a child —I had no more idea what love was than my slipper! And then Konrad Butterfly, embracing her, her lovely face close to Hilary's own, and her lips close to Hilary's ear, "help me with this as always do! Tell Craig and his mother, and any one else who criticizes me, just how it was—that I couldn't do anything else! It's my chance; it means my whole life! Come to California with me, or Nevada, or wherever I go—Hilary, if you do, I will never ask you anything again in my whole life! Please!

And let me be Konrad's secretary for a few days, just so that I may have a talk with him before I go to Craig! I can't force such things; I can't plunge into a vital conversation like that, anywhere—and at the first second! Nobody could. Help to give me an opportunity. Sis, if it were some man who loved you I would help you—truly, truly I would!"

"Then why not help me now?" Hilary asked, her blue eyes dark with bewilderment and pain.

"I would, if he loved you," Dora answered promptly.

"Suppose I could make him love me, Butterfly? Suppose I told Craig to take you away, and suppose I tried to win Konrad? I might."

Dora's expression was shocked and incredulous. Then was Hilary's voice, quiet, thoughtful, tender, as she had heard it all her life. But these could not be Hilary's words! Hilary—who had never failed her—who adored her and believed in her and gave her every good thing in life—!

"You wouldn't!" she said proudly.

"I might—for Konrad, Butterfly. If—if I truly believed that I would make him the better wife!"

Dora's cheeks grew crimson.

"You couldn't do that, Sis!" If it meant the happiness of my whole life!"

They were both on their feet now, looking at each other across the length of the mantel. Darkness had long ago filled the street outside; here in the warm, luxurious room the firelight shone brightly, and the rose-colored great lamp that Hilary had touched sent a pool of soft brilliance upon their empty chairs.

Dora came close to her sister, her brown eyes darker than ever with fear and supplication and passion.

"You promised mother—you promised father—that if it were for my work—" she said, breathing hard.

Hilary, who had rested one elbow upon the mantel, that was not quite as high as her shoulder, looked down at Dora, small, pale, and agitated, over her other shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Butterfly!" she said. "But —this time it means my life and my happiness, too!"

She turned back to the mantel, and rested her folded arms upon it, and dropped her head upon her arms. She heard a sharp sound from Dora, not a sigh, not quite an exclamation. When she turned back to the room again, a long, long time later, Dora had noiselessly vanished.

THAT they should meet quite naturally at dinner, and talk together, and later play the usual several rubbers of bridge, seemed the unbelievable, impossible thing. Yet, like many another unbelievable, impossible thing, it happened; there were guests, seven in all, for dinner, and Hilary, Craig said, had never seemed so amusing and so brilliant.

As for Dora, in creamy-white satin, without jewels or ornaments, she was exquisite. Her color was high, her laughter incessant, and the radiant aura of health and young beauty that hung about her, the fragrance and color and glow, captivated them all, even including Hilary.

Craig was always extremely susceptible to the charm of his wife's beauty; she had young Ben Hungerford as her partner to-night, but whenever he was dummy Craig wandered to her table, and stood looking down at her bright head, her white gown and shining little white slippers, and he held little hand that held the cards.

Hilary did not play bridge, but Dora had learned to play extremely well. Hilary was paired with the older Jesse Duer, a man of perhaps fifty-five, at Kusan Bank.

Incredible—incredible—incredible! thought Hilary, as the bright hours slipped by. Incredible that Dora, Dora's lovers, with the Wests, and on Friday the big charity affair at which she and Dora were listed to sell books or flowers or signed photographs. And that amazing talk in her bedroom was not a dream—

"Go play us something, Hilary!" Mrs. Carter Hungerford said at eleven o'clock.

"Oh, not to-night!"

"Oh, yes," said little Dora, putting an arm about Hilary, and pushing her gently along. Hilary was on the piano-bench, had laid down her hands upon the keys, and Dora, so close that her white satin touched Hilary's black lace, had picked up her violin.

So they had been a thousand—ten thousand times; Hilary's clean-cut harmonies carrying the light silver thread of melody that rose and fell from the Amati, Hilary's little sister looking keenly over her shoulder. To-night she felt, sitting so, that her heart would break with the burden that it carried. The one exquisite thing, the one rare thing, of her life; her covenant with Dora's father and mother, her sacred promise to cherish and help the little sister, was broken.

Dora was no longer first; and Dora could stand here, smiling and beautiful, with the cruel knowledge of their secret between them.

"My, what a picture!" Jesse Duer said, watching the two beautiful young heads in the soft lamplight.

"Aren't they wonderful?" Mrs. Carter Hungerford agreed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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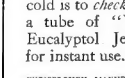

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"The feeling between them, Lizzie," said Craig's mother to the last speaker, "is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. Butterfly turns to Hilary as if she were her mother, and I really think Hilary would die for her sister. Wouldn't you, Hilary?" she smiled, as the girl came up to them.

"I didn't hear you," Hilary said, in her faintly husky, pleasant voice, "but I have no doubt that I would—or wouldn't—whichever you decided!"

"When do you get into your new dignings, Grace?" Lizzie interrupted acidly.

"Next week, we hope. And this girl goes with me!" Mrs. Spaulding said, an affectionate, big, square arm about Hilary. Hilary had a sudden feeling that it would be a relief to leave Dora's house; she felt that many days of this surface sweetness and placidity between herself and Dora would suffocate her.

She was talking with Craig and his mother in the drawing-room half an hour later, and their guests had all gone, when Dora called to them all, from the doorway, a smiling and sleepy good night. Hilary carried a heavy heart up to bed. No kiss from Butterfly, no real understanding.

It was several hours later, and she was exhausted, and perhaps somewhat relieved, with weeping, when she sank into heavy sleep.

KONRAD was at the opera the next night. It was during all the flutter and stir of the first entr'acte that Hilary heard a certain buzzing about her: "There, that's Kronski! The tall one, with the bushy black hair and the eyeglass!"

Hilary, who had taken Rose West's place with her husband, and with her fine-looking old father, for this occasion, because Rose wanted to go to a dance, was standing with Walter West in the almost emptied orchestra seats, talking animatedly with a dozen or more persons who were, like herself, surging about for the few minutes of relaxation. In every box was a reception.

Hilary dared not look to see Konrad. The mere mention of his name made her feel giddy and cold.

"Hilary, where's your coat?" Cy Dwyer said, making a hilarious progress toward her through aisles, groups, and seats. "You're getting to be a big girl now, dear; you can't run around with your little arms bare, as the littler ones do——"

"I like that!" Hilary said, richly amused, glancing down delightedly at her gown. "I take it you haven't seen Violet?"

"What?" he laughed delightedly. "What? *Been out, Adonay, bee out gal mah pense*, what? Hilary, I love your fan. "It's my heart you-all are aimin' at, Tom!" as the girl says in 'The Heart of Maryland.'"

"It's Butterfly's, of course," Hilary said. "Poor little Butterfly, she's having a quiet time of it. How do you do?"

The last words, casually and sweetly spoken, caused Cy to glance involuntarily over his shoulder, in the direction of Hilary's eyes. He saw Kronski, some twenty-five feet away, with a group of women, looking unusually handsome, serious, and pale. Cy looked back. Hilary, who was, he decided, the handsomest woman in the house, continued to look about her half smilingly. She wore a black-and-silver gown Cy had not seen before, and against the big frail arc of her delicate lace fan. Cy noticed how superb her bearing was; she looked heroic, somehow, as her white throat and veil fell with some suddenly stirring thought; her shadowed eyes looked bluer than ever in the clear pallor of her face.

WHILE he covertly watched her, perhaps appreciating without in the least realizing that a moment of acute emotion was here, she bowed toward an elderly woman with silver hair who was seated in the direction exactly opposite that in which Konrad stood, and said impulsively:

"There's Elise Taylor's adorable grandmother! Come with me, Cy; I must speak to her!"

She put her bare, beautiful arm through his, Cy looked down at her approvingly as they worked their way along.

"Do you know you're getting awfully pretty, Hilary?"

"Am I? I love to have you say so!"

"You know, I've been half in love with Dora for years, and if I don't call it off and land it all on you!" Cy said handsomely. "Don't thank me, gal. I wouldn't do it if I didn't know you were safe! Hello, Mrs. Post—you remember Cy Dwyer and Miss Collier? No, we're not engaged—yet. But I just mentioned our names together——"

"Oh, Cy, shut up!" Hilary smiled. But as she sat down in the seat next to the gratified old lady, she felt that she would like to sink on downward through the floor, and into the cool earth, and sleep there forever.

Coming out of the opera-house when the last note had died on the vast roof, and the gratified old lady, one of curling forms in cold, swift rain had commenced to fall, sparkling through the wheeling lights of the street; the sidewalks shone black, and the dense crowds from the upper galleries opened umbrellas, locked arms, and headed courageously into the wind and wet.

Konrad was standing against a wall, with Von Mandescheid and several other men and women; Hilary had one look from his melancholy, dark eyes. She felt that his look lingered upon her, even while she bundled herself up for the rush through the mêlée, and sprang into the limousine. This was Thursday; and it was only last Friday night, at just this time, that she had been so happy! They had been playing the Sarasate dances—they had gone out onto that little balcony——

SHE shut her eyes; her head ringing with music, dazed with close air, and weary with thought. Last Friday seemed years away. She would never be that happy, radiant, excited, passionate woman again; the woman who had been in Kronski's arms, against whose mouth his furious kisses had burned so deep a red!

Yet, she had seen him; there was relief in that. Their next meeting, however hard and awkward, would not be the first. He had seen her strong, smiling, surrounded by admiration and friendship, and her pride was helped by the thought. Never, never again should she betray herself even by the flicker of an eyelid or the tone of her voice!

By previous arrangement she accompanied Mrs. Rodney Spaulding to the Charity Bazaar the next afternoon. Here all was beauty and excitement: Russian music, Russian dancers, booths of Armenian, Polish, Balkan wares; photographs, souvenirs, statistics, everywhere the great need and suffering across the world.

Hundreds of persons were drifting about; voices and feet sounded together. Hilary and her companion worked their way between great shining, new motor-cars, looking incongruous outside here on this second floor, in their ribbons and rosettes, between palms and pillars; in a jumble of odors, colors, and noises.

Dora was already at their own booth; busy and happy and filled with importance in a moving circle of other furred pretty women who were packing things up and putting them down again, scrabbling under the counters for string or lost lists, and making amateurish apologies for amateurishly wrapped parcels.

An interested public identified them, rightly or wrongly. That was the singer, that was the writer, that was the actress, and the saucy-looking lady in the enormous black hat was Mrs. Reggy Vanderwort.

THE senior Mrs. Spaulding immediately resumed the management of her special group, and Hilary was, as usual, her aid. Young Mrs. Jeffries joined them.

Fifteen minutes too late, Hilary! Kronski was here for a few minutes; I hadn't met him before. Dora took him about. I think he took ten chances on the Pickard—Hilary! But isn't he nice?"

"Very," Hilary said, the world turning suddenly dark. If Mrs. Spaulding had not stepped at the moment——

She glanced at Butterfly, who was evidently in glorious spirits; and her own pale—she knew.

Louise Jeffries, junior, a gold-maned child in a brown coat and hat, and her smaller brother Timsy were favorites of Hilary's, and they immediately attached themselves to her, Timsy frankly in hope of sweets, but Louise impressively mature. Louise with offers of help. They tangled strings, bumped into customers, mislaid small articles, and were their elders chanced to step on their feet or bump their elbows.

"Come!" Hilary commanded them suddenly, "we'll make the grand tour!"

"Oh, Hilary, don't let them bother you!" their mother said.

"I like it!" She really did like it. Children's company was always strangely soothing to Hilary, and with a confiding small hand in each hand, she left them about for almost an hour. Their comments could not hurt her; they were blessedly uninterested in anything but themselves.

Hilary was sitting upon a packing-case, carefully dividing between them the tablets from a package of silver-wrapped chocolate, and wondering how Louise could stand this sort of thing all day long, every day, when Konrad came up to her.

She had no warning. She stood up, smiling, and brushing the last silver foil from her hands.

"So, I find you!" he said.

"Were you looking for me?"

"I have been here before; did the Butterfly not tell you?"

"Oh, I knew that!" Hilary smiled. "But I did not know that you might come back!" She introduced the children, who looked him curtsies; and stood watching and smiling as he conversed with them gravely.

"So I am not to be forgiven? We are not to be friends?" he said, straightening.

"Oh, friends always, I hope!" Hilary said, trembling, but looking straight at him from under the sweep of her black hat.

Konrad took her hand; he was close to her. They were fortunately in a quiet backwater, behind booths and packing-cases, and so unobserved.

"My girl," he said in a concerned voice, "are you so unhappy?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"I—I am not happy!" Hilary stammered, her barriers falling.

"For yourself or for the Butterfly?"

"For us both!"

"Hilary, will you believe that you have a friend who would die to make you happy again?" the man said, after a silence.

Hilary flashed him a grateful smile, her lashes wet.

"Indeed I will believe that, Konrad!"

"And if I can do so, you will send for me from the ends of the earth to serve you?"

"My friend—" she faltered, with trembling lips.

"And you have forgiven me?"

"Ah, Konrad, it's myself I can't forgive!"

"But why?" he asked. "Did you think that you—you of all the world, could live without love? And are you ashamed that you love?"

Hilary, looking down into the congested street that had so fascinated, and that was still fascinating, Timsy and Louise, half turned to give him a shaky smile over her shoulder.

"No, I am not sorry. I am not ashamed!"

"I have a present for you," Konrad said, putting his hand into the breast-pocket of his greatcoat. "It was my mother's. I will you to have it—my good little stepmother!"

Deeply stirred, and shaken with the first trembling beginning of happiness after anguish, Hilary unrolled the tissue-paper that wrapped it, and held in her palm an old-fashioned brooch, an oval of jet set with a pearl and surrounded by tiny pearls and by a discolored old-gold filigree.

"She had no jewels, my mother," Konrad said. "But this she wore always, in her plain gown. And this her son did not sell when it would have bought him bread! He gives it to his second mother."

The treasure that she thought it, her face, flooding with a lovely color, betrayed; Hilary's blue eyes shone like stars as she thanked him. It amused him to see how tenderly she fastened the pin into her own sober, dark-blue velvet gown.

THEIR moment alone was over; Kronski being sought, was identified, was carried away to sign a photograph. Hilary returned the children to their mother with so transfigured a face that Louise Jeffries looked at her in surprise. And the rest of that afternoon, altho Kronski almost immediately left the hall, and she did not see him again, was a time of deep and exquisite happiness to the girl. She had been missing him so cruelly; she had felt so alone and so unnecessary. Now at least she knew that he still liked her, that he had missed her, too, and that his old respect and affection were not touched by the eventful episode of the balcony a week ago.

She and Butterfly and Mrs. Spaulding drove home together at six o'clock. The frightful crowding and pushing and general excitement of the bazaar had wearied them all; but in Hilary's case it was a delicious weariness, a weariness that looked forward to an hour on the couch before the fire, with a book and with dreams. Dora, on the other hand, seemed restless and discontent.

"I think it's horrible," commented Dora, "all those women rushing and coasting about, and nobody managing anything, and people grabbing money and screaming and asking questions. Shall you go back, Hilary?"

"I don't know. I might right after dinner, and wait until Mrs. Herbert comes—she said she'd be late. To-morrow night is really my night."

"I wouldn't go back if you paid me!" Dora yawned. "Craig isn't home, and I shall go to bed with one of those new French books. Did you see Konrad?"

"Yes, just for a moment. I'd forgotten Craig was in Mount Holly," Hilary said composedly. "He gets back to-morrow?"

"Or early on Sunday. We're all going down to the Thanksgiving party at Piping Rock on Sunday. I asked Konrad if he wouldn't come; he's taking those Russian doctors to the opera to-night; just a man's party. It's 'Godunov,' luckily. But he said he'd telephone in the morning."

WELL, after all, it might be wonderful to be like Dora. Hilary relaxed, sinking into her cushions a few minutes later, her street attire replaced by a wrapper, with her tired feet comfortably propped, and a tray of fragrant tea beside her. It might be wonderful to be so surface-calm, so positive of one's ability to carry off any situation. Hilary had been shaken to the deeps of body and soul, made weak and despairing, by that little talk before this fire only a few evenings ago. But Dora had evidently felt that the storm would entirely blow over; and the storm had apparently done exactly that. Konrad and Hilary were friends, Dora and Konrad were perhaps something more, and life went on, with bazaars and motor-cars and tea-trays, in just its usual groove.

Presently Dora came in, in a loose silk robe, and Mrs. Spaulding came in, and was persuaded to share their tea. She did so somewhat uncompromisingly; sitting erect, with the strings of her widow's bonnet loosened and hanging. She was tired; almost nothing had been sold; Hilary felt that she could sit forever, sunk into this downy comfort, with her feet upon a low stool; it was agony to pull herself up, bathe and change, and set forth for the bazaar again at half past seven.

The afternoon's confusion was augmented, if possible, under the bright night-lights. Hilary felt achy and weary as she straightened the familiar counter, arranged her particular wares to look inviting, and murmured with other early arrivals. A dance was in progress in the very center of the floor; the air grew hot and dusty and close; the incessant jazzing was an outrage to Hilary's trained ears.

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BUTTERFLY: *By Kathleen Norris*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

Feet shuffled, voices asked the same monotonous questions. How much is this, please? How much is this, please?

At half past ten she slipped away, breathing in deep breaths of the fresh night air, and walking the seven or eight blocks to Dora's house over frozen, hard sidewalks upon which her quick step rang clearly. The Spaulding mansion seemed to be quieted for the night when she went in. Banks, on duty until midnight, admitted her with a sleepy bow.

"I think the madam's gone to bed, Miss. I believe Mrs. Craig went up-stairs about ten minutes ago. Yes, Miss."

Hilary went to her room quietly. Dora was there, reading before the fire. She sprang up, her eyes glittering.

"Hilary!" he said breathlessly, coming straight to her sister. "Tell me something; tell me the truth! Did you go to the opera with Konrad to-night?"

"Oh, Butterfly, this is horrible!" Hilary protested, sick at heart. "I've just come from the bazaar; I've not seen Konrad since this afternoon——"

"I thought you didn't see him then!" Dora exclaimed.

"Yes, I did, later. When I was going about with Louise's children. But Dora, dearest, you mustn't—you mustn't let this thing come between us so! To meet me with a suspicious question like that——"

"Sis," Dora interrupted, unimpressed. "Swear to me, *swear* to me that you haven't seen him since dinner!"

"No, I'll not swear," Hilary said proudly.

SHE loosened her beautiful coat, carried it to her closet, and returned to the fire. Dora looked up at her with a placating smile.

"Hilary, I'm sorry. But I don't know myself in these days; I don't know what I'm doing half the time!"

"No," Hilary agreed sadly, "I don't think you do!"

"That's—being in love, I suppose," Butterfly said, with a somewhat hesitating air. "What is it—where did you get it? From Craig's mother?" she broke off, suddenly diverted.

Hilary had dropped wearily upon the davenport beside her sister. Now Dora's eyes had discovered the brooch. She bent toward it eagerly.

"Konrad gave me that this afternoon," Hilary admitted simply, framing it with her white fingers and looking down at it with a half smile. "It was his mother's."

"*Konrad* did!" Dora had drawn back; her eyes were hard and bright, her breast rose stormily.

"This afternoon."

"He had taken it to the bazaar to give you?"

"I suppose so."

Dora was silent. Hilary looked up, and their eyes met in a long stare.

"What did he say?" Dora asked, in a whisper.

"Butterfly—" Hilary protested, mildly.

Dora flushed hotly, and bit her lip. Her eyes moved quickly and absently to and fro; she seemed meditating.

"That's it. You have taken him away from me," she said at last, in a hard, dry voice. "That's what has changed him—you've been doing it all this time. I never saw it! You knew what it meant to me; you knew I loved him—that didn't make any difference! Your promise to father—your promise that you would take me to Kronski, to this very man!—that was nothing. You've broken your word to us all—you've ruined my life!"

Hilary was amazed at the calm with which she could study the slender, shaking figure, the blazing brown eyes. Dora looked even smaller and younger than ever to-night, in her plain little black-crape gown.

"Butterfly, don't talk so! You don't mean it, dear. A girl of twenty-one, who has a good, devoted, splendid husband——"

"Now listen to me, Hilary!" Dora said, in a fierce whisper, sitting for a moment beside Hilary, and clutching her sister's arm in fingers like a vise. "I am going to fight for this—because it means either happiness or that my life is over—that there is nothing left! You sha'n't tell him—you sha'n't tell him that dear little Butterfly is happy with Craig, and that Butterfly gets wild notions, but she is only a child—you sha'n't get him away from me that way! I'm not a child; I'm a woman, and I love him! Do you suppose that I am going to sit still? I'm beautiful—you've all told me so; I have music and languages and youth—do you suppose that doesn't mean anything? He *did* love me—last April—do you think I was *fooling* myself?"

"He may love you, Dora, or you may be one of the many women who have flirtations with a celebrity," Hilary said, not unkindly, laying her hand upon her sister's. "I don't know, dear. I know that he gave me this."

Dora sprang to her feet.

"Oh—" she cried, suffocating. "Oh, you—" She flashed to the door. "I hate you!" she panted, and was gone.

Hilary, shaken and frightened, sat on, expecting at every moment that Dora would return, at least somewhat quieter, at least penitent over that last phrase. But the moments went by, and silence settled again in the disturbed air.

The little mantel clock struck the half-hour after eleven; showed a quarter to twelve. And still Hilary sat on, thinking with trouble and distress of Dora.

There was a discreet rap at the door.

"Come in, my darling!" Hilary cried, going to meet it.

BUT it was not Dora; it was Banks, with a message.

"Mr. Spaulding telephoned, Miss. And he will be here at twelve o'clock, if you please. Or possibly a little later."

"Thank you, Banks," Hilary said, bewildered. "But—did he ask you to tell *me?*"

"No, Miss. But I thought you might wish to send word to Mrs. Craig, Miss."

"Send word to—isn't she in her room?"

"No, Miss." Banks was merely a mouthpiece for news. "She went out, Miss."

"Mrs. Craig—! Went out now?" Hilary's horror lifted her far above the thought of anything the man might say or feel. "Who—when—" she stammered.

"She went out at just half past eleven, Miss. Emma went down to the door with her, and called a cab, I believe. I was in the pantry, and come out just as the girl was closing the door."

"Send Emma here!" But Hilary could not wait. She ran past Banks, and into Butterfly's beautiful empty room. The maid turned, a young black figure, from before Butterfly's dressing-table.

She answered Hilary respectfully: "Yes'm, it was a little matter of business that had jest come up, she said. She's to be back immejedly. She didn't wish to disturb you——"

"Did you hear the address she gave the taxi chauffeur?" Hilary interrupted harshly.

"I don't know as I remember it. He was to wait, and bring her back immejedly," Emma said, airily unconcerned.

"Why didn't you go with her?" Hilary said, frantic with fear.

"I wasn't dressed, Miss Collier," Emma answered civilly. "I heard her rushing round in here, and I come in, and she says, 'Emma, you might jest as well go back to bed; I sha'n't need you!' But after she left I thought I might as well wait for her."

"Was it Fifty-ninth Street, Emma?"

"I couldn't say, Miss Collier!"

"This is important," Hilary said sternly. "Mr. Spaulding has just telephoned; he will be here in a few minutes. I *must* find Mrs. Spaulding——"

Emma's face paled; her eyes took on a look of fright.

"Mr. Spaulding!" she whispered.

"Exactly! And whatever Mrs. Spaulding's business is, I am sorry she went to-night," Hilary answered briskly, regaining a certain casual air for Dora's protection. "Mr. Kronski is giving a party, and he goes away early to-morrow! Mrs. Spaulding probably wanted to join them for a few moments—but in any case I think I will follow her. What was the address?"

"It was somp'n Fifty-ninth Street," Emma admitted, completely cowed. She flew for Miss Collier's fur coat, ran downstairs beside Hilary to the door.

"Tell Mr. Spaulding that we are at Mr. Kronski's party, and that we will be back immediately!" Hilary instructed Banks. She nervously refused to let him accompany her. "No, no, I can run to the avenue, and get a bus if there isn't a cab," she assured him, "only—wait a moment! Did you tell Mrs. Rodney Spaulding that Mr. Craig was coming back?"

"No, Miss, I didn't rouse her!"

"Well, don't. I think we'll be back in twenty minutes. It's five minutes to twelve——"

She ran out into the darkness. Down the stone steps, about the corner——

She had only gotten so far when a taxi drew up at the Spaulding door. Hilary turned; ran back a few steps.

"DORA!" she exclaimed, thankfully. But a second later she shrank back against the wall. It was not Dora, but Craig who jumped out, and stood paying the driver, his pleasant voice echoing in the silent street. Had he seen her? She fancied that he glanced more than once at the shadow in which she was hiding, and up at the door of the house behind him, as if something puzzled him. "God help us all!" she whispered when he ran up the steps. It was the taxi he had just left into which she climbed a moment later.

To her frenzy of anxiety, the machine seemed hardly to move; they bumped into the avenue, bumped through the endless Forties, Fifty-third—Fifty-seventh.

"Here—this is it!" she cried feverishly out of the cab almost before it had stopped, and cramming a bill into the man's ice-crusted glove. Through the halls—up the big odorous stairs—her breath hurt her side, and her mouth was dry; she was praying as she ran. She reached the studio door, opened it, and walked in.

The immense room was but dimly lighted; there was only a dying fire. Near the one lamp Konrad was standing, in his dressing-gown, and before him, her hands upon his arms, her bare head thrown back, was Dora.

SHE turned, Konrad turned, at the sound of the clicking lock. Hilary closed the door behind her without removing her eyes from them, and came toward them.

"What madness is this, Dora?" she demanded.

"You were with her!" Konrad said, relievedly, in a dead silence. "I thought she came alone!"

"Butterfly, Craig has come home!" Hilary cried, trying to pierce the strange apathy that held Dora, who stood like a woman of ice.

Dora panted once. Her arms had dropped; now her eyes moved through almost closed lids from Konrad to Hilary.

"What if he has?" she asked scornfully. "He must know now or later!"

"Come with me, dear," Hilary pleaded, trembling. "Come home, now. We can talk about this to-morrow!"

"Certainly I'll go now," Dora responded lifelessly. "You followed me up—I knew you would. I don't believe Craig's there; not that it matters. But it is as I told you, Konrad. Hilary doesn't approve of me any more; she doesn't love me. And I am never to see you alone again. She is better than I am; she is wiser and older—we all know that! Why shouldn't you like her better? Why shouldn't you forget," Dora persisted recklessly, forcing herself on, altho her voice was breaking, "that I was just one of the hundreds of women, last Spring, who were crazy about the celebrity? That's what she said. I suppose what *she* feels is something different! I told her it meant my life—I told her of the happiness, the lunches and talks you and I had in the Spring! She doesn't care. No, because *she* is in love now; she is your secretary and your stepmother——"

"But let me understand! One moment—" Konrad said, in French, bewilderedly, looking from one to another. "You love, yes, Hilary. But it is not—my child, it could not be *me?*"

Hilary, still panting, still wrapped in her heavy, soft furs, looked at him honestly for a long moment of silence. There was something of noble humility in her proudly held crown of braids and the curve of her beautiful throat.

"I am afraid so, my friend," she said simply, at last.

AGAIN there was an absolute silence in the studio. Far down in the dark street outside boys were calling the news of a prize-fight. But here the hush was so profound that the soft crash of a log, breaking into pink-and-gray ashes, could be distinctly heard.

Dora, who had turned at Hilary's entrance so that she and Konrad were alike facing her sister, had kept one hand upon the man's arm. Now she said, in a whisper:

"Konrad?"

Konrad moved his gaze from Hilary, looked at Butterfly; at her soft brown eyes and trembling young mouth, at the little black figure touched with lamplight, in an aureole of bright hair.

"Konrad," she faltered, "I have told her. Will you tell her that—that we are close—more than close friends?"

Konrad stood staring at one, and then the other. His dark, colorless face wore an almost stern expression.

"You care for *me?*" he asked Hilary again. "Butterfly, yes, she is my friend, of course. I send her flowers, a book; we lunch together! But *you!?*"

"I did not come to tell you so to-night, Konrad," Hilary said bravely. "But it is true! I know, I know—" she added, talking against the sensation of being in an evil dream, "that you like us both——"

"But that will not do now!" Butterfly added eagerly, as Hilary paused.

"No," Konrad agreed slowly, looking from one to the other. "That will not do—now."

There was an interruption. Both girls turned pale, and Konrad held up his hand, listening, and silencing them. Feet were running up the stairway. Konrad had not time to get to the door when it was flung open.

"Craig!" Hilary whispered sharply. Dora, ashen with fright, stood her ground bravely.

Craig, breathless from the climb, as they had all been, did not seem to see either Hilary or his wife. He went straight to Konrad; his handsome face pale and set, and his words gritted through set teeth.

"I demand an explanation of my wife's visit here at this hour, Kronski," he said.

The final instalment of "Butterfly" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published January 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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